

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1901



THE ANVIL

BY R. V. RISLEY

Author of "The Sledge," "Men's Tragedies," etc.

I.

THE CHARACTER OF VON HOHENHAUSEN.

THE door opened. Von Hohenhausen entered.

"Umph!" he muttered. "I wonder what makes me think of my childhood to-night?"

He saw himself as a youth of eighteen, a taciturn boy, lonely and sensitive. His parents had long been dead and his Uncle Conrad was his guardian. Uncle Conrad was a retired man-of-the-world. His life was founded upon the word "respectable." Von Hohenhausen grew up alone; petted through the infantile years of which the man preserves no memory, he was carefully guarded from contact with all that might have taught his innocence or bored his uncle.

Uncle Conrad died, and Von Hohenhausen became his own master. He went to Heidelberg to enter the university—and decided to remain out of it. He studied for a year with an old professor of metaphysics, and then retired to a little house which he had bought on the Neckar. He had resolved to write a great book, "The History of Metaphysics"—this moralist who thought himself a scientist.

He remembered so well his parting with old Professor Mittsheimer when he had arranged to take up his abode in the house on the Neckar.

He had gone into the old man's study to say good-by.

"So you are going away," he began. "Going up there to that place on the river to hide. Ach, and you twenty-one! You will be Faust—you are a born moralist. And you are going to bury yourself in a book! You say that we will not meet again for a long time. Oh,

it is not well! You are strange—too much yourself. The ego is too—too— Ach, the moral-motif—the eternal moral-motif!”

He shook his head. After a moment he went over to his desk and lifted a small object.

“See,” he said, “a little anvil! Do not laugh, my friend, but—I am going to give it to you. Can you imagine why? Yes, I think so. But I am going to tell you. I can hint the meaning—you will feel it.”

He puffed a long cloud of smoke.

“Men may be divided—especially morally—into kinds under several symbols,—the sledge, the anvil, the candle, the knife—eh? The sledge is lust, primitive, black, blind, perhaps unwilling or repentant or even self-hating. The anvil is selfish idealism, enduring, stern, intolerant, uncompromising, high, disdainful. The candle is tolerance, seeing around the ideals with an infinite pity, a heart-broken ecstasy of sacrifice on an altitude. The knife is cynicism, realism; it cuts through everything to what it thinks the truth; it is terrible, splendid, pitiful, inevitable, irresistible. Eh? Here are four ideals! It is big—but you feel it—not?”

The Professor stopped and sent a puff from his pipe.

“Now, my friend, let us return to the normal. I give you the anvil. You have always been lonely. For you, with your dreams—for you, with your solitary and high standards—for you, with your hard purity—for you, I say, there can never any more be what we call content. The truth will break your heart. I give you the anvil.”

The years had tiptoed away. They had been a dream. It was done. And it had left—these piles of papers on the table. That was twenty years ago!

He glanced at them critically. The great book was nearly finished now, he reflected. But his youth was gone—these years of work had stolen it. What had old Mittsheimer said? That he would be Faust?

Von Hohenhausen got up with a growl. Faust! Bah! Sentimental nonsense!

He clenched his fists. He shut his jaws with a snap. He raised his head—

He stopped. What was it? It seemed a voice, singing. He strode to the window and flung it open and gazed forth into the darkness. A girl's voice sounded from far away outside in the night. She was singing a dance-song with a lilt and lift in it. The voice was young, gay, laughing.

The bitter smile came to Von Hohenhausen's mouth again.

He slammed the window and went over to the table and sat down again; again he rested his chin on his fist in his old attitude. The sound of the singing came faintly through the closed window. It teased him.

"Some girl!" he exclaimed.

The singing went on.

"So Mittsheimer thought I was a dreamer."

The singing continued. It seized his lonely heart. Suddenly a great shudder of sentimental self-pity swept through him. He gripped the arms of the chair.

"I am old!" he gasped.

The singing went on.

"Where is my youth?" The singing went on.

He leaped to his feet.

"Faust!" he cried.

Then his eyes fell on the anvil. The song in the distance rose—rose—so young, so pure, so sweet! It was youth. It was love. It was laughter.

"The anvil!" whispered Von Hohenhausen, staring as one who sees a vision. "I—the anvil? No! No! No!"

His voice rose to a shriek. For a moment—one moment—the spectre of prophecy woke in his soul—and was gone. The song ran up to a trill. He banged his fist at the lamp and sent it whirling to the floor. It smashed and went out.

"The anvil!" he whispered in the darkness.

The singing ceased. Von Hohenhausen stood quivering. Gradually the excitement slackened; the ecstasy dropped. In a few moments he was quiet again.

"Fool!" he said, groping for the pieces of the lamp.

II.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE GIRL.

VON HOHENHAUSEN walked along the garden paths slowly, with his hands clasped behind his back and his head bowed. The excitement of the night had interfered with his work to-day. He was full of dreams.

Then, gradually, he was aware of a sound somewhere, the sound of a voice. It was the song of last night. At last he located it. It came from the other side of the wall, from Von der Woof's place. By the side of the wall stood the gardener's barrow. Von Hohenhausen tiptoed to it and stepped softly up and peeped over the coping. There she sat, the girl who sang. She sat on an old green bench, her hands idle in her lap, a big, transparent lace hat shadowing her face to the end of the very slightly tilted nose.

Von Hohenhausen stood and gazed. He breathed softly in long breaths. His hands closed on the coping with a tense grip. He smiled; but he felt ready to weep. He was possessed by an odd shyness. Suddenly he wondered why he felt so old in the presence of this forgotten

youth which had sprung awake in him. His youth! On the instant he fell back into reality. His youth! He shut his jaws hard. His youth! The immense self-pity of the night before rose in his soul. His forehead drew down into a hard frown.

"Are you the girl who sang—last night?" he asked in a gruff voice.

She stopped and gazed at this frowning visage crowned with its rough gray hair, too surprised to look away. Her gaze became agony to him. A little smile came to her mouth as she considered him, with her chin raised piquantly.

"Yes," she said at last. "Are you—the philosopher?"

"Umph!" he grunted. "That remains to be proved. You are the daughter of my neighbor, Count von der Woof, I suppose. I am Von Hohenhausen. I heard you last night."

"I—I was singing," she admitted. "I sometimes sit at my window and amuse myself. I hope I did not disturb you?"

"Umph!" growled Von Hohenhausen. "A—no, you didn't. I—I like it."

He was greatly embarrassed. Why had he put himself in this position, and how could he get away? He gazed at her gloomily, blaming her for his embarrassment.

"Do you like music?" she ventured at last, when the silence had again grown very long.

"I—no, not before. Pardon! I——"

"I am very pleased at the compliment," smiled the girl, relieving him.

"A delightful day!" he announced emphatically, glancing at the sky with a critical air.

"Yes," she replied demurely, lowering her eyes.

"I frighten you?" he asked suddenly, reflecting that to so shy a creature his appearance over the wall might be disconcerting.

She flashed a glance at him, part wonder and part satire and part laughter. There was a crash, and his head disappeared.

"What is it?" she cried, springing to her feet.

"Good-day—good-day!" replied Von Hohenhausen's voice crossly from the other side of the wall.

The girl sank back on the bench and broke into irrepressible laughter. But the philosopher was already striding towards the refuge of his library window.

"Ugh!" he growled.

This was their first interview.

The next one occurred on the succeeding afternoon. Again Von Hohenhausen heard the soft singing. This time he hastily propped up the broken barrow and mounted with agility.

"Good-afternoon," he said with a tone of flat cheerfulness prepared for the moment. "You are like the Lorelei!"

"Good-afternoon," replied the girl. "Why?"

"Why? She sang to—to—and you——"

"Ah, don't pay me such compliments," laughed the girl. "Am I such—so destructive?"

"Perhaps," he replied with a shake of the head and a sad smile meant to be sly.

The girl looked up at him mischievously. That intolerable, bantering, too-understanding smile came to her mouth again. It occurred to him for the first time that there was something about her very strange and sad.

"A delightful day," she said, with a critical glance at the sky.

"I have brought you a book," replied the philosopher after an uneasy pause.

"Yes? It is very good of you."

He dropped the volume over the wall on the grass.

"It is poetry. I—I supposed you liked poetry. It is Heine. You have read it?"

"Only once," she replied with quick courtesy. "I—I would like to read it again. Do you ever write poetry?"

"I? Do I look like a poet?"

The girl was startled at his disgusted voice. But she was brave.

"Certainly!"

"Good-afternoon," said Von Hohenhausen stiffly, stepping down from the barrow.

The next afternoon he was on the barrow before she arrived. After a seemingly interminable waiting she appeared, strolling slowly down the path.

"Why, good-afternoon," she said, opening her brown eyes wide in suspicious innocence. "Do you do that every afternoon?"

"What?" inquired the philosopher crossly.

"That! Stand on a barrow looking over the wall."

"I—I came to hear how you liked the poetry."

"Oh!" she replied, seating herself. "Very well. I would like to read something you have written."

The philosopher blushed. He squared his shoulders. Again he wondered how old she was.

"Would you?" he said in a little voice.

"Yes. Tell me about it."

He was diffident. She urged him. He explained his great book to her exhaustively while she listened patiently, swinging her big hat by a ribbon. When the long explanation was done she announced that she must go to the house.

As the girl passed up the path towards the house she was thinking deeply, her little hands clenched at her sides. A sob rose in her throat, and she blushed softly in the solitude of the wooded way.

Meanwhile Von Hohenhausen was standing by the barrow.

"A rare comprehension!" he repeated to himself.

"If I could always have her understanding," he muttered, his thoughts far away among dreams.

He started. Always! He stood and gazed at the flowers with the eyes of one just awake.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "Fool!"

The next day he called on the Count, wondering why he did so. The servant informed him that the Count was in Frankfurt, but was expected in a few days for a visit, and that only his daughter, the Countess Marjory, was here with the housekeeper.

Von Hohenhausen departed in surprise—all the morning he had been in a state of amazement.

So her name was Marjory!

He reflected upon it as he paced homeward under the trees.

When he had been standing on his observation-point for a few minutes the girl appeared coming hastily down the garden path. He saw that she was looking for him—a novel sensation struck him like a blow.

"Good-afternoon," he said placidly, yet with a certain tremulousness, a sense of the falseness of this calm that covered an excitement made tumultuous by her glance and voice.

"I knew you would be here!" she exclaimed, a little out of breath, and in a tone he had not heard before. "Oh, you strange man! Why didn't you tell me you were going to call? I would have told you that my father is in Frankfurt. And here you are!"

"Umph!" chuckled Von Hohenhausen, suddenly going a little mad. "And here you are, Mistress Marjory!"

"You must not call me that!" she exclaimed with a start, for one moment aware of a sense of tremulous hurry, of trepidation and catastrophe.

"Why not?" inquired the philosopher, almost unaware of what he had said, feeling the same sensation, but exultantly.

"Because!" answered the girl, lifting her pretty chin with a sudden, wonderful smile, instantly gone.

They looked at each other as if for the first time, startled, critical—then both laughed.

The girl looked away suddenly. The man sighed. The delight of the first moment of meeting had given place to a strange depression.

In that moment when she looked away he knew that he loved her. And after the first great lift of the thing there was a sudden fall into

sorrow—a vast grief swept over him. It was gone, leaving him alone in a new life which he felt without understanding.

It was in a new voice—the girl shivered slightly at the tone of it—that Von Hohenhausen made his next remark:

“Come over here into my garden and get some flowers,” he said. “There is no reason why you should sit there. We are neighbors.”

“You bring them to me,” she replied, her woman-of-the-world air utterly gone, gazing at him fearfully.

“Wait there till I come,” he commanded, heedless of her suggestion. “I am going round through the side-gate to bring you.”

He stepped down from the barrow and proceeded across the garden. Then she heard his footsteps. She leaped to her feet in quick and overmastering fright and stood facing him, her hand on the gray trunk of the old beech, her breath rapid, shrinking from him, her eyelids lowered. For one mad moment she thought of flight, but he was too near.

“Why do you seem so afraid?” he demanded, striding down the path. “Has anyone frightened you?”

“No,” she said in a low voice. “I have been alone. My thoughts have amused me.”

She ended with an odd little laugh, trying to return to the formal. She felt herself to be vastly more complex than he was.

“Umph!” he exclaimed. “We have no time for thoughts. We are young. Come!”

“I know I have no right to do such a thing,” she said, stepping along the path. “You know it too.”

Von Hohenhausen threw back his head and laughed, innocent and contemptuous of propriety.

“I think I’m mad to-day!” he exclaimed irrelevantly. “I—but what matter? We are friends!”

The girl accompanied him through the garden, hesitating. But as he talked and chuckled and loaded her arms with roses the timidity wore away. She caught a little of his whimsical humor. She laughed. A great joy rose out of her pride and deepened and broadened.

“I don’t see,” she said at last, “why there shouldn’t be friendship between man and woman.”

“No?” he answered, amused at her. “Perhaps not.”

“What do you mean?” she asked at his tentative tone.

She already understood him. The past hour had been illuminative. She felt years older.

“Friendship is the deepest—and the highest—thing in love,” announced the philosopher.

“Um!” murmured the girl. “Do you think so?”

“Certainly,” he replied dogmatically. “Ideals live in the sky.”

*

They cannot walk on the ground. When we realize it, friendship remains."

"Perhaps that is a great—a very great—truth," she mused.

"Or," he continued, "there remains a commonplace tenderness founded on pity, pity for the love that is gone. That is the average man's heritage."

"You are strange," murmured the girl.

The philosopher smiled. The words had spoken themselves without conscious thought.

"Do you know," he said, "this afternoon has been the first time in my life that I have forgotten myself. I realize it."

A weary look passed over the girl's face. Her whole mood now was sadness.

"I think I understand," she murmured. "It is an awful thing—memory."

"Sometimes I think that you too are sad," continued Von Hohenhausen. "It seems as if—as if you remembered something, some imagined loss, and then in a moment it is gone! You laugh."

"Come," she exclaimed, rising, "we must go!"

"I am sorry," he said. "Let us go."

They walked slowly along the path together in silence. They entered the road and turned in through the gate of the Count's property.

"Good-by," said the girl. "Let us part here."

"May I not accompany you to the house?"

"No. It is, after all, a stolen interview."

"Good-by," said Von Hohenhausen, catching her gloom.

Still the girl lingered at the gate.

"So you think that friendship——" she murmured.

Before he could answer she had turned up the path.

"Good-by," he said, wondering at her strangeness.

"Good-by," she answered, and was gone among the shadows.

Von Hohenhausen stood alone in the dusk. He shivered.

III.

COUNT VON DER WOOF.

THE next day it rained. For three hours that afternoon the philosopher stood on the barrow under an umbrella gazing over the wall. The next day the rain continued. There was another long watch by the wall.

The next day still it rained. Von Hohenhausen felt himself becoming morbid as he stood stubbornly on the barrow.

That evening his housekeeper told him as a piece of news that the

Count von der Woof was expected to arrive at his residence that night at ten o'clock, but would depart again the next morning.

Von Hohenhausen grunted, and she departed with a sigh.

He was roused suddenly. He thought he had heard a voice. As he listened it came again—a long shout.

The shout came again. It seemed to be somewhere down near the river. The door opened and the old housekeeper stood on the threshold

"Ach, God!" she exclaimed. "Herr von Hohenhausen, somebody is shouting out by the river. What a storm!"

"Quick!" he said. "Take the lamp! Stand here by the window and hold it! So!"

"Herr von Hohenhausen!" she shouted.

"Steady, you fool!" came the philosopher's voice from outside in the darkness.

He made his way into the road in the blackness and went stumbling along up to his ankles in mud.

"Where are you?" he shouted.

A voice answered something from beyond in the darkness. He fought his way on. It was like facing a wall of flying spray. He held his hands over his eyes and struggled forward. Suddenly he ran against a black shape that loomed up out of the darkness in the road before him. He put out his hands and felt it. It was smooth and hard.

"Where are you?" he roared.

A voice replied from within a foot of his head—"Here! Sacre! Who are you?"

Von Hohenhausen leaped back with surprise.

"Eh?" he exclaimed.

"Here I am, stuck!" the querulous old voice grumbled. "The hind wheel is in a hole in this damned road. Here I am, I say! Where am I?"

"You are within a few yards of my house," replied Von Hohenhausen, putting his mouth to the window of the tipped-up carriage. "The horses seem to be gone. If you will get out I will guide you to my door. Are you hurt?"

"No," replied the voice. "The horses bolted and the coachman went after them. God, what a rain! Can you get the door open?"

Von Hohenhausen felt for the handle in the darkness. He found it and jerked the door wide with an effort. The occupant of the carriage clambered out.

"Ugh!" he grunted, splashing into the mud and grabbing Von Hohenhausen. "What a storm!"

At last there was a glimmer of light before them. Von Hohenhausen found his way through the gate and up the path.

"Put down the lamp now," he said to the housekeeper as he appeared in the window.

"Shut out the rain," he ordered, "and then get us something hot, quick!"

He stood dripping in the middle of the room while he gave his orders.

"I am Herr von Hohenhausen," he said; "I am glad to be of service to you."

"Eh!" the old man said, "Von Hohenhausen! My daughter wrote me she had made acquaintance with our neighbor. I am very glad. You are he—eh?"

Von Hohenhausen turned away with a slight embarrassment, wondering what the girl had written.

"Never mind," said the old gentleman. "I'm very much obliged to you, anyway."

The housekeeper entered with coffee and cognac and cakes and coats and slippers.

"Eh, friend," he said suddenly an hour later, refilling his glass and lifting one foot on an opposite chair, "you shouldn't marry!"

He half sighed, his sly eyes full of satire.

"Really," he continued, "I would like to talk to you about Marjory! Why do you seem so averse to it?"

Von Hohenhausen rose and started walking up and down.

"I may say," continued the old gentleman, "that my daughter has written to me praising you highly. Of course, she has gone no further. But I have heard from other sources. Oh, a little neighborhood is a curious thing! People can't meet every day without other people remarking. No! Well, now, I've heard, just heard, that you—you understand?"

"I would prefer not to talk of this in my own house!" exclaimed the philosopher angrily, considerably shocked by the Count's invitation and taking refuge in formality.

"Ta-ta-ta-ta!" cried the old gentleman, banging his fist on the table. "That's just what I would expect you to say—something I don't understand! But how the devil can we talk in anybody else's house? I am going to-morrow—you have known her a week! Long enough! . Why not talk here—eh? I tell you I am willing to give you the girl—allons donc! She is as honorable as a man—which most women are not. Enough!"

"Well, then," exclaimed Von Hohenhausen, disgusted and exasperated, "I will tell you! I love her! So! As for her, I would not tell you if I could. I want to marry her. I am forty-four, rich, will some day inherit a title—Count—estates in Bavaria,—but she must not be persuaded. Love is——"

The old man threw himself back in his chair and laughed like a fat satyr.

"I know!" he exclaimed. "Phut! How much as I expected! What are you angry about—eh? Am I not speaking about the affair at once? Am I not questioning you? We are old enough to be open, both of us. I may die any day. Why not take it as I do—eh?"

"I won't marry her unless she——" began Von Hohenhausen in a morose tone.

"Umph! You want to win her yourself? Fair maiden—knight—castles—triumph——"

Von Hohenhausen paced up and down, disgusted. He hated this old man, and the whole affair seemed indecent. To talk of her this way—and so soon—after a week! He did not understand.

Von der Woof rose and stretched.

"Ah!" he yawned. "Going to bed? Sorry I shocked you. Eh bien! Life is a game and the devil is the croupier—God knows who dealt!"

Von Hohenhausen whirled around.

"Do you mean to say that you consent that I——" he demanded in amazement.

"Phut!" replied the old gentleman. "Of course! Where shall I sleep?"

Von Hohenhausen looked at him wonderingly. Could it be Marjory whom this old brute was talking about?

The next morning the Count insisted on taking his host over to the Von der Woof residence to breakfast. Von Hohenhausen went grudgingly. He almost wished he had never met the man. But now he was going to see Marjory! He was going to woo her! He was going to win her! Was he?

"Marjory," shouted the Count suddenly, "come here!"

Von Hohenhausen looked up. The girl had been waiting at the gate. She came running down the road to meet them, scampering like a child.

"Why, little girl!" exclaimed the Count with a gruff yet almost tremulous tenderness, patting her awkwardly. "All well—eh? I have brought our neighbor to breakfast. Had an adventure last night. I was too tired to go out into that rain again. I suppose that fool who drove told you."

When the meal was finished the Count departed to his study for his papers. The carriage with the sleepy coachman stood at the door. As Von Hohenhausen walked up and down on the lawn with the girl he wondered again how her father could go away thus. The morning was delightful after the storm. Marjory looked at her companion with something in her eyes that seemed almost admiration, but only a few

words passed between them, and these few were hopelessly trite and frivolous, as they were both aware.

"Here comes your father!" said Von Hohenhausen quickly.

"Marjory!" shouted the Count. "I'm going! Marjory!"

She ran to him where he stood on the steps.

"Just for one hour you stay with me!" she said.

"Don't cry about me, anyway!" he exclaimed.

She clung to him.

"Run away!" he exclaimed. "Now, Von Hohenhausen."

He took the philosopher by the arm and led him aside, out of hearing of the coachman.

"I want to talk to you," he began. "Von Hohenhausen, I believe you love her. Whether or not she loves you I don't know. You must find that out. Now, I want you to let me know when you do. Not many men would make you their ambassador in this way, but I know you are an honorable man. Now, don't be modest, for God's sake! I hate it. Pose! Now, here my daughter is living with the housekeeper. I must stay in town. Rather lonely for her. You are to let me know when your attentions have any result. And good-by!"

Von Hohenhausen stopped him.

"I want to know—just one thing," he inquired. "Why are you treating me in this most unusual—and—complimentary way?"

Count von der Woof glanced at him with a new light in his little red eyes.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I have lived pretty much all over the world. I know the good of the bad and the bad of the good. I know men. I know you. You will be thoughtful of her. And—plainly—I have nothing to leave to her but this old barn on the Neckar. And I know the honorable few when I meet them. Now, don't be modest!"

He glared, and slapped his leg with his stick.

"And then," he continued after a moment, "there is another reason—just for ourselves. Her mother—I—confound me, anyway! I hate to tell you! Well, Marjory's mother—loved me. She was a commoner. She ran away with me. Marjory is no Countess. Do you understand? Illegitimate—no title. But she shall marry an honorable man! I esteem honor in other men! And—the devil grip me, if any other man knew what you know I'd kill him!"

He turned and strode to his carriage. He scrambled in.

"Off!" he shouted.

Von Hohenhausen stood and gazed after the dust-cloud that lessened down the road and wondered at this nature, so humanly inconsistent. He felt rather mournful, and half inclined to laugh ironically. He was quite conscious of the old gentleman's slyness. But what did it matter?

He strolled down the path under the trees to the green bench and sat down and waited.

In an hour the girl appeared. It had not been a coquette's delay, but one of sheer uncertainty and perturbation.

"What," she exclaimed, "you have taken my bench!"

He rose. She seated herself, arranging her skirts.

"Won't you sit down?" she said.

"You don't reproach me for—not—coming—those rainy afternoons," she began a little petulantly.

"No," he answered, with the condescending forgiveness of a martyr.

"You were here?" said the girl, going on against her will.

"I—a—looked over the wall for a moment."

"Three hours!"

Von Hohenhausen turned and glanced at the sky to hide his smile. "Where were you?" he asked suddenly.

She rose and stepped to the great tree a few paces up the path. She laid her hand upon it and lowered her head till her wide hat-brim shaded her face.

"You saw me! You hid!" he exclaimed.

"You looked so funny," she interrupted hastily. "The green umbrella! Oh!"

Her laughter rang out loudly in the sun, surprising her.

"Why didn't you come out, Madame?" exclaimed the philosopher with pretended ferocity, catching her mood, as she dreaded, and carrying it on.

"Why?"

She gazed at him for a moment. Her eyes fell again. She was tremulous with excitement—aware of danger—amazed at the suddenness of it. She was too young to guard.

Von Hohenhausen raised his head high. His back felt cold, while a rush of warmth rose to his forehead. He squared his shoulders.

"Come here and sit down!" he ordered.

She approached slowly, obediently, and seated herself. He stood before her. He could not see her face, her hat-brim cast a shadow over it. A tense hush seemed to have fallen on all the world. It lasted minute after minute—till she almost screamed.

"Marjory, little one," he whispered, his voice broken almost to tears.

They were the first love-words.

Instantly the joy in her heart was struck dead. A huge blackness rose before her. She was full of fear—a sickening shame. She felt her very soul heave with dread.

Her head bent lower. He did not see.

"Marjory—shall I tell you? I feel very shy before you."

One little hand gripped the edge of the bench.

"I—I love you, little one. I love you utterly, with my whole heart and soul—I love with a love that is wonderful to me. It has in it all reverence, all respect, all that I have ever dreamed of. And I have dreamed much."

The hand gripped the edge of the bench hard.

"I am not at all the sort of man a girl—loves. I am old, and—and strange—and out of the world. But—may I love you? Perhaps your kindness will make you care for me a little."

He stopped, and then went on again. He was standing very erect, and his voice grew less tremulous.

"Will you accept my love?"

The girl slowly raised her head and looked at him. A sob shook her visibly.

"I—I am sorry that this has come," she murmured at last.

There was a great sadness in her eyes. Her mouth was piteous.

"I—am—a—brute!" she whispered. "I—I—oh my God! Oh, —don't look at me!"

She sprang to her feet, one arm thrown out wildly.

"I—I want to be alone!" she whispered. "I—I will be here to-night at ten o'clock! I will tell you then!"

She went up the path with her hands clenched before her. He heard her crying despairingly as she passed out of sight among the trees.

IV.

THE MADNESS OF VON HOHENHAUSEN.

He walked slowly to his own door. He entered the library. What should he do with the day? He could not work.

Slowly the afternoon hours passed. He rested his head on his hands and smoked steadily. He was infinitely dull.

The housekeeper came in with a lamp.

"It is twilight," she said. "Ach, Herr von Hohenhausen, you look so sick! I have brought you a bottle of the old Johannisberger."

He looked up at her with faint gratitude in his eyes.

When the wine was gone he lit his pipe again. He glanced at the clock. Eight. He fell into revery.

When he looked up again it was nine.

He went down the path and turned into the road. Soon he was at the green bench. He clasped his hands behind him and began walking up and down.

Suddenly he looked up at the sound of steps. A figure came slowly among the trees.

"Marjory!" he whispered.

"Yes," she replied in a voice from which all feeling had fled, "Marjory!"

"Yes," she repeated monotonously, "Marjory—whom you loved." Von Hohenhausen put his hand to his head.

"Let us be sane!" he muttered. "I don't understand,—Marjory, whom you loved. And now—what?"

"Now I am about to kill that love forever. Ah, yes!"

She laughed bitterly.

"Listen," she said; "I want to make you feel how dear the love was to me—before I give it back to you. It is all I can do.

"When we first met," she began, "I thought no further than the day. I liked you—I was lonely. Then, as you talked and showed yourself to me, a new feeling, a great esteem, rose in my heart. As I listened, as I looked at you, I began to realize dimly that here was a man such as I had never known before—such as few women have known, I think. I felt that you were aloof, that you were infinitely above, that you dreamed dreams that were higher than anything that most men dream. I——"

She stopped, then went on:

"This feeling grew in me," she said softly. "It seemed very beautiful to me, more beautiful than you can ever realize. You came to mean to me all that was high—pure. You were so wise, and yet so—so much of a child. Sometimes I felt much older than you. And then—I saw—that you loved me. I saw it, and I did not—ah, what could I do? I—I loved you too much. It is for this that I ask your pardon, for letting you love me! And then my father came, my rough old father, who is so kind, and you helped him—he liked you—I was so proud."

She stopped and clasped her hands tightly before her.

In a moment she spoke in a flat voice.

"I am not worthy of your love—I have had a lover."

The moon sailed red above the trees, and the girl turned towards it and lifted her face. Her lips moved in some unspoken words—perhaps a prayer. Her face was as if she had just died; yet it was the face of a child, with a child's innocence.

Suddenly Von Hohenhausen broke into a laugh. It rose and rose. It was the laugh of devils.

"Oh, my God!" whispered the girl. "Stop!"

"I need not tell you about it," she went on in that monotonous voice. "I was mad. And I was such a child! I lost myself. And now all the purity of my womanhood is gone. I am unworthy. I am what you, what men, what I, despise. So long as I shall live I will walk in shame. I shrink from myself. I am fallen! And all the joy of my life is done till I am dead and forgetfulness takes me utterly.

"And now," she went on, "now I meet, you—you, who dream, you, to whom all women are high! Now I meet you—and you love me! Oh——"

She buried her face in her cloak on the back of the bench.

"And now it is all done!" she exclaimed with a passionate gesture. "It is all over! It is ended! I thought—I will confess it—I will—that—I could keep silent! But I could not! I owed the truth to you—because you are so different. I have at least a man's honor left, if I have lost a woman's! Pride would not let me be silent! Pride! And so I have told you. I am not worthy of your love—of your kiss—to touch your hand! I hate the sun, and all night I lie and gaze into the darkness and turn and turn upon my bed, and—and—what have I left? What have I left?"

She flung herself on her knees and crouched in the shadow of the old beech-tree.

"I dare not kneel to you—for fear you would turn from me!" she wailed. "I—I love you so! I think I could not bear to see your eyes! I have thought of entering a convent and giving myself to God. But I cannot believe as I once did. I have lost that too—with my faith in woman's honor and in man's nobility! And now you are all I have. I—turn to you, for you are pure and high and strong and kind. You are the only thing that I can reverence now. But I dare not! I could not bear your eyes!"

She crouched lower and lower.

"I have thought of being your—your—of going with you somewhere, into some distant place. But I cannot offer you what you must stoop to take. You can never so use the thing that you have dreamed so high. I could not bear your tenderness when you looked at me with distant eyes as you touched the thing you did not see. Oh—oh—what have I left? What have I left?"

The wailing died out to silence, and she crouched at the foot of the tree with her face hidden.

The minutes passed. There was no sound from the shadow at the foot of the tree. At last he spoke.

"Marjory," he said.

She did not move.

"Marjory," he repeated.

Still there was no word.

"Marjory!" he said again.

She did not stir.

He stepped softly to where she knelt and stooped and touched her. He raised her gently from the ground. He gathered her into his arms like a child and carried her to the bench and sat down beside her; her head fell on his shoulder.

"So!" he murmured. "So! Little one! So!"

"Oh!" she whispered after a moment. "How great you are! What—makes me so weak?"

Suddenly she disengaged herself from his arms.

"No!" she said.

She rose to her feet and walked slowly, a few steps and back again, as one after a long illness.

Then she turned and faced him.

"I suppose there is nothing more to say," she remarked in a perfectly flat voice.

Von Hohenhausen rose. He smiled in a strange way.

"I will walk with you to the house," he remarked. "It is late. It must be twelve o'clock. Be careful that you do not catch cold."

"Good-night," he said. "I see there is a light burning in the hall."

"Will you be at the bench to-morrow morning at ten o'clock—to say—good-by?" she whispered, shrinking from him in awe.

"Ten o'clock?" he said with a touch of crossness. "Always ten o'clock! Certainly. Good-night."

He went stiffly down the path as she opened the door.

Von Hohenhausen entered his library and shut the window, turned up the lamp, and sat down in his big chair.

"Umph!" he grunted, "it is cold!"

He sat quietly staring. Cold sweat ran down his forehead, but the expression of his face did not change. It remained blank. He sat perfectly still. Every little while he groaned suddenly, but the blank look never changed. Nearly an hour passed.

At last he turned his head. He looked heedlessly around the room. His eyes fell on the small anvil that stood on the table. He started, and then sat and gazed at it, his eyes slowly dilating.

"I am the iron on the anvil!" he whispered with hideous self-consciousness.

He laughed out, with an odd, high note—and stopped, with a catch in his throat.

He sat staring. The minutes grew longer and longer.

After a time he began again in the toiling, wavering voice:

"So now it is all over! The dreams! I miss them so! Now—to-morrow morning at ten o'clock—I will meet her. And I will tell her—I will tell her——"

"Why," he said at last, "it is the simplest thing in the world! I will tell her that I—I—we—will never speak of it again. Yes, that is it!"

He closed his eyes. His face was the color of ivory.

"How sick I feel!" he whispered.

He lay restlessly in his chair. The minutes became hours. He did not speak.

After a long time, when the pale light of the dawn began to come through the window, the lamp went out with a slight pop. The tiny noise woke him out of the half doze of mental exhaustion. He sat up and looked around him.

He rose stiffly and glanced at the light. His eyes caught sight of the anvil on the table. He shivered and turned away. He stretched and yawned.

V.

THE ONE DAY.

As he went down the garden path to keep his appointment with Marjory he sniffed the warm, fresh air of the morning delightedly. The roses looked more beautiful than ever before, and he stooped and picked some, thinking it would please her to have them. He was surprised that the world was so fair.

He looked up when at last he heard the sound of her footsteps, and rose and bowed, holding the flowers in his hand.

"Good-morning," he said politely. "May I present these roses?"

She shrank away from him, looking up at his face.

She gazed a long time. At first her eyes took on a look of wonder. Then an awed expression crept into them. She drew back.

"Thank you," she said, still gazing at him.

He laid the roses on the bench.

"Won't you sit down?" he said. "It is a delightful morning, is it not?"

She seated herself silently.

She seemed very quiet, and there was a new expression in her face, a childish awe and timidity. By the grimmest of ironies it increased her beauty.

"What shall we do to-day?" he inquired. "Would it not be pleasant to be on the river on such a beautiful morning? We could take my boat at the foot of the garden and a lunch-basket and row up the stream. I do not think it would be at all improper."

His voice was very matter-of-fact, only a little more polite than his usual simple manner.

She rose and walked away to the big beech, and stood a moment with her hand against it.

"We can part to-night," she whispered to herself.

She turned to him quietly.

"If you will," she answered distantly. "It will be very pleasant."

Then he led Marjory down to the boat.

"So!" he exclaimed gayly as they glided away from the land. "Won't it be fun?"

She looked at him in amazement. She felt there was something uncanny about him. She veiled her eyes with her hand and gazed at the water.

A strange mood of whimsicality had seized him; he felt light; he wanted to sing. The sensation of strength when the oar took the water was delightful to him.

He laughed and talked. He told stories of the river and recounted exploits of the Barons who had lived here long ago in the brown ruins perched on the highest cliffs.

Gradually the charm of the stillness entered the girl's heart. Her mouth grew tremulous; her whole nature longed for love. She began to struggle with herself.

Von Hohenhausen spoke softly, telling old stories of great knights, of wild deeds, of forlorn damsels waiting for their lovers in the high towers whose ruined tops projected above the trees. He knew the old legends well.

The girl flung out her hand with a passionate gesture.

"One day of love!" she whispered to herself. "One last day of love! And then—then life begins again. But let me have this one last sorrowless, unremembering day—never to come again, never again!"

The shore glided by, and these two, the man and the woman, sat and dreamed and laughed and loved, forgetting for once, cutting this day off from all other days, never to be lived again.

They had tacitly agreed not to speak of anything but happiness. Sometime the twilight would come. Then they would speak whatever words must be spoken. And then she could decide whether they should part, or whether they should look each other in each other's eyes and cover the past with a silence and live on together in each other's company divided by a memory that would keep them apart forever. Then the day would be done. But now——

They laughed and spoke the sublime folly of love to each other, veiling the shadows in their eyes with smiles.

At noon Von Hohenhausen drew the boat up on the shore at the edge of a grassy bank over which the great trees bent.

He helped the girl out, and she stood watching him, dreaming drowsily, while he lifted out the lunch-basket.

She sat beside him, and he served her, while she laughed softly, the river flowing by silently as they talked in gallant and humorous voices. Neither would see the shadow in the other's eyes, but each courted the spell of the mood.

When the luncheon was done they sat on the grass lazily. He

brought flowers and scattered them over the girl's lap and over her little feet. The enchantment possessed them utterly. She laughed with the freedom of a wood-nymph or of one of the water-sprites of which he had been telling her, and tossed her long braid of rough brown hair over her shoulder and lifted her little chin and sang.

He sat at her feet and listened. Her sweet voice rose in the stillness of the place with a strange, clear note as beautiful and pure as her young face. She sang softly at first, old ballads and quaint love-songs of former days.

Then she began to sing the song she had sung that night—that night when he had listened and wondered and when it had angered him because he could not understand. She had made it herself, she told him, and none but she knew it. As she sang he sat motionless. When she ceased he rose and walked to the side of the water and stood with his back to her.

But soon they were talking and laughing again as before. They told each other tales, or made lazy comments; and they had transient moods of silence, then laughed again.

After a pause rather longer than usual Von Hohenhausen gathered up the basket and the lunch things.

The girl rose and carried the cushions to the boat. She seated herself and Von Hohenhausen shoved off. Neither spoke.

They drifted fast. The high, forest-covered shores that had shone green and fair in the morning sunlight now stood out purple against the reddening sky. The river was sombre with shadow. Von Hohenhausen took out the oars at last and urged the boat along faster. The girl gave a little sigh of relief.

They arrived at the little dock at the bottom of the garden.

The girl waited at the dock while Von Hohenhausen took the cushions and lunch-basket up to the house, and when he returned they passed in silence through the garden into the road and in through the gate of her father's estate. They made their way slowly in the deep shadows under the trees. They came to the green bench.

They turned and faced each other. Neither spoke for a long time.

"It is done," she said at last quietly. "The day is over."

"Yes."

"Now we must talk. Did you sleep last night?"

"I do not know. Why?"

"Because," she said. "I—I do not understand. You—you—I am so afraid of you. You—are—indifferent."

"Yes."

"Your face is quiet, but I—I shudder when I look at you."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Sit down," he said.

She seated herself on the bench.

"You are going to say to me," she said after a pause, as one speaking out of a reverie, "that you will marry me. You are going to make me the offer. But you would know, as you said the words, that I would not accept. You would know that they were words—a politeness. You would know that we could never be anything to each other any more. You would know that the parting is inevitable."

She looked at him sombrely.

"Something has happened," he said, "I do not know what it is. No—it is not an outer fact; it is something in me. All feeling seems to have left me. And the odd thing of all is that I seem to be the only thing that has changed. The world about me is the same, strangely so. It—the reason of life has fallen out of it."

She gazed at him strangely.

"I—I suppose I will awake some time," he added.

"I fear you!" she whispered, shrinking from him.

"I trust that you will tell me nothing," he said in a polite voice.

"No."

There seemed to be nothing to say. The thought occurred to her.

"Is there anything to say?" she asked.

"No."

It was nearly dark. The red in the west had died out.

The girl stirred uneasily.

"I wish I could think of something to say!" she exclaimed, a little petulantly.

"You had better go in to your dinner, child," he suggested.

"Yes," she answered, rising, "I suppose so."

She stood looking at him.

"This is our parting," she whispered. "Do not touch me. Do not kiss me. It is better to remember that we have never kissed than to remember that we—have. You loved your ideal, as all great loves do, I think. You identified it with me. They were inconsistent. That is all."

She laughed slightly.

"You are going away?" she asked in a moment.

"To-night."

They stood gazing at each other. Their faces were still, like those of strangers—or of the dead.

"Good-by," she whispered. "I love you."

"I love you," he answered quietly.

He stood gazing at her. He bowed low.

"Good-by," he said.

She smiled, and inclined towards him with a formal, sweet, distant air. She left him. She went up the path slowly.

VI.

THE MIRACLE OF CHANCE.

VON HOHENHAUSEN sat in his library writing.

"My dear Count," he wrote, "she does not love me. I am departing for a time of journeying. The carriage is at the door. Three hours ago I said good-by to her. If I can in any way be of service to you, pray tell me."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," he said.

The housekeeper entered with a roll of travelling-rugs under her arm and dumped them on the floor.

"So!" she ejaculated. "Ach, Herr Von Hohenhausen, you are going on a journey! To think of it! And at this time of night too!"

"Yes," said Von Hohenhausen, smiling. "I will be ready in a moment. Do you know where everything is? Remember that Herr Stoff, the banker in the town, will give you any money you wish."

"Yes," she mourned, wagging her head,— "yes. But you do not know when you will be back? Oh, everything is so strange!"

"No," he replied. "I am going into the world."

"And that book?" she inquired.

She asked formally each morning about the great book.

Von Hohenhausen passed his hand over his eyes and laughed a little. The old woman stared at him.

"Umph!" he grunted. "I had forgotten."

He got up.

"Is the luggage in the carriage?" he asked.

"Ach, yes!"

He shook her hand and smiled at her and lifted the bundle of rugs.

"Good-by," he said, passing out.

The old woman clasped her hands and began to weep loudly.

Von Hohenhausen heard the sound as he passed down the path towards the gate. He was faintly sorry, and yet it seemed to him somewhat comic, and he was sensible of his heartlessness. The carriage started with a jolt.

He sat stiffly upright. He felt, mentally, nothing—absolutely nothing. He was a little sick. His head was heavy. He was like a dead man moving mechanically. When would the calm end? He whispered the words to himself.

A week later he sat in the café of the Hôtel d'Angleterre in Copenhagen. He sat and gazed amusedly under his heavy eyebrows at the people about him.

He felt infinitely aloof. What was the world to him? What had he to do with it? Why should he care? Wrapped in the isolation of a grief too stupendous for realization, he sat and smiled idly. What

was there now left in the world for him save an amused cynicism? Was it worth while to sneer or to mourn? No. He was amused. It was not even worth while to die. It was all unworthy. He looked on.

"Pardon!" said a voice in German. "May I share your table?"

Von Hohenhausen looked up.

A fair, blond, smiling youth stood before him, hat in hand. The café was filled with the people who had come in for supper after the theatre. There was no other vacant place except this at Von Hohenhausen's table in the corner.

"Certainly," he answered courteously. "Sit down."

"Thank you," said the stranger, seating himself. "You are a German?"

He had a cordial smile.

"Yes."

"Ah?" said the Dane. "My room is next to yours. The porter pointed you out to me. Our rooms adjoin—you passed me in the hallway—you did not see? Perhaps you are near-sighted? All Germans are. I am Erik Estersen. My father is the great leather-merchant, Estersen, the kammerjunker."

He bowed ceremoniously.

Von Hohenhausen smiled.

"You seem more fond of my countrymen than most of your people are," he remarked.

"Oh, yes," the youth responded with his jolly air. "I was educated in Frankfurt. Some of my best friends have been German. I only left it a few months ago. Pleasant city—but I prefer Copenhagen."

Von Hohenhausen was a little bored, and took up a newspaper and read, while the Dane lolled back in his chair, puffing his cigarette, and staring at the women with unwinking, expressionless eyes.

Two or three times the Dane had remarked to his neighbor on the people about them, and had mentioned several of his personal experiences in Frankfurt. He seemed to have been a gay person who knew a great many people, and he possessed the national interest in personalities to an unusual extent.

Von Hohenhausen was mildly amused. He answered politely and went on with his reading.

The café was almost deserted now. Four old men remained sitting over a game of dominoes at the opposite end of the place.

The gay youth laid down the *Journal pour Rire* and began to hum softly.

Von Hohenhausen's face grew gray.

He half rose from his chair, then sank back and raised the newspaper between him and his companion.

It was Marjory's song—the song that he thought none but he and

she knew. But this man knew it! He had lived in Frankfurt. Then he——

Von Hohenhausen laughed. No. It was impossible. Chance was not so sublimely odd. The man had heard the song; Marjory had forgotten.

"Whom else did you know in Frankfurt?" he said in a hard voice, after a time.

"Oh," replied the youth, yawning behind his hand, "the banker Hoofsheim, and the Von Grosses, and Lieutenant Fritz Nordin,—he's in the best set, you know,—and old Count von der Woof and his daughter,—oh, yes,—and the Graffbergs and some of those. Know any of them?"

"No," replied Von Hohenhausen after a moment.

"Ah?" said the youth. "Sorry—or perhaps it's as well. Some of them would tell you fine stories about me. My people wished me to marry a German title."

He laughed conceitedly. He was handsome, and laughter became him.

"As you don't know her," he went on, "I could tell you a story about a certain girl—one of these I have mentioned—which would surprise you. Ah, yes! Ah, she was an innocent one!"

He laughed again.

"What do you keep your paper up that way for?" he remarked. "Oh, I know! You're laughing at me! Ah, you old fellows! I know! Life is laughter, anyway."

He sighed, with an affectation of philosophy.

"Life is laughter," agreed Von Hohenhausen.

The youth started. After a moment he got up.

"Think I'll go to bed," he said suddenly. "Good-night."

He passed up the room with a shrug.

"What did the old fool say 'life is laughter' that way for?" he muttered. "The man's mad!"

Von Hohenhausen lowered his paper. He spoke to the waiter quietly and ordered him to bring a bottle of the best wine in the hotel. The waiter brought it and poured it into the glass. Von Hohenhausen's hand shook so that he spilled part of it. Suddenly he sighed through his clenched teeth with a hiss that brought the waiter to him again.

"No," he whispered.

The man glanced at him and drew back.

So they had met! The words sang themselves in his brain in a hymn of victory. They had met, and he had him under his hand—the door of their adjoining rooms alone divided them—he had said it! He had him! He had him! He had him at his will to—he would

sleep there. Sleep! And then he, the avenger—he would creep in, and——

He shouted for the waiter, who stood at his elbow.

"Bring me another bottle of this wine!" he exclaimed in a voice that made the domino players raise their heads in wonder. "I am happy to-night! I am going to be married!"

The waiter bowed with a stare.

"It is my marriage night!" Von Hohenhausen exclaimed. "This night I take my own! Ah!"

His eyes gleamed with ferocity. His hands clutched the table like claws. It shook in his grasp till the empty bottle toppled off and smashed on the floor. He let go with a laugh.

The waiter brought the other bottle. Von Hohenhausen emptied it at a draught.

"Another!" he whispered.

His voice had fallen. An uncanny calm had followed the moment of exaltation. He moved slowly. His eyes were veiled. He shaded them from the light.

The trembling was gone now. But in his brain the hymn kept on. He rose and paid the waiter.

"Do you sleep in the hotel?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the man replied.

"Then sleep heavily!" said Von Hohenhausen in a low voice. "Put your head under the pillow!"

He passed slowly up the room, leaving the man staring.

He went upstairs and opened his door. He tiptoed in and lighted a candle. Yes, there was the connecting door.

He crept across and tried it. It was not fastened.

He turned and stood facing the room. His hands were hooked. There was an appalling smile on his mouth, a smile of irony and glee and infinite hate.

His eyes rested on a crucifix suspended on the opposite wall. He approached it. He raised his hands in an attitude of prayer. "God, I thank Thee!" he whispered.

VII.

A MAN MURMURS A SONG IN HIS SLEEP.

HE began to consider. How would he kill him? With his hands? He shuddered. Pah! To touch him! No. He would use something. What? He looked about the room critically. A chair? No. It would smash.

He remembered that he had a small knife in his pocket.

No. It was too small. He would have to touch him. And there would be blood. Pah! He put the knife away and considered. There

The Anvil

was nothing in the room to do it with. His glance rested on the little anvil which stood on the bureau. He had brought it with him. "Ah!" he breathed.

He tiptoed over and took it in his hand. It was heavy, and its steel tongue was sharp. He weighed it, considering.

Yes. He would do it with that.

His mind was intensely clear. He weighed each detail of his intention carefully with a cold clearness of mental vision. He was keenly analytical.

"When it is done," he said to himself, "I will put an end to my life. It would be simplest."

He smiled at the thought. But it was time to act.

With the anvil balanced in his hand he crept towards the door between the two rooms. He turned the handle noiselessly. He looked in.

It was an ordinary hotel room, with the usual furniture, and a great black bed in one corner. On this bed lay the sleeper.

Von Hohenhausen approached—reached the bed. He crouched.

The faint light from the window fell on his face. It was a mask. The eyes glared at the form on the bed without winking. The slow smile—the terrible smile—curved round the mouth.

He raised himself slowly—he lifted his clenched hand with the anvil high above his head. The sleeper muttered something and began to murmur a song in his sleep.

It was Marjory's song. It ceased.

Von Hohenhausen lowered his hand. He turned and crept softly back through the door and closed it behind him, stepped to the bureau, and laid the anvil down by the solitary candle.

He laughed, sneering at himself.

"And I dreamed of revenge. I—dreamed that I could satisfy my hate! Great God, how petty! I was tempted to satisfy—to ease—my contempt! I love it! I love it!"

He crossed to the bed and sat, trying to understand his motives. The clearness had left him.

"What a strange thing chance is!" he muttered. "I had lost myself. Retribution! Pah! I had absolutely no further thought than to kill. Umph! I had almost forgotten my hate in my anger! And then he murmured that song in his sleep! Is it possible that some memory—some remorse—comes to him in his sleep—some remorse that is hid by the artificiality of the day?"

He lifted his hand to his head.

"God! What a fool I was! To dream of glutting such hate as mine with mere physical killing—a taking of life!"

He rose and began to pace up and down, dimly aware that he had arrived on a new level, but not yet comprehending it.

"If he had laughed, I would have struck!"

He felt terribly restless now that the tenseness was gone. His head was hot, his hands were slippery with sweat.

"I must get out and walk," he muttered.

He tiptoed down the stairs.

It was foggy, and the street-lamps glimmered faintly in rings of mist.

Von Hohenhausen stood in the fog. He listened. It was utterly still.

VIII.

MADEMOISELLE AVRIL.

WHEN he reëntered the hotel at dawn he hastened up to his room with an attendant and packed his luggage. Ten minutes later he was driving towards the railroad station through the early sunlight.

The guard came along the foot-board lowering the windows and asking for the tickets.

"Paris!" said Von Hohenhausen.

Two days later he sallied forth into the garden of the Tuileries. The bowing waiters grinned at the tall, stooping, old-fashioned figure and the sardonic face.

Von Hohenhausen paced along idly. He felt the spell of the place, and it made him feel all the more alien. The old men glanced up as his footsteps crunched on the gravel, and followed him with curious eyes.

He paced on past the lake, and the long rise of the Champs-Élysées appeared before him with the white form of the Arc du Triomphe standing out against the horizon.

He lunched at a little restaurant, sitting at a table on the sidewalk between the trees in tubs.

In the afternoon he drove in the Bois.

The next day was nearly the same. The next day he strolled on the Boulevards. The crowds amused him; he saw them idly, as one sees a play, as from a distance. He was lost in a great aloofness. He was dimly aware that he had acquired a vast loneliness—an isolation from which he despised with a universal and ceaseless delight.

The days passed slowly. At last, one morning, he thought of calling on an old gentleman whom he had known years before at Heidelberg. This enthusiast, his sole acquaintance in Paris, had taken a professorship at the French Observatory. Von Hohenhausen had corresponded with him occasionally. His name was Vatofer and he was from Strasburg. He lived in the suburb near the Observatory. Von Hohenhausen drove there about ten o'clock in the morning, alighted, and pushed open the gate. As he started up the path to the door two

gentlemen appeared around the corner of the house, strolling and talking, cigar in mouth. One, a little, stout, bald personage, the visitor recognized at once as Vatofer. The other was tall and placid, with a great white mustache.

At sight of the intruder the gentlemen stopped. Then Vatofer stepped forward, while his companion turned his back with polite indifference.

"Good-day!" exclaimed the astronomer with a bow. "Do you want to see Monsieur Vatofer? Because I am Vatofer himself—yes!"

He bowed amiably, spreading his fat hands and smiling in ingenuous good-nature.

"You remember your acquaintance, Von Hohenhausen?"

"Ah, yes, naturally! Do you bring a letter of introduction?"

"I am Von Hohenhausen."

"Eh?" exclaimed Vatofer. "You! Pardon! But you were—a— young man! My friend! Oh, I am so glad!"

He rushed forward with arms extended.

"Oh, come—come with me!" he stuttered in his excitement. "Come to the house! I am glad!"

He held Von Hohenhausen by one arm, patting him on the shoulder lovingly.

"Herr Vront," he exclaimed, "it is my dear friend! It is that young friend of mine at Heidelberg! He is come!"

"I share my friend's pleasure in meeting you, Monsieur," said the Frenchman, approaching and shaking hands with a melancholy courtesy.

He smiled at Vatofer. Von Hohenhausen shared the smile. But both smiles were kindly. He and la Vront established a point in common.

"But come!" exclaimed Vatofer. "I have in the house some bottles of Johannisberger, with caviar, my friends—eh? Mittsheimer's pupil, Von Hohenhausen! By the way, you know that Mittsheimer married a ballet girl—at the age of sixty-five—Mittsheimer, I mean! I am so happy!"

He led the way up the path in childish enjoyment of his excitement, too intent on hospitality to think of introducing his guests. Von Hohenhausen was touched at this real friendship. He glanced at the Frenchman.

The latter bowed.

"You are Monsieur von Hohenhausen," he murmured. "Our friend has often spoken of you. I am Monsieur la Vront, retired major, of Lorraine,—a student of books now, not of campaigns."

Von Hohenhausen felt a sudden esteem. Here were two men whom

he could like, he reflected—the one so jovial and good, the other with his pensive, old-world air.

"Come!" exclaimed their host. "Come in! A million welcomes! And we will have some sardellen—eh?"

They lunched together and passed the afternoon in the garden, smoking under the German arbor. By dusk they were great friends. Vatofer talked and laughed and told stories.

Von Hohenhausen sat and smoked and smiled. He felt deeply grateful to these honorable souls, who by their example resurrected his opinion of mankind out of contempt. He was touched. He wondered why he had not called before. He did not talk much.

A sudden realization of his loneliness came to him in the presence of this odd and complete friendship. He felt almost affectionate, and smiled sadly as it occurred to him.

At dusk they parted. But it was only for a few hours; la Vront had insisted on having the two friends, his old one and, as he courteously said, his new one, to dinner with him that evening at seven o'clock. The astronomer accepted as a matter of course and urged Von Hohenhausen, who acquiesced with a slight diffidence. He had not been to a dinner-party for years.

When he arrived at the hotel he hastened up to his room to dress, childishly joyful at the prospect of the re-meeting.

He got out an old dress-suit and rang for a boy, and got him to brush the garment thoroughly while he stood by, amused at the youth's respectfully concealed laughter. When the boy was gone he arrayed himself. He stood before a glass and smiled, feeling a half-comic self-pity as he gazed at his reflection.

"I did not use to look like this, I think," he reflected.

He had so seldom used a glass that he would not have recognized himself if he could have met his image casually.

His hair was quite white; he smiled as he noticed; there was as much amusement as bitterness in the smile. His mouth had become set, and the lines around it had deepened, giving the face a new expression. It was no longer the face of a priest who dreamed, but that of a cynic amusedly tired of amusement.

He turned away with a chuckle.

"Life is laughter!" he muttered with a shrug.

He shuddered.

"No!" he exclaimed with the old snap of the jaws. "I will not think of that! Hold—up! God help me!"

He jerked his arm with the motion of a trooper lifting a horse that stumbles.

Then he went downstairs and entered a fiacre, giving the number on the Avenue Kléber.

The fiacre entered the court-yard. Von Hohenhausen ascended a flight of stairs, a servant took his coat, and he stepped to the drawing-room door.

His host led him to a tall lady with wild hair and a languishing expression—a sinuous lady with beautiful hands and sidelong eyes.

“Mathilde,” he said, “let me present Monsieur von Hohenhausen. Monsieur, my sister.”

“My brother tells me you are engaged on a great book,” said the lady, with a wave of her fan. “May I inquire what it is? I adore literature. Indeed, it is my only enthusiasm, my friends say—if one may be permitted enthusiasm in these cynical days. Do you not think so?”

She smiled languidly.

“‘The History of Metaphysics,’ Madame,” replied Von Hohenhausen with a bow, shrugging uncomfortably in his dress clothes.

“Ah, indeed! How charming! It is such a—a significant subject! It can lead to so much—almost insensibly—there are gradations—invisible bridges—is it not?”

“Insensibly, Madame?” inquired the philosopher. “Why insensibly?”

“Ah!” she murmured, tapping his arm playfully with her great feather fan. “There spoke the metaphysician! As if I could explain. such a question! But tell me, do you write nothing else?”

“No, Madame.”

“Ah!” she drawled. “I am so sorry! I wish you would write a play and put me in it! Am I too free? My friends call me so informal. I hope you will not mind.”

She spoke with a pretty childishness, lowering her chin and gazing at him innocently from under raised eyebrows.

“I would be delighted to attempt it—with your assistance, Madame,” said Von Hohenhausen gallantly.

He felt ironical. But he reflected that the lady was so young and so enthusiastic.

At that moment a jolly voice was heard in the door-way.

“Ach!” it exclaimed. “So! He is here! That is good! Good-evening.”

Vatofer appeared with outstretched hands and his broad, friendly smile.

“Now,” said la Vront, “our party is complete except Avril. Where is Avril?”

“She is coming,” replied his sister. “The vanity—ah, here she is!”

Von Hohenhausen turned. A girl stood in the door-way with her skirt held about her.

"Avril," said her father, gazing at her, "this is Monsieur von Hohenhausen. Monsieur, my daughter, Avril."

Von Hohenhausen bowed slowly. The creature's loveliness amazed him. He put his hand to his heart with a quaint gallantry.

The girl smiled and stepped towards him and offered him her hand, English fashion.

"I welcome you too, Monsieur," she said with an air almost chivalric—a certain gallant and characteristic lift of head and tilt of chin.

"Ach!" whispered Vatofer ecstatically. "Did I not say—eh?"

"Come, Monsieur," said Mathilde, "the dinner is served."

IX.

THE IRONICAL FLIRTATION.

VON HOHENHAUSEN offered the wrong arm to the fair Mathilde, and the company entered the dining-room and seated themselves with interchange of gallantries of word and manner. The philosopher wondered if there were other such delightful people in the world.

He sat opposite Mademoiselle Avril. She arranged herself in her chair with a flutter of dainty skirts, blushed slightly, and smiled back at his stare with a sweet freedom. She was very young, he reflected, surely not more than seventeen.

The company left the table and had their coffee and cigarettes in the library. The ladies smoked prettily, while Vatofer, incessantly active, played bits of sentimental airs on his host's piano, sighing despairingly. After a time of diffidence Von Hohenhausen spoke to Avril. She answered, and a conversation commenced. She brought him more coffee, and the little act of housewifely hospitality eased his diffidence.

At ten o'clock Von Hohenhausen rose to go. After good-byes, he and Vatofer took their departure together.

"Aren't they splendid!" the latter exclaimed as he went down the stairs. "All of them—but especially him and his daughter—informal people! Eh? Don't you love them?"

"They are splendid!"

"Ach! I knew you would think so! They are dear people! They are! I am going with you to your hotel. We will have supper and talk."

"Good!" said Von Hohenhausen.

He was gay, though his manner was brusque. He felt a strange light-heartedness; he could almost have sung; yet every few moments he laughed at himself.

They arrived at the hotel. Vatofer talked and chuckled and commented for an hour in the café, and then departed with plans of re-meeting and offers of service.

Von Hohenhausen sat alone.

"Ah!" he muttered at last. "This has been a day!"

He rested his chin on his fist and thought over his experiences. It seemed years since morning.

How lonely he had been! And now he had four new friends—dear, jolly, free Vatofer, kindly, placid old la Vront, the fair Mathilde—and Avril. Oh, yes, Avril—what a name!

He groaned. A sudden flood of gloom enveloped him. He shut his jaws. His eyes grew hard.

What had he to do with—— He started. Where were his thoughts leading him?

He sat and gloomed with his elbows on the table. His cynicism grew blacker and blacker.

A dull fury woke in his heart. It grew more intense.

"Why?" he cried to himself. "Why?"

He shook himself. His brows were hard. His mouth sneered.

"Shall I let myself be cast into morbidness by a woman?" he whispered. "A woman! I dreamed in isolation—a girl appeared—any one—the first—I loved her! Shall I let her break me in breaking my heart? Am I not more than my heart? Pah! I will laugh! Must we throw away our ideals in order to love happily? Then curse love—it is prostitution! Yes! What have I left but that? Yes. I will go to the other extreme! I will enjoy! By the great God, I will——"

He banged his fist on the table. He half rose.

A waiter ran up and bent attentively.

"No!" growled Von Hohenhausen, reseating himself. "Why do you always trouble me?"

He frowned.

"No!" he exclaimed in a moment. "Bring me a bottle of Madeira!"

The waiter appeared with the wine. Von Hohenhausen poured himself a glass.

"To laughter!" he whispered with a harsh chuckle.

He sat and brooded, sick of introspection. The girl's face grew clear before him, her fluffy chestnut hair, her great brown eyes with the laughter and roguishness in them hidden. He saw her dainty chin, her little nose, just a bit turned up, the proud set of the pretty head. He heard the quick laughter, as suddenly hushed demurely.

He rose with a growl and went to bed. Suddenly he hated the morbidness, of which he was very well aware.

The next day he walked in the Louvre Gardens. The hours seemed very long; the sense of romance was steadily growing in him.

At four o'clock he drove to the la Vronts' to pay his dinner call.

He frowned all the way; occasionally he gave a short, hard chuckle that did not break the frown.

"Only Mademoiselle is at home," said the butler who opened the door.

Von Hohenhausen scowled.

"Ask if she will receive me," he ordered after a moment, and entered the drawing-room and sat down.

When the girl entered she found him sitting stolid and upright. She received him shyly. He was very formal.

"Mademoiselle," he began with a bow, "I have done myself the honor of calling for the dinner call."

"Yes, Monsieur," she replied. "My father will be in shortly."

"Thank you," replied the philosopher sombrely. "I should be delighted."

The very desperation of the formality brought its reaction. Soon he began talking awkwardly.

She questioned him with glances and shy criticisms, gaining courage slowly. She told him a little of herself, of her quiet life, of her longing for fun in the world. She confessed a certain delight in doing things she knew she ought not to do. They laughed about it. She was amused. She experienced a pleasant sense of oddity, not unmixed with awe, in the presence of this man so different from all other men whom she had met. She wondered at his capacity to be charmed by her little feminine ways. She was deliciously shocked at the innocent openness of his admiration. He interested her. She was moved by a new feeling—half amusement, half admiration—and enticed him more than she realized.

He criticised people with the unexpected and original touches of the man who has lived aloof from them. His sarcasm thrilled her with a delightful sense of irreverence, and the keen justice of it struck her girlish unthoughtfulness with a hitherto unfelt sense of truth, moving her young mind.

La Vront entered at last. Von Hohenhausen was pleased to see him, but left uninterestedly soon after his entrance. Indeed, the call had already been a long one, though he did not know it.

The next day he called on Vatofer. They had a jolly talk in the garden and arranged a surprise for their friends.

The surprise took place on the succeeding evening in the shape of a theatre party. The philosopher sat next to Mademoiselle Avril in the box, enjoying the rather immoral play with the innocence of a child.

The next day he went to the Bois. But the trees and lakes and flowers did not interest him; he was restless, and the restlessness made him cross. He passed the evening in the café, grumbling and scribbling bad verses on a pad of yellow paper.

The next evening he dined at the *la Vronts*'.

That night he sat in the *café* as usual, for he hated to be alone now as much as he had hated crowds.

"Why not?" he argued with himself. "Why should I not marry her? Umph! She is laughter, and I—it would be a good match, a fine combination!"

He chuckled.

"But would she love me?" he went on. "What matter—if she would marry me! Women are—I would—shall we say—love her? Ah! Ha! ha! Why, I would pet her! And I would learn to laugh! The shell of me, the hard surface, would be most light-hearted—truly, very joyful! She is the same type physically—only French,—the same chivalry,—perhaps the same——"

His eyes were feverish. His mouth twisted in odd smiles. A chuckle, devilish, infinitely sad, came from his throat.

He rose and went out into the warm night.

The street-lamps glimmered. Gay couples passed by him. Overhead the stars were glorious.

He lifted his hat and cooled his forehead.

"I wonder if the daze is breaking up now!" he muttered with pitiless introspection. "God, how flat it is! Why can I not feel—only despise?"

He started to walk. He passed through street after street. He hurried along the noisy Boulevards with great strides, past the strolling throng of the night.

He stopped at last. He gazed about him curiously. A sense of the exaggeration of it all came to him.

He fell back into the old mood. He sighed, and turned slowly and plodded his way back through the dark alleys to the lighted avenues, found a cab, and drove home to the hotel.

He hastened up to his room and sat on the bed. He jammed his clenched fists down beside him.

He began to laugh harshly in the darkness.

"And I thought I was becoming the anvil!" he muttered. "Umph! I will go down and have supper."

The next afternoon he called on Vatofer again. There was another duet of jollity in the garden, and Vatofer considered that his friend's mood at their first meeting had been merely a transient gloominess.

The next day they went fishing together up the Seine. They began to argue and forgot to fish, and had a delightful lunch at an inn, sitting at a little table under an arbor.

Von Hohenhausen returned home tired out and slept heavily that night, though his dreams were wild.

During these days his face had acquired a new expression—a look

as of forced politeness. The scale of his emotions was running all the notes at once; but his thoughts were always of himself—eternally of himself. He had moods of wild gayety and moods of gloom; often he felt the two things at once. He was a constant amazement to himself. And through it all ran the keen rapier of self-analysis, touching, and prodding, and penetrating. His cynicism was appalling. And he realized it, and delighted in the stinging sense of it, while he laughed at the inner desolation over which he longed to weep.

Again he dined at the *la Vronts*'.

He met a suave poet, a friend of Mathilde. After dinner he argued with the creature, to Avril's huge delight. He frightened him, and the youth departed with a sniff, contemptuous at the flat misunderstanding of this terrible fool.

Then he devoted himself to Avril. They talked of love. He was pitying, ideal. She had never before heard anyone so discuss the ancient subject. Mathilde was shocked. Vatofer and the host played chess.

Von Hohenhausen proposed a trip to Saint Cloud. He announced that he would arrange it all. They would go in carriages out into the country, have lunch on the grass, and return to the city at dusk.

Avril clapped her hands. Her eyes shone. She went into a girl's raptures over the plan. Mathilde consented with an air of condescension. This strange German always shocked her.

"My dear Monsieur," exclaimed Von Hohenhausen, "you must honor us and our friend Vatofer! Consent!"

He explained while Vatofer applauded wildly.

It was a gay evening, which ended in a burst of cordiality from all at the time of departure.

The noise of the retreating footsteps of the philosopher and the astronomer died out down the stairs.

"What a ladies' man Von Hohenhausen is becoming!" said Mathilde a little maliciously, hiding a yawn with her hand and glancing aside to be sure Avril was out of the room.

"Eh bien!" replied the Major. "We must not mind, Mathilde—you and I. He is a strange man—he is rich. Avril will marry some day."

Avril sat in her room on the bed with a paper clasped between her fingers. It was a bad verse addressed to her beauty.

She sat staring.

"Mon Dieu! He—loves me!" she whispered. "He loves me! Ah, droll!"

She rose after a time and went over to the mirror and stood turning her pretty head from side to side. She smiled and lifted her eyebrows.

"And I am seventeen!" she murmured, with a tone of pride in her victory.

"What a flirt I am!" she said again, thinking over the last few days. She put her finger to her chin and stood thoughtful.

"He said that he had something to tell me—to-morrow—at Saint Cloud!"

She began to smile. The smile became a laugh.

"You know what it is—why not?" she exclaimed, nodding at her reflection in the glass. "Eh bien! I will listen. And then to be Madame! The drollest object in my establishment will be my husband!"

"Now I will re-read this," she whispered. "He is so odd!"

But she forgot, and sat lost in revery.

X.

AVRIL PUTS VIOLETS IN HER HAIR.

THE day dawned fair and warm. Vatofer arrived at the hotel very early, and the two took a little walk while the carriages were being made ready.

Von Hohenhausen stopped in a flower-shop which a pretty girl was sweeping out for the morning trade and bought a great basket of violets. Then he and Vatofer returned gayly to the hotel, breathing the morning air with delight.

"Ah!" exclaimed Vatofer dreamily as they drove up the Champs Elysées. "It will be a splendid day! You seem so much happier than you were, my friend—you seemed to torment yourself—to—but now all is well! Yes!"

When they arrived they went upstairs, to find the door already open for them. As they crossed the threshold the old Major appeared gayly.

Mathilde appeared with a rustle. Even she was excited at the prospect of the expedition.

"But where is my little Avril?" exclaimed Vatofer, beaming.

The girl appeared in the door-way with an air of shyness—an instant glance for Von Hohenhausen.

"Ach! Mon Dieu!" breathed Vatofer in admiration.

She wore light yellow and white, a wonderful gown, fluffy and mysterious. A great hat shaded her face. She placed her little feet together and bowed with a jauntiness which yet was very demure. Her eyes were lowered. There was a roguish smile about her mouth.

"Ach, Divinity!" exclaimed Vatofer, pretending to worship her. "Will you please step on my heart! I would love it so! From the lowly attitude of one who gazes at the stars I look up to thee. Yes!"

"Bravo, Avril!" murmured la Vront.

"Please don't!" she laughed, and took the philosopher's arm.

"Let us go, Monsieur," she added with a little bow.

He led her down the stairs.

"Surely this is happiness!" he muttered.

She heard the words.

"You can make it so, Monsieur," she whispered, and was shocked at her reply.

He assisted her into the first carriage with Vatofer, where he himself was also going to ride, and helped the old gentleman and Mathilde into the other. Then he poured the bunches of violets from the basket into the laps of the ladies.

"So!" he laughed.

They exclaimed prettily, while Vatofer giggled with delight, tossing the flowers and smoothing them lovingly and muttering over them in German.

Then Von Hohenhausen, after seeing that the lunch-baskets were carefully secured under the drivers' seats, mounted to his place. The party set forth.

"Oh, I am so happy!" breathed the girl, and again was frightened at her unpremeditated words.

At last they clattered into the streets of Saint Cloud over the cobblestones between the quiet little houses. They passed through the town on into the forest and drove down the grassy avenue under the shade of the huge old elms standing in rows like grenadiers yet guarding the place of the Emperor's ease.

Here they descended for lunch. The horses were unhitched and their drivers led them away; the ladies alighted, glad to walk after the long drive; Vatofer and Von Hohenhausen lifted out the lunch-baskets and opened them.

They feasted with laughter, with gayety, with light-heartedness. When it was done Vatofer lay back upon the grass.

"Ach!" he murmured. "I am so comfortable!"

The old Major, half dozing, enjoyed the scene. Von Hohenhausen talked in a low voice with Avril. Mathilde smiled wisely and pretended to sleep. Vatofer lit a cigar. His jolly soul was full of rest. The spell of the stillness was over them all. After a time Von Hohenhausen and the girl rose and strolled away down one of the openings in the forest.

Old la Vront sighed, and gazed after them kindly.

"I read the poem," said the girl when they had walked some distance.

"You are——" she added, and stopped.

"Do you think so?" he replied. "I don't. I did not exaggerate."

"Ah?"

"No."

They walked in silence.

"I—do—not—understand you," she said slowly, in a voice of deep thought.

"No?" he replied, delighted with her appreciation.

She made a gesture of casting something away from her.

"I fear I will remember. But no! Let us be happy!"

The girl-mood rose in her again.

They walked on, talking in low voices.

"I wonder if this is happiness?" he asked himself for the second time this day.

She chose to sit down on the grass after a time. She arranged her skirts daintily. He seated himself beside her. Neither spoke.

He was suddenly sensible of an effort to put himself under the spell of the place as he had been on that day—"the last day of love"—centuries ago—yesterday. The comparison struck him with a shock.

He reflected on it suddenly with a sense of awakening.

Meanwhile she was thinking of other things. She wondered at his silence and glanced at him ingenuously, and was surprised at his hard look.

"Aren't you happy?" she asked in a low voice, reaching one hand towards him timidly.

"Happy?" he answered.

He smiled at her with an effort.

"That is better!" she said with a little nod.

She took off her hat. She had fastened a bunch of the violets in her dress. These she took out. She began to take the bunch to pieces.

"What are you doing?" he inquired idly.

"Don't laugh! I am going to put them in my hair."

She began to stick them here and there in the curly brown locks. But she was not used to adorning herself without a glass; the violets fell out. She made a little face.

"You do it!" she commanded, leaning towards him.

He took the flowers one by one and inserted them among the curls.

A great misery began to awake in his heart. The realization had come to him suddenly—he could not love again.

He arranged the flowers with a sigh. She laughed.

"You are so sentimental!" she murmured.

"About you!" he replied gallantly.

She turned her head with a coquettish movement.

"Pretty?"

He smiled grimly.

"Ah, don't smile like that!" she exclaimed. "It is as if—as if you were thinking of some other woman, far away and long ago!"

She gazed at him curiously. She grew a little pale.

"Are you?" she inquired in a different tone.

"Suppose I were?" he answered, an odd bitterness about his mouth, oblivious to his cruelty.

"Are you?"

"Would you care?"

She clenched her fists.

"Are you?" she demanded.

"Yes," he said, gazing at her critically, thinking of himself.

She turned her head. She sat playing with the flowers strewn in her lap. Her head bent lower and lower. A breeze came—the leaves moved—it passed.

Von Hohenhausen watched her. He saw her shoulders begin to shake. A slight sound struck his heart.

"Why, child," he said in a low voice, "are you crying?"

He reached out his hand and touched her arm timidly.

"No," she said,—“no.”

Her voice was piteous.

Von Hohenhausen rose to his feet and stood with his back to her.

"I must speak to you," he said at last. "I am not ready now. I want to arrange with myself."

She rose also, with a forced, wavering little laugh.

"My father and Aunt Mathilde are going out to-night," she answered. "You need not know that. Come then."

"Good!" he answered shortly.

An infinite distance had come between them.

"See!" she exclaimed suddenly. "It is growing dark! It is going to rain! My clothes!"

"Yes," he answered, "it is growing dark."

"Hurry!" she exclaimed.

The great drops commenced to patter on the leaves.

She began to run.

They arrived among their companions breathless. The horses were already harnessed and the lunch things were packed in the baskets.

"Hurry, children!" shouted Vatofer.

They scrambled into the carriages. Avril laughed. But her laugh was odd.

"Isn't it jolly!" exclaimed Vatofer as the carriage started. "It makes a little adventure! Ach! divine Avril, you nearly got the dress wet! Ho! ho!"

"Yes," she said absently.

Three hours later Von Hohenhausen was sitting at his old place in the café. He puffed great clouds of smoke from his cigar. At last he was alone, after accompanying the la Vronts to their residence and saying good-by to Vatofer.

His first feeling was rage.

"Sentimentality!" he growled. "And she has fallen in love with me—me! Umph! I was watching myself, not her!"

He longed to strike something. He was savage.

Then suddenly his thoughts fled backward. Instantly he saw a scene—a girl on her knees at the foot of a tree, a black shape standing silent—the moonlight over all.

The scene passed as it had come.

"Great God!" he whispered.

A realization of the falseness of the past weeks came over him again with a rush. It was illuminative.

Then he began his inevitable analysis.

"The cause seems to have been this," he reflected, "I received an enormous shock. It was too great for expression. It manifested itself in a deadening of all the emotions which it had struck,—that is, of all the deep emotions in me, so only the surface feelings remained active—those and the mind. And it has been these surface feelings which have led me to accept the fallacy that I loved this child, Avril. What did I know of women? I suppose that if love had not been stunned in me I might really have loved her—instead of merely being sentimental about her."

He smiled bitterly, conscious of his self-consciousness.

"I wonder if I would have found in her nature any answer to mine? She is—girlishness, and I—I am an idealist—who analyzes his ideals—an idealist who thinks instead of dreams, and therefore a cynic!"

He sat and gloomed over his thoughts. The surface mood had fallen away from him utterly.

He fell to reflecting on the difference between the two women.

"She," he mused, "was a depth covered by lightness, and this child Avril is just lightness. Yet their surfaces are much alike—alike—alike. Alike! Bah! Of course!"

Suddenly a sense of his weariness occurred to him.

"I wonder if I will ever really think again?" he muttered. "I only dream over thoughts—over myself. I am a man of hate—and pity. I blame not, nor forgive; I do not care. My brain is so tired, but I hate—I hate! I imagine my writing a book of metaphysics—and yet how ridiculous it all is! Vatofer was right—an idealist tortures himself like a Hindoo fakir—and yet—and yet—what is it all for? Nature is so calm—there is nothing of this in her. Why should I despise? Because I am an idealist!"

He rested his chin on his fist in the old attitude.

"I have passed through many moods in these weeks, through many moods of light with always the shadows underneath. My soul, which was balanced on a pinnacle of aloofness, was struck, and it has been

rocking, and it has not yet come to rest again. The anvil still vibrates! Mixed smiles! Perhaps I am mad!"

He yawned.

"And so now this folly is finished! I recognize it. And I must tell that child—what? I must tell her in more words—for she has no mind yet—that I cannot love again. Doesn't it seem sentimental? But sentimentality is one of the facts of man's nature. And then, suppose that this ingenuous fancy of hers for me is, after all, more than a fancy? Shall I marry her? I will leave it to her. I am becoming a monomaniac—the thing is becoming an obsession."

He rose and went to his room and dressed. The whole affair seemed trivial.

"What a folly!" he muttered. "What a fool I am! I! Always I!"

He dined, and sent for a cab. It was ten o'clock.

"I am so selfish," he said half aloud as he drove away.

He said it reflectively. Why should he care? Did he care for anything?

The vast cynicism had come over his heart again, and the romance was gone. He smiled idly.

The carriage drove into the court-yard of the la Vronts' residence.

"Mademoiselle told me to ask Monsieur to please wait in the library," said the butler who opened the door.

Von Hohenhausen stepped into the room of books. He idly picked up a volume lying on the table. It was Heine.

He shuddered and laid it down, and his heart seemed to heave within him; for an instant he felt a little dizzy in the mixture of moods.

The door opened.

"Good-evening, Monsieur," said the girl on the threshold.

"Good-evening, Mademoiselle," he replied with a bow.

He was rather amused, a little bored.

"How self-centred I am!" he reflected grimly. "What nonsense—the dissection of a soul!"

It was the sublimity of egotism.

XI.

AVRIL PRAYS.

"We are to discuss——" he began politely.

She came forward into the room and sat down, forgetting her usual skirt-arranging gesture.

"Are we?" she replied sarcastically.

"So it is to be a duel between an amused mood and a sarcastic one," he reflected.

"I perhaps should not have implied——" he said.

"It seems somewhat exaggerated," she sneered.

The falseness of the position interested him. But the strain irritated her.

They sat through a long silence.

"Eh bien!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Let us end this! I have been a fool! But you said you had something to tell me. Mon Dieu! where are the proprieties? These things only occur in real life—never in books!"

"Avril," said Von Hohenhausen softly, "you do not really care, do you?"

"Monsieur!"

"Pardon!" he said with an instant return to the ironic mood.

These children seem so old—these women such children!

She rose and began to pace up and down with her hands clasped behind her. He smiled as he recognized his own attitude.

"I am very well aware," she said, frowning heavily, "that my implication—this afternoon—of a certain childish tenderness towards you—is—what shall I say—somewhat comic? It is that which shames me. But I am not merely a child any longer. I am a woman. My first step in love—love!—was a false one. Eh bien! I step back again! What is her name?"

He had expected the question, but the ingenuous irrelevancy of it amused him. Yet he was greatly relieved at her words. So the result of her fancy would be only a mood of sarcasm! Good! But he felt slightly hurt; a realization of this feeling struck him; he smiled.

"I will tell you the whole story in a few words," he said. "Once I fell in love, she—jilted me. So!"

"Ah! So I will not be the first one to jilt you?"

Her voice was light, but her eyes were sombre.

"What an odd love-scene!" he exclaimed whimsically.

"Monsieur, if you use that word I will laugh!"

She imitated his mood, ashamed of her seriousness, dreading to expose it to his frivolity.

"I wonder why we are so whimsical?" he remarked.

"Monsieur," she replied, after a pause of astonishment, "do you always have ten moods at once?"

She could not follow him.

He laughed.

"Yes, I know," he responded. "It is a woman's way. But let us be serious."

"Ah!" she said. "Why?"

"It would be so amusing."

She held a fan. She struck the table with a snap.

"Monsieur," she exclaimed, "if I meant anything yesterday—I mean this afternoon—this scene would be cruel!"

"You have a woman's tenderness, Mademoiselle," he replied. "But—you did not mean—"

"No?" she questioned in answer.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Shall I think so?" he asked. "Or shall I believe your words of this evening? How very French!"

"Oh Monsieur! It was the mood of the place. Believe me—now."

He bowed in admiration.

"Ah—gallant girl!" he murmured.

She gazed at him critically.

"My friend," she said at last, "you are the most cynical man I have ever met."

"Yes?"

"And now, what does all this—repartee—mean? I asked to see you to-night to—ask you—ah, you know!"

He bowed.

"Mademoiselle," he said softly, "would you marry me?"

She glanced at him enigmatically.

"Do you—love me?" she inquired.

"Mademoiselle," he replied, still with the smile of politeness, "I can no longer love. In so far as I can love—I love you."

"Vraiment! Is it far?"

"Ah, that is what I do not know. What do you think?"

She slapped her fan on the table again.

"I wonder what makes you so attractive to me!" she exclaimed furiously.

Her eyes were bright. She was very angry.

"It is because you do not know what it is that interests you," Von Hohenhausen replied dryly, surprised at the truth of his words after he had spoken.

"Tell me," she said after a pause, "are you wonderful? Truly, I do not know. You are frivolous—and—appalling!"

"I myself have experienced the same sensation," he replied.

She gazed at him for a long time.

"Something terrible must have happened to you," she murmured at last with a woman's divination. "Was it love?"

He smiled.

"Our conversation has wound up in a spiral," she said dreamily, still gazing at him.

He did not answer.

"Mon Dieu!" she whispered. "Your grief is—is beyond my realization!"

"So you begin to understand?" he remarked indifferently.

He turned his head away from her persistent gaze.

"I understand that I do not understand."

"It is the beginning—and the end—of knowledge."

"But I want the midway," she exclaimed, catching his idea.

"Your companionship would be a pleasure!" he said, with a complimentary bow at her comprehension.

"No other man's mind would have passed to that!" she exclaimed bitterly. "Why are you so different?"

"Perhaps because I do not care to be anything else than myself, and because I enjoy the sensation of giving my moods free rein."

She gazed at him intently. Then she nodded.

"Yes," she said, half to herself, "he is the most cynical man I have ever met!"

He pushed a box of cigarettes towards her.

"Yes," she said absently. "Smoke."

He lit one with a smile.

"Wonderful girl!" he reflected.

She sat frowning.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"You will laugh if I tell you," she replied. "I was thinking that there might be something—that I could do—to make you a less unhappy man. I was wondering—if I could not be your friend. There has been this comedy between us—an incident to you in the absorption of your grief. I never realized it before—your sorrow, I mean. Something—has been gathering in me. And now we both feel that it has not been love. But may it—be—friendship? I do not wholly misunderstand you, you know."

She ended with a little attempt at jauntiness.

There was a long pause.

"Avril," he answered slowly, amazed at this unexpected depth, "first I want to say to you that I respect you. You have just shown a self-sacrifice most unusual in a woman—the sacrifice of her pique. And you have comprehended this bizarre situation as few women could have done, or would have tried to do. And it is a situation—our characters being what they are—which is most delicate and most tense. It is, I think, most extraordinary psychologically. There spoke the metaphysician, as your Aunt Mathilde says. But now let us speak of your proposition. You offer me friendship. Avril, I cannot take it."

"Why?" she inquired, her face flushing with his words.

"Child," he said, "you do not know what I am. I myself do not know. I do not shudder at myself. I laugh. But no one else, no one less utterly cynical than I, would laugh. They would hate—in the world's sense of the word."

"Then I would love the more!" she exclaimed.

She hid her face, and a great blush swept over her at her speech; she was trembling violently and leaning against the table.

"Hush, child!" he said gently. "You do not love! Once, when I was a dreamer,—a child in ignorance of men and women, as I now realize,—a terrible sorrow came to me, and I lost what few men ever lose. Few men, I say, can lose so much, for few men have dreamed as I have dreamed—and even to those who dream disillusion usually comes with a blessed gradualness. But to me it came most suddenly,—at the height of an ecstasy greater than I knew,—and it killed me, child. And now I am a hateful thing, utterly lonely and loveless forever save in the great love which I must only remember and can never meet again. For my soul is black and I am unfit for love. It must remain distant from me. I do not believe in any God of kindness nor in any noble thing. I would not touch the purity of the dream with my dark truth. So I laugh, little one. And—and that is all."

He stopped quietly.

Her head sank on her hands on the table.

"So, Avril, you see I cannot be your friend. For I am alone now in my heart. There is a rampart about me, and I sit within and laugh—very hideous laughter, little one, though no one knows. And I have no longer any love or friendship or affection to give to anyone. I hate them as the unjustly damned might hate unworthy angels. My heart is desolate and all my emotions are dead, and I can never care any more."

Again the silence fell. It lasted minute after minute.

Then the girl's voice rose softly:

"Oh God, kind God!" she prayed. "Speak to this man in his heart and help him! Dear God, to whom I speak every night when I go to bed,—I, a child,—look down on him and make him a little less sorrowful. He bears a burden that is more than I can understand;—but he cannot ask you himself, he does not believe any more. So I ask. Help him, Father! Take from me what you have intended for me and give it to him. Give him mercy from his memory and rest from the torment of his despair. Touch his soul with light, and put into his blind eyes hope. Give him, dear God, relief from the loneliness of his sorrow and faith in Thy goodness and Thy love. He has so little, Lord, and he could be so much! Grief came to him and killed him for this world—but, oh, give him the hope to trust in Thee and lead him to Thy love!"

Her voice sank very low.

"Give him," she murmured, "that which I might have had. Let me help to bear his burden for him. Kind Father, who I know has listened to my prayers ever since I had the thoughts to think them or

the words to speak, oh, listen now for another as you have for me! He is no less Thy child because he has forgotten. Ah kind God, oh, listen! Hear me! Hear me—me, a child!"

She sank to her knees and hid her face in her arms.

"Oh, pity!" she whispered. "Dear Lord, pity!"

Great sobs shook her. She sank down till she lay upon the floor, her arms spread out, her hands clutching the carpet.

Von Hohenhausen turned and moved blindly towards the door, one hand outstretched like a man who gropes his way.

He passed out and down the stairs in silence. He came forth into the clear night. The street was deserted. He stopped. A laugh rose to his lips, but a sob shook him.

He raised his eyes to the clear night sky. It was desolate, dark. He was alone.

A face rose before him—not the face of the girl he had left lying prone on the floor in that lamp-lit room above, but the face of another woman—Marjory.

He raised his chin and shut his jaws. A laugh, unchecked by any sob this time, broke from him.

"Nonsense!" he whispered. "What is her love to mine! No—she does not love—she does not love!"

XII.

COUNT VON DER GRATZ IN ALL HIS GLORY.

In Upper Bavaria, between Landsberg and the Amer Lake, is a wild district of forest and craggy hills.

On the tallest of these hills stands the castle of Gratzhausen, looking out over the great forest which is part of the estate. A little village lies at the base of the hill. There are some hundred houses in which foresters live.

In a room in this castle an old man knelt before a chest of papers,—principally verses,—taking them out one by one. His white hair fell about his face, and he wore the rusty black clothes of a careless student or a recluse.

Outside, far below, the great forest world was white and bare. It was midwinter. The valleys were brown with naked trees and the hill-tops shone in a white garment of snow. The sky was the color of steel, but in the west lay a gloomy line of clouds, portentous of storm.

At last the old man found what he was looking for. He rose and went to the table and sat down.

"Twenty years ago," he muttered. "Umph! I wonder how Avril is! What is that to me? Bah! Nonsense!"

He unfolded the paper and read. It was an ordinary little note of

invitation, signed Avril la Vront, dated June, twenty years before. The paper was very yellow.

He cast it on the table petulantly by the side of a little steel anvil.

"I wonder why I am thinking of the old times to-day?" he muttered. "It is sentimental. Women! Bah!"

He laughed with a bitter, ironic old laugh.

Then he yawned. He glanced out of the window.

"There is going to be a storm," he muttered.

He sat wagging his head gloomily, an ironical smile on his mouth, his old hands clenched on the table before him.

The dying light streamed through the western windows on his face.

It was a hard, odd, memorable face—the face of Von Hohenhausen at sixty-four. The great forehead was wrinkled and the heavy brows frowned portentously. There were lines down the sides of the cheeks, lines of bitterness and of grief and of sarcastic laughter; the eyes were horribly sad; the mouth twisted into a whimsical laugh. The rough white hair framed the whole.

His tall form was much stooped, and his square shoulders hunched themselves as with a muscular effort, a stubborn strength. His hands clutched, and he sat humped up with his jaws shut.

"Vatofer and la Vront are dead," he muttered, "years ago. And Mathilde married a Baron. Umph! No one writes now. And Avril, she was still single, living in the same old house, when I last heard—but that was years ago—years ago."

He sighed heavily.

"Only—from her—I have never heard."

He rested his chin on his fist, his elbow on the table.

"Fool!" he said after a moment, his mood reacting.

"Umph!" he added with the old introspection. "The years haven't changed me at all. I am——"

The butler entered and tiptoed across to the western side of the room, where the windows were.

"Pardon, Excellence!" he murmured. "The storm. It is coming up fast. I want to see that the windows are tight."

He shook them one by one.

A boy entered with an armload of wood. He laid it down on the hearth gently, so as not to disturb his lord's meditations.

Then he swept the ashes aside under the butler's direction and fanned the embers. He laid the new logs on, and when the blaze caught them he tiptoed out through the door-way.

"Otto," murmured Von Hohenhausen distantly.

"Excellence!" the butler replied, putting his heels together.

"Bring me a bottle of Johannisberger now. I will drink a toast in the dusk alone."

The butler bowed and hastened out.

In a few moments he returned with a dusty bottle. He placed a glass at his master's hand. He bowed and withdrew.

Von Hohenhausen poured the wine slowly. Then he sat and dreamed.

"Here is to the havoc that one man wrought," he whispered at last. "Here is to the wasted days, the long, black, sleepless nights, the hopeless dawns, and twilights full of memory. Here is to the deadened heart, the stunned ambition, the lack of will to will. Here is to old age, to endless remembrance, to unavailing regret. Here is to the hate—the hate everlasting! Here is to the tragedy, the loneliness, the disillusion and despair and ridicule and uselessness of it all—the ridicule!

"And here is to myself—to an old man. Here is to me!"

He emptied the glass and set it down.

"It is going to storm. To storm!"

He began to reflect on his life.

"Yes," he muttered ironically, "the ridicule!"

Twenty years ago—when he had left Avril prostrate on the floor in the ecstasy of her pity—he had departed from Paris. He had sent a note of farewell to the good Vatofer, to kind old la Vront, to the fair Mathilde. Then he had departed.

But before he went he had opened a letter which had arrived at his hotel that afternoon. It was from a legal man in Berlin, and it informed him of his accession to the title and estates of the Count von der Gratz of Gratzhausen in Upper Bavaria.

He had hastened to Berlin. He had had an interview with the man of law. He had turned his back on the world and set forth for his hermitage in the forests.

He had arrived at the castle late on an August dusk—he remembered it well. He had brought with him a butler and a library and had installed himself quietly. He wanted to be alone.

Thus these twenty years had begun.

He reflected on what his life had been since.

"Useless days," he muttered. "Useless days. A strange road I have travelled—from my garden by the river!"

Otto came in with a table-cloth over his arm.

Von Hohenhausen rose and went over to one of the long windows.

"It would be a bad night for anyone in the forest," remarked the butler with a shake of his head.

"Yes. But the roads are passable for sleighs, are they not?"

"Yes, Excellence, but they are still very deep with the last snow. And see—it snows again!"

"Yes. The wind is rising."

He came back to his chair and sat down. He yawned. Otto went out. He poured himself out another glass of the Johannisberger.

"So I have never finished the great book," he muttered,—"the 'History of Metaphysics'! But I did not lower my standard! My ideal is unconquerable! I hold to my ideal! Fate broke my heart, but could not kill my dream. Umph! To complete the simile, the tongue of the anvil was broken off—the tongue on which are turned the shoes with which Pegasus is shod. Nice metaphor! Good God, how one disillusion has desolated me! But to the man who thinks one disillusion brings all."

He glanced at the window.

"How it snows!"

Then he turned again to his reflections.

"An old man!" he muttered querulously. "An old dreamer! An old fool! Ach! Ha! ha! Yes, yes—I am high and narrow—high and narrow! And I am so tired of it all—all—this!"

He laughed bitterly. He half rose in his seat and his eyes lit up.

"No," he murmured, sinking back in his chair. "I am so old—but—I—hold to my ideal. Yet—there seems—something further—somewhere——"

He sat smiling to himself, his old hands clenched on the table. Liltng metres ran in his brain.

The wind, which had moaned fitfully for a time, now rose to a shrill whistle. The windows shook as the snow was driven against them. The fire flared and crackled. The armor on the walls shone copper-colored in the wavering light.

"How it snows!" the old man muttered. "I made a mistake in never having any friends."

He sat gazing, unseeing. Visions passed before him.

The door was thrown open and the butler entered with a rush.

"Excellence!" he gasped. "Listen!"

Von Hohenhausen sprang to his feet.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, passing his hand over his eyes to clear away the dreams. "What?"

"Listen!" whispered the butler. "I heard it just now! A shout! Out there in the forest under the castle! Listen!"

He stood with his hand raised.

"Listen!" he whispered.

XIII.

THE GUESTS.

THE gale died down.

"Ach!" the butler exclaimed, "I hear it again. It is not human!"

He stood with staring eyes, pale in the candle-light.

"Pah!" said Von Hohenhausen, "I did not know you were so superstitious. It is some of the people below, finding their way home."

"No," answered the butler stubbornly, "they are all housed. I inquired. Ach! Listen!"

A faint sound was borne to them in a lull of the wind—the sound of a distant shout.

"There!" exclaimed the butler excitedly, "it has come round to the front. It must be at the base of the road."

"I hear the sound of sleigh-bells," said Von Hohenhausen, raising his hand.

"Yes!" exclaimed the butler. "They have passed by the village. They are coming here."

"Go to the door, Otto," Von Hohenhausen commanded. "It is somebody caught in the storm. You were right. Take my compliments, and say that the Count von der Gratz will be glad to extend to them the hospitality of his house. Hurry, Otto!"

The butler hastened out, and Von Hohenhausen stood impatient.

"Umph!" he muttered, "I feel gloomy to-night."

There was a distant report—the great door as the wind banged it back. Then there was a jangle of sleigh-bells from the court-yard.

After a time footsteps approached along the corridor. The door opened.

"The guests, Excellence!" announced the butler.

A little old man wrapped in furs hobbled in. He was followed by a woman, also concealed in furs.

"The Count von der Gratz?" he exclaimed in a cracked voice. "It is most fortunate! Thank you! We were quite lost. On our way from Diessen to Landsberg. Saw your lights. Sacre! They were welcome! Thank you!"

"I am delighted to be of assistance," replied Von Hohenhausen in a low voice. "Otto, take the lady to her room. Follow Otto, please. Then we will dine."

The cloaked woman bowed and followed the butler out of the room. The little old gentleman turned on the threshold.

"Thanks!" he exclaimed. "Good—thank you!"

Von Hohenhausen stood alone.

He stood still.

Otto returned.

"The guests——" he began.

He stopped and stared at his master.

"The guests——" he began again.

Again he stopped.

"Excellence," he whispered, "is anything the matter?"

Von Hohenhausen stood, his steady gaze directed over the butler's head.

"Excellence!" the man exclaimed.

He took a step towards the motionless figure.

"Do not touch me," said Von Hohenhausen in a monotonous tone, "or I will kill you."

The man drew aside with frightened eyes. Then he seized his courage.

"Excellence," he whispered, "you do not see me! It is I, Otto, your butler!"

"Ah?" murmured Von Hohenhausen dreamily. "A—ah? Yes, Otto, the butler. Yes."

He turned his gaze upon the old servant.

"Yes," he muttered, "Otto, the butler!"

He gathered his senses by a huge effort.

"Is the dinner ready?" he inquired in an ordinary voice.

"Yes, Excellence. But—but—is his Excellence——"

"No. I am quite well. Go and see about the dinner."

The butler closed the door softly.

Von Hohenhausen gazed straight before him.

"Marjory!" he whispered.

He turned slowly and stepped to his great chair. He seated himself.

In a moment he began to laugh softly. He raised his hand and stroked his white mustache. He laughed and laughed, harshly, bitterly, with a laugh that was low, like the laugh of one who enjoys a secret.

He stopped with a jerk.

"So we meet again!" he groaned. "Oh God!"

He shuddered. Then he squared his shoulders and shut his jaws.

"Heow!" he exclaimed. "That was a bang! Umph! Well, what now? I will play the play. Yes. Why not? What is that to me? I have learned indifference, though my heart weep! Verily all things pass but a man's self!"

He threw out his hand with a gesture of bravado.

"Yes, I will laugh! It is the chance of fate—after twenty years! And she did not recognize me! Oh God! Oh God! Ah! Ha! ha! ha!"

He threw himself back in his chair and laughed loud. His laughter was damnable.

"What use to remind her now?" he muttered, when it was done. "Does she remember?"

He laughed again.

"Let the dead sleep! Shall I reveal this ruin that was I, to gain—a tear? Does she remember?"

He banged his fist on the table.

"I care no more!" he exclaimed in a great voice. "My love is now all for my dream—all for the too high ideal that was never false! What is a woman now to me, who love—my dream? It is too late! I cannot live again!"

He sprang up.

"I want no consolation of vain tears from her who was the idol of the God! She was no more to me than the image where I worshipped! This is love! I am above my grief—in silence and alone! Let me rest dead! Words would be waste. That woman would pity me—me!"

He stood frowning heavily.

"Pah!" he said suddenly, his mood changing in an instant. "What am I talking about?"

He sat down again.

"Now let me consider quietly. Here she is—she does not recognize me. If I told her—umph! she—she would pity! She would think that it was because of her! I would probably have tired of her in a year! The scene would be more than oppressive. When the tie between a man and a woman has lost all else let it at least keep dignity. Does she remember? A little man would want pity. I am not little. I disdain it! Curse pity! I hold to my ideal—to my ideal! She was below it. I hold to my ideal! I never felt the wish to forgive. I hate—I hate and pity!"

He leaned back and chuckled. His mood had changed again.

"Let me make a great sentence," he muttered. "Immorality is mental—the act is merely natural. It is the falling off from the standard that the mind has made that makes the immorality. Animals cannot be immoral. It is consciousness that makes the fall. Umph! No one would understand. Is not my ideal a physical one? How like me to end it all in a metaphysical problem! A growling, muttering old misanthrope—and so proud—and proud of being proud!"

He smiled bitterly, with a terrible weariness, and the invariable realization of his introspectiveness.

"Marjory!" he murmured, the loneliness of age creeping over him. "She does not recognize me. Have I changed so much? It would please me to have her know me once more—before she goes. To-morrow—she will go again—forever!"

Then he banged his fist on the table again, resurrecting strength out of the momentary plaintiveness.

"Fool!" he whispered. "Let her pass on! We outlive all but our ideals—or their ghosts, if we have murdered them,—and I chose to murder joy—and keep the dream!"

The door opened.

"The dinner is served, Excellence!" announced Otto, ushering in the guests.

"I am the Count von der Woof!" exclaimed the little old gentleman in his cracked voice as he hobbled forward. "This is my daughter. Forgot to introduce myself—Von der Woof!"

"Ah?" said Von Hohenhausen courteously. "I trust you are both comfortable now. I esteem myself fortunate in this chance of being your host. Madame, will you sit at my right?"

He bowed politely as she seated herself. Could this calm middle-aged woman be the same? He felt very distant from her, yet he was quivering, and the cold sweat ran down his back under his clothes.

"Will you kindly take your place there, my dear Count?" he said with a polite gesture. "It is a fearful night. Otto, serve the soup quickly. The Count is cold."

"Yes," replied the old man, "it is a fearful night! Sacre! Hear it!"

He was very old. His face was crossed by a thousand little wrinkles and his hands trembled. The candle-light shone on his white hair.

"Yes," said Von Hohenhausen, "it is indeed a severe storm."

He had forgotten it.

"Pray have some of this soup, Madame," he suggested. "I think you will find it to your taste. I originated it myself."

"Ah?" she murmured. "It is very good."

Her voice made his head swim slightly—he recollected himself by an effort.

"Yes," he said, smiling. "It is one of my amusements, cooking. I am glad you like it."

"Your face is somewhat familiar to me," she murmured. "Have we met before?"

She frowned slightly. There was a startled look in her eyes.

"Yes!" interjected old Von der Woof. "I also have the same feeling—yes!"

"No. We have never met before. Allow me to suggest the fish."

The Count and his daughter were hungry and ate well. She praised the dishes, paying the host little compliments on his ability. Old Von der Woof sat and grumbled and interjected, mumbling foreign oaths occasionally half unconsciously.

"Now I know whom you remind me of!" he exclaimed. "Of a man—a metaphysician—whom Marjory and I knew once. Do you remember, Marjory? Phut! I should think so! He was one of your admirers, eh, child? His name was Von—Von Hohenhausen. That was it! Eh, a strange nature! I liked him!"

"Otto," ordered Von Hohenhausen, "bring the fillet."

He turned towards Von der Woof.

"This is most curious!" he exclaimed. "I once knew the man you mention. Odd, is it not? But in what way am I like him? Truly, I cannot see."

"Ah, perhaps I am mistaken," muttered the old gentleman. "My memories grow confused. You knew him? I thought you seemed like him. But no. I mix things so. But you knew him, you say? I thought he was dead long ago!"

Von Hohenhausen glanced at Marjory. Her face was very white. She seemed so unnatural! No—no—this was certainly not—and she would go to-morrow—forever!

"Try this fillet," said he. "Yes. He is dead."

"Ah!" murmured the old man, wagging his head. "I supposed so! I am a survival—*mon Dieu!*—I am old, too old! You don't mind reminding me of him? So! He was a man I respected——"

"And you, Madame?" inquired Von Hohenhausen. "Did you respect him also?"

There was a pause.

"Yes," she said in a low voice, "I—respected him."

"Good fillet!" interjected the old man. "Is this one of your efforts? Very good!"

"Yes. Do you like the paprika?"

"Excellent!" muttered Von der Woof. "You're right, Von der Gratz. Cooking is a fine fad. Think I'll cultivate it myself. Ha! ha!"

"Allow me to propose a toast, my dear Count," exclaimed Von Hohenhausen, a slightly wild look in his eyes. "Let us drink to Von Hohenhausen. Madame, your glass!"

"Gladly!" replied the old gentleman. "Dame! He was a man I respected!"

"Ah, Madame, you do not drink!"

She raised her glass.

The three glasses touched.

"Von Hohenhausen!" murmured the Count von der Gratz.

"I wish to speak with you," the lady whispered as she lowered the goblet.

He glanced at her. He bowed.

"To-night," he replied in the same tone.

"Yes," muttered the old man, lying back in his chair with his eyes on the ceiling, "he was a—— Hear the storm!"

The wind rose to a howl. The glasses on the table rang finely with the resonance of it.

Von Hohenhausen laughed. His eyes were sombre now. He wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"We had been visiting some people in Diessen," muttered the old Count. "We left this morning—to go to Landsberg. Expected to arrive at dusk. And then the dark came when the storm rose. And—and here we are! But I must get on to-morrow—to-morrow. Most fortunate!"

He chuckled, with the laugh of a very old man; he was tired.

They ate their dessert in silence, listening to the mighty roar of the wind.

"Yes," old Von der Woof muttered, "we left Diessen—this morning. And—here we are! And we were lost! Most comfortable!"

"Coffee, Otto!" ordered Von Hohenhausen.

The butler brought the coffee and they sipped it slowly.

Von der Woof lit a cigar and puffed for a time.

"I—I think I'll retire," he muttered sleepily. "Marjory, you stay and finish your coffee. But—but I am tired. I am so old, you know—yes——"

Von Hohenhausen rose.

"Yes," he said courteously. "It has been a fatiguing adventure. Perhaps Madame will finish her coffee, as you suggest. Otto!"

The old man got to his feet.

"Thanks!" he muttered. "True hospitality. I am so old. Good-night. Marjory, finish your coffee. Von der Gratz—good-night—the storm—good-night—good-night——"

He tottered out on the butler's arm.

Von Hohenhausen reseated himself.

There was a long silence—minute after minute. The wind groaned, and then died down.

"Did you know him well?" the lady inquired.

She leaned her head on her hand, concealing her eyes.

"Yes, Madame."

"Where?"

"In Paris. He used to talk with me sometimes. We—were companions."

"And—he—is—dead?"

"Yes, Madame."

"When?"

"Years ago," he answered.

"Was he happy when you knew him?" she inquired after a pause.

Von Hohenhausen took a sip of his coffee.

"Yes, Madame."

She looked at him suddenly.

"You are—not deceiving me?" she murmured.

He laughed lightly.

"Would you care to see his tomb?" he asked.

"Ah, my God!" she cried. "His tomb?"

She half rose, clutching the edge of the table, and stood, her eyes instantly wide with the suddenness and horror of the thing. She was tense as steel. Her grasp tightened on the table; two glasses trembled together and the flame of the candles quivered.

"His—tomb!" she whispered.

"Pardon me," he said gently, "I should not have startled you."

She sank back in her chair and raised her glass to her lips. The passionate tone had gone as quickly as it had come.

"It is no matter," she said. "I feel a little strange to-night. I have not heard of him for so many years."

She tried to laugh and failed.

"But tell me. You say—his tomb?"

"Yes," he replied. "I brought him here and buried him."

Again the silence fell. The storm rose, and died down.

"Did he ever speak of—me?"

"Yes, Madame—as of a woman who had jilted him."

"Then you were his friend?"

The wind roared; it sang up to a shrill whistle, and sank to a murmur.

"How did he die?" she whispered, shading her eyes from the candle-light.

"He died laughing."

"Laughing?"

"Yes, Madame."

"And—he said no word?"

"No, Madame."

Again the storm rose with a yell. It sank.

"And then—you brought him here?" she murmured when the lull had fallen again. "Strange chance—oh, so strange! I come by accident and——"

Her head sank in her hands. He thought she was praying.

After a long time she spoke again.

"I will not remark," she said, "that you, a stranger, though our host, are probably thinking me a—an unusual woman. It is unnecessary. We are neither of us children. It is plain to you that I—cared for—— Ah, what need of saying it! Please take me to his——"

Von Hohenhausen rose and lifted a candle from the table in silence. He bowed.

"Precede me," she said with a gesture.

He turned and led the way to a little door. He held it open for her to pass through. Her dress touched him; he shuddered, and the light of the candle wavered on the wall.

They passed down a long passage and came to another door. He opened it.

"The chapel, Madame," he said in a low voice.

They stepped forward into the gloom, in which the candle made a tiny radiance. Away at the other end rose the dim outline of the altar. The floor was stone.

"Where?" she whispered.

As she spoke the storm rose with a long howl. It shrilled up to a yell.

The door behind them banged shut with a report that went echoing through the place in the lull that followed.

She gave a little gasp, and the echoes prolonged it in a sigh that ran round the invisible walls.

"Come," he replied.

She followed his black form by the light of the candle which he held above his head.

They passed down the chapel to the farther end, where the great white altar rose above them, pallid in the obscurity.

Here he stopped.

He lowered the candle.

"Look."

It was the spot he had selected years ago for his grave and had had prepared.

The storm rose again as she stepped forward. It howled out with a diabolical sound, with a wild lift and fall as of laughter. It sank.

She stooped over the slab of stone in the pavement. The candle light flickered and wavered.

She rose.

"There is no name," she breathed.

Her face was as white as the marble altar in the gloom.

"No," he answered, "there is no name. Come."

He turned and led the way up to the chapel again. They passed through the little door and along the passage back into the banqueting-hall.

He motioned her to her seat and replaced the candle on the table.

He filled his glass and hers.

"To Von Hohenhausen," he said, "you and I."

They touched glasses.

"I—I think that I will retire," she murmured, rising to her feet and leaning heavily on the table.

He touched a bell and the echo tinkled away in the distance.

The butler appeared in the door-way.

"Madame will retire," said Von Hohenhausen.

She turned on the threshold, where the butler held the door, and bowed low.

Von Hohenhausen inclined gravely.

She passed out.

The storm rose out of the momentary quiet. It howled up with a huge discord, a wild roar that rose, and rose, and rose—and then died away to a groan—to silence.

XIV.

THE MASS FOR THE DEAD.

VON HOHENHAUSEN sat with his chin on his fist by the light of the candles. The fire had burned low.

"I stood in a room at whose end was a curtain," he mused, "and when I lifted the curtain at last—there was no door behind it! The wall was blank; the curtain was only a tapestry. Oh God, will there be no to-morrow? Is farewell farewell for eternity? No, there will be no to-morrow."

Suddenly he raised himself. He laughed, once.

"Heow!" he exclaimed. "Let us laugh! Aye! Let us laugh! I carried that off well! Yes! Why, I can almost regret that I do not suffer more beneath her look—for the sake of sentiment!"

He drank a deep draught. An odd feeling of ecstasy in his loneliness came over him.

"Yes," he muttered, "I am alone—utterly solitary—above—in everything—alone and above all that. I am dead. Let me laugh as the solitary gods laugh, for laughter is the heritage of dreams. There is strength in the loneliness, a strength as unutterable as the solitude. I am myself! What matters it now to me that the forgetful players pass, the players in the farce-tragedy of my life? The tragedy that is tragical not because of its sadness, but of its ridicule. I am aloof, cast here aloft upon an altitude, and life is no more to me than another man's existence on which I gaze with alien eyes. Grief struck me with the power of cataracts and whelmed me down and stunned and dazed me with its roar too great to hear. And then, through years, I rose again out of the turmoil of the depths to light in a world I did not know—which I inhabit alone. For the river had carried me down and away into another country. And I sit alone on the bank of the stream that flows from the land of my memories. And I sit alone—alone!"

The flame left his eyes.

"Ta-ta!" he whispered. "Rhetoric!"

He poured himself out another glass of wine and chuckled.

"I wonder how many years ago I had that grave prepared. Umph! It was an amusing visit to-night."

He wondered why he felt so calm. It startled him. He shuddered.

"I am comfortable," he went on. "It is good to eat, and good to drink old wine, and smoke, and watch the blue curls wind upward while it storms outside.

He smiled. He stretched his legs.

"And it is good to dream," he mused. "No, not to dream! For that means to remember. Let us forget—all—but ourselves—and our ideals! How tired I am of that word!"

He chuckled again.

"I wonder if my mind is breaking," he muttered. "I care—for her—so little. The romances are wrong!"

The storm growled and mourned. The candles flickered. They grew lower and lower.

"I am old," he murmured, lost in the maze of his reverie. "I wander in whims——"

It was very late in the night. The servants were long ago in bed and asleep. Except for the groaning of the dying wind outside there was utter silence.

The candles spluttered and went out.

Von Hohenhausen stirred in his chair and his eyes awoke for a moment. The room was full of shadows. The embers on the hearth cast a faint glow on the walls. The roof was lost in the blackness. The life died out of his eyes again, and he sat staring into the gloom. The embers faded.

"Marjory!" he whispered. "She—is—singing."

He raised his head. He sat listening. What was that sound? The reverie fled away. He had dreamed that he heard her singing. But—what was that sound?

A faint music came to him. Some one was at the organ in the chapel where his grave was. But it was dark there! No one——

He half rose to his feet and stood crouching. His hair moved on his head. The music was the music of that song—her song! Had all the years been only imagined—was she singing in the night, as once before? Hush! Was it a spirit?

"Her song!" he whispered.

Then he seized his courage. He cast the ghostly feeling from him. He forced his feet to move towards the door.

He reached it and pushed it open.

The melody was louder.

He passed down the passage, feeling his way in the blackness towards the farther door—the door of the chapel. He opened it, and the breath of the organ enveloped him in sound.

He crept down the aisle—to the end of the shadowy place—and looked up. A faint light came through the long windows.

There, high above at the organ, sat a white figure, the figure of a woman. She was playing the song—that song—softly, with a terrible mournfulness—that old sad dance-song that he had heard that night before their first meeting—that he had heard a man breathe in his sleep.

She saw the figure standing below in the darkness.

She whispered down to him, and her words went echoing in the vast shadows.

"Pray," she whispered. "I am playing a mass for the dead. He loved it once. Pray."

The words died out and the music rose—rose again softly, lifting aloft like a prayer the eternal burden of heart-break.

He sank on his knees on the pavement. He saw that he was kneeling on his grave.

The music went on and on. The storm had died down and the place was still.

The music went on—through all the old gay lilt and turns. But it was softened now, desolately, utterly sad. Its laughter was the memory of laughter, its joy was a memory of joy, a memory that ached. It went on and on. The organ breathed with the breath of a huge sigh; its sombre sweetness was infinitely mournful, infinitely distant—as if laden with all things beautiful and passionate and laughing, now dead and sublime in recollection.

It sang on to the soft, little lilt at the end.

She came down slowly from the organ-loft and passed before him up the aisle.

She disappeared through the door that led to the part of the castle where her apartments were. She went in silence, leaving him standing alone on his grave in the gloom, in the echoes.

When she was gone he passed back up the chapel and along the corridor into the banquet-hall.

He felt for his chair. He sat down in the dark.

"My dream!" he whispered. "My dream—I hold to my ideal!"

XV.

THE END.

"GOOD-MORNING, Excellence," said Otto with a bow.

He had come in to set the table for breakfast, and was surprised to see his master sitting in his place.

"Good-morning," said Von Hohenhausen.

He placed knives and forks and hurried about cheerfully, and then began to build up the fire.

Von Hohenhausen went over to it and warmed his hands at the crackling blaze.

The door opened and old Von der Woof hobbled in, followed by his daughter.

"Ah!" he exclaimed briskly. "Good-morning! That fire looks good. I was tired last night. Hope you will pardon me, Count. Br-r-r! And I'm hungry too! I look forward to the breakfast! Good-morning!"

His daughter bowed distantly in the direction of their host.

"She is probably embarrassed to meet me again—a stranger—after last night," he reflected. "And she goes, now—so soon—so soon!"

"Good-morning," he said. "Please be seated. Otto, bring the breakfast."

Von der Woof chuckled and talked while the butler hastened about.

"Sorry to leave you so soon," he said when the meal was over, and he leaned back, puffing at his cigar. "You have been most kind! Jolly establishment you have here! But we really should be at Landsberg by noon, and your butler tells me that the roads are passable this morning after last night's snowfall. Most sorry to go! I hate parting! Would like to talk to you about Von Hohenhausen. A man I respected! But—bah! I am old! No use to be regretting now—eh?"

"No," replied Von Hohenhausen with a smile. "Otto, bring the Count's rugs from his room and have the sleigh made ready."

"Won't you come with us?" Von der Woof proposed in a sudden inspiration. "Why, good!"

He slapped his leg.

"No," said Von Hohenhausen. "I—I cannot. I have work to do."

He smiled sadly. The moment of parting was nearly come. He wondered why he could not feel it more.

"Ah?" replied Von der Woof. "Umph! But you will visit us in Frankfurt, will you not? Surely! Dame! Yes!"

"Allow me to second my father's invitation," said the lady courteously.

"Thank you," replied Von Hohenhausen. "The—the first time I come to Frankfurt."

She rose and excused herself and departed to get her furs for the journey. Von der Woof blew clouds of smoke into the air.

Von Hohenhausen got up and walked to a window. He felt a sense of brutality in his indifference—yet he knew that this last parting was killing him again. His very soul sickened at the thought of the last moment, but it no longer even occurred to him to ask for a word of recognition as farewell.

"Forever!" he whispered. "That is well!"

"Eh?" said Von der Woof.

"I was thinking what a splendid morning it is after the storm.
It is so sunny!"

"Jolly life you lead here," muttered the old gentleman, a little enviously. He rose and came to the window. They stood gazing out on the glistening snow in silence.

"The sleigh is ready, Excellence," said the butler at the door.

Old Von der Woof turned. Otto helped him into his greatcoat.

Marjory entered in her furs.

"I am sorry to see you go," Von Hohenhausen said courteously.

"Allow me to escort you to the entrance."

They passed down the corridor and out into the snowy court-yard. The sleigh stood there, the horses jerking their heads and jingling the bells, the driver swinging his arms.

The sleigh started down the long slope. The bells jangled.

It passed out of sight among the trees.

He stood and watched it go.



D'ITALIA

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

AMIGO MIO: For my joy
Your presence all that I require is;
The air is gold without alloy,
The sky like iris.

Above Fiesole broods apart;
Below the Arno glints and doubles,
Where Florence, with her hoarded art,
Forgets old troubles.

Only the herd-bells from the heights,
The peasants' mellow ballad-riot,
The low and liquid bird-delights,
Break through the quiet.

Were you but here, ah, many an hour
We'd sit by Pan's sequestered grotto,
Down-looking on that marble flower,
The tower of Giotto.

It is a haunt the Muses love,
Cooled by a fount with channel stony,
To the melodious strains whereof
We'd shape canzoni.

Then, when we'd tired of linking rhymes,
Of conning Pulci, say, or Dante,
We'd lounge beneath the rustling limes,
And sip chianti.



TITLED AUTHORS OF THE 18TH CENTURY

By *Austin Dobson*

Author of "Old World Idyls," "Life of Hogarth," etc.



"THE Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease"—if we may believe Mr. Alexander Pope—flourished chiefly in the Caroline Era. Under Anne and the Georges, perhaps because of the vigor and volubility of Grub Street, they seem to be less in evidence. It is true that in Walpole and Park, from the Earl of Tankerville, who died in 1701, to the Earl of Abingdon, who died in 1799, their names make a formidable array. But under the application of one or two simple tests this imposing schedule speedily proves as unsubstantial as that of Falstaff's men in buckram. For it is clearly needless to chronicle the existence of a noble author who is credited with a pamphlet on corn bounties which his editor has failed to trace, or to "dally with false surmise" concerning the literary reputation of a Duchess who once achieved some passable *bouts-rimés* for Lady Miller's vase of the Muses at Batheaston.

"The pen which now I take and . . . brandish,
Has long lain useless in my . . . standish,"—

and so forth, winding up with,—

"A muffin Jove himself might . . . feast on
If eat with Miller at . . . Batheaston,"—

scarcely constitutes a passport to immortality. Nor does it suffice for durable fame that a titled Prelate should have printed a sermon preached at St. Sepulchre's; or that a belted Earl should have devoted his laborious days to the composition (however "strictly meditated") of an "Essay upon Loans." One of the ancestors of the present Duke of Devonshire figures in the record on the strength, among other things, of certain "horse receipts" supplied to the "Gentleman Farrier;" while the claims of others are based upon books which it is known they never wrote. Hooke, of the Roman History, for instance, was the real author of the "Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Dutchess of Marlborough," a task for which the "ter-

450 Titled Authors of the Eighteenth Century

rible old Sarah" presented him with the handsome honorarium of five thousand pounds. There is a further circumstance which disposes of a fair number of worthies at the beginning of Walpole's list, which is, that although they died in the eighteenth century, they never worked in it. This, strictly speaking, relieves the conscientious, if regretful, essayist from including in this paper that "best good man with the worst-natured muse," Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, whose song, "To all you Ladies now at Hand,"—"one of the prettiest that ever was made," says his *protégé*, Matthew Prior,—has an unexpected modernity of movement, notwithstanding that some of its figures are unmistakably hall-marked with Dryden and the *Annus Mirabilis* epoch:

"The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old;
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall Stairs."

Lady Bradshaigh weeping "pints" over Richardson's "Clarissa" is nothing to this tide of lamentation. But although Dorset's poem was first printed in Lintott's "Rape of the Lock" Miscellany of 1712, it must have been written under Charles II. Prior says it was composed "on the Night before the Engagement" (i.e., the memorable evening in June, 1665, when the Dutch were beaten in Solebay); and the lines,—

"Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea,"

certainly suggest that it was composed afloat. Unfortunately, from a passage in Pepys's "Diary" it would seem to have been in existence some months before the great sea-fight off Lowestoft; and if, as Orrery assured Johnson, Dorset worked upon it for a week, it was certainly not "written with ease." Well may the Doctor sententiously observe, "Seldom any splendid story is wholly true!"

Matthew Prior's magnificent patron is, nevertheless, a loss to our list, the more so because its roll of "rhyming peers" barely yields another of equal distinction. "One of the greatest poets of the age," says the old "General Dictionary," was John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire,—a verdict scarcely confirmed by Johnson. For him, the illustrious Sheffield is a writer who "sometimes glimmers but never shines," who is "feebly laborious, and at best but pretty." "*Aussi*," one might not unreasonably ask, in those memorable words which Molière "conveyed" from "Cyrano de Bergerac," "*que diable allait il faire dans cette galère?*" of the good Doctor's "Lives of the Poets."

Titled Authors of the Eighteenth Century 451

Still, he had relieved Tangier, fought under Schomberg, and learned warfare from Turenne,—things which perhaps bulk larger than verse-spinning. But even in verse he must be credited with a still popular quotation, for is it not from his Grace's "Essay on Poetry" that comes the famous "faultless monster which the world ne'er saw"? And all good Homerists will certainly endorse the following:

"Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And *Homer* will be all the books you need."

It is to another noble warrior—a warrior in many respects second only to Marlborough himself—that we are indebted for some of the liveliest love-verses of the century. Swift's "Mordanto," Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, of whose restless ubiquity it was said that he had "seen more kings and postilions than any man in Europe," would hardly detain us by the Platonic epistles he addressed in his old age to Henrietta Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk. But the septuagenarian stanzas which he wrote to her in the days when he used to perambulate Bath in his ribbon and star, cheapening a chicken and cabbage for dinner, and carrying them away calmly under his arm, certainly deserve remembrance, if only for their admirable opening:

"I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?"

Neither Celia, nor Sappho, nor Prudentia affect this excitable organ.

"But Chloe, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care,
When she comes in my way—the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.

"O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season;
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?"

The final line, as Croker says, is perhaps a little awkward, but Walpole's misquotation,—

"Who'd have thought Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?"

easily sets it right; and in any case no other "Person of Quality" has done much better. Halifax, Pope's Bufo, "fed with soft dedications all day long," rests his claim chiefly upon the "Town and Country

452 Titled Authors of the Eighteenth Century

Mouse" parody of Dryden's "Hind and Panther," which Peterborough declared was mainly Prior's; while "Granville the polite" (Lord Lansdowne) lives less by his modest madrigals to Myra (the Countess of Newburgh) than by his connection with the dedication of Pope's "Windsor Forest:"

"Granville commands. Your aid, O Muses, bring:
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?"

The chief patrician name in the poetry of the period is really that of Anne, Countess of Winchelsea,—Gay's "Winchelsea, still meditating song,"—of whose "Nocturnal Reverie" Wordsworth speaks (with the above-mentioned "Windsor Forest") in the "Preface" to the "Lyrical Ballads," and who unquestionably ranks high as a student of "external nature." Her "loosed horse," who

"as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing thro' the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn up forage in his teeth we hear,"—

might have fed in a paddock at Rydal Mount; and it must always be remembered that from this quiet home-keeping, country-loving Countess, who played Ardelia to the Daphnis of a mathematical husband, and cultivated nerves upon tea and ratafia, Pope borrowed the "aromatic pain" of a well-known line in the "Essay on Man." Lady Winchelsea, with her descriptive gift and placid versification, makes us look eagerly for other lady poets. But there are none, for Anna Chamber, Countess Temple, would scarcely have found a printer if her friend, Horace Walpole, had not possessed a private press at Strawberry Hill. "The rest is silence" until we reach, as we shall later, the Popesque eclogues of that very remarkable woman and letter-writer, Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu.

Almost equally futile is the quest for dramatists. Apart from a comedy by Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, a couple of Shakespearian tragedies by Lord Sheffield,—Shakespearian, that is to say, in subject,—and the youthful "Mistakes" of Lord Cornbury, which was printed for Mrs. Porter, the actress, titled authorship seems to have made but scanty contributions to stage literature, since the "Sleep-Walker" of Lady Craxen, another Strawberry Press issue, is merely a translation out of the French of Madame du Deffaud's friend, Pont de Veyle. Not the less, with Walpole's sombre "Mysterious Mother" it exhausts the dramatic output of the peerage, and leaves us free to discuss the little group of prose writers who constitute the real strength and sinew (always rather flexed and flabby) of aristocratic eighteenth-century authorship. Of these comes first and foremost the great writer of the

"Characteristics," Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury. Most people know the "Characteristics" by Baskerville's beautiful reprint of 1773; but Shaftesbury really belongs to the much earlier date of 1711, when the first collected edition appeared, and of that, even, no inconsiderable portion had been composed in the previous century. It is his matter rather than his manner which Walpole commends. "He delivers his doctrine in ecstatic diction, like one of the Magi inculcating philosophic visions to an eastern auditory," says the Abbot of Strawberry; and Charles Lamb too speaks of his Lordship's "inflated rhapsodies." In Lamb's day Shaftesbury was classed with Sir William Temple as a model of the "genteel style in writing," but as Elia himself employs the same epithet for Watteau ("graceful as Raphael, as Watteau genteel"), it is manifest that the word must have borne a significance different from the ignoble one which it now suggests. Perhaps the best idea of the aristocratic author of "An Enquiry Concerning Virtue or Merit," and "A Letter Concerning Enthusiasm," is to be obtained from the portrait by Klosterman prefixed to his first volume. Here he is discovered magnificently erect beneath a canopy of tumbled drapery, in all the majesty of a voluminous wig, and the "wild civility" of a silk "night gown," worn togawise. Under his arm he holds a book; and behind, through a Palladian portico, you catch a glimpse of a formal Dutch garden. If, in Buffon's metaphor, the style is truly *l'homme même*, inner as well as outer, then you feel instinctively that such a stately personality could only "condescend" as a writer, and that his written manner would be (as it is) high-stepping, ornate, tortured, and desultory. Shaftesbury's superfine ethics and ambiguous theology are now a little faded; but you may still read his "Advice to an Author," and feel grateful to the intrepid virtuoso who insisted on applying, even to serious subjects, the salutary solvent of raillery. For the author of "An Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour" was distinctly a literary force in his time, whose influence is to be traced in Addison and Fielding, as well as in Pope and Voltaire.

One of the latter, in a posthumous fragment, has not inaptly characterized the next philosophic essayist on the list. My Lord Bolingbroke, said the author of "Tom Jones," having made the peace of Europe the plaything of his youth, selected for the pastime of his maturity the final happiness of mankind. These are not Fielding's precise words, but they convey his meaning. That "fell genius" of which Garrick wrote has ceased to frighten children now; and the modern critic who essays the works of Henry St. John in Mallet's quartos (after wiping off the dust) discovers that they have been more talked about than read. Oratorical fluency, intellectual dexterity, and a certain persuasive power must be allowed to them. But the inquirer

who proceeds further proceeds by negatives. He finds no variety, no humor, no depth of learning, no conviction. Bolingbroke's best effort is his "Letter to Sir W. Windham," in which, with infinite skill and ingenuity, he defends his own intricate and opportunist policy; but as an author he is an illustration of the dazzling atmosphere that invests a meteoric figure. "His life was one scene of the Wonderful throughout." His good looks, his noble presence, his social charm, his varied accomplishments, his very vices even, made him the idol of contemporaries, high and low. "His mind" was "adorned with the choicest gifts that God has yet thought fit to bestow upon the children of men," said Swift the truthful, who loved him and was fascinated by him: "his conversation united the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace," said poor, indiscriminate Orrery. When his works first appeared in 1754 they still bore about them the aura of his individual brilliancy; to-day they have no such adventitious aid to mask their specious insincerity.

Some of the remaining "noble authors" would loom larger in a longer paper, but can here be little more than mentioned. Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, not the Orrery just referred to, but already spoken of as the composer of a comedy, deserves still better remembrance as the translator of those letters of Phalaris that "led the Brawls" in the famous controversy between the Ancients and the Moderns, of which the prose Iliad is Swift's "Battle of the Books." Another "highly respectable name" is that of Fielding's friend and patron, George, Lord Lyttelton, who, for all that he was mercilessly pilloried by Smollett as Gosling Scrag in his own day, and has been unanswerably identified in ours as the "respectable Hottentot" of Chesterfield, was more like a literary man than many of his peers. His "Dialogues of the Dead"—"Dead Dialogues," Walpole irreverently calls them—may still be read with a certain pleasure in Harrison's "British Essayists," though we fear that his "History of Henry II." is not often consulted by our latter-day Greens and Gardiners. A third writer who must come in here, though he died twenty years before Lyttelton, is the "Paris" and "Sporus" and "Lord Fanny" of Pope—John, Lord Hervey. Hervey of the coffin-face was a kind of genius, a scholar of learning sufficient to correct Conyers Middleton's "Life of Cicero," a cultivated writer, a humorist, a judge of character, and a master of merciless dramatic narrative. His terrible "Memoirs" really belong to our age, since it was early in this century that they were exhumed from the Ickworth archives, much, says Thackeray, as if a Pompeii was opened to us, . . . dug up, with its temples and its games, its chariots, its public places—lupanaria." One feels, as Thackeray did, the need for "some one to be friends with" in that ghastly, godless record of intrigue and selfishness; in "those crowds, pushing,

and eager, and struggling—rouged, and lying, and fawning;” and one turns willingly to the brilliant woman who once collaborated with “Lord Fanny” in an attack upon their adversary, Pope,—we mean Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Pope had attacked them both (the lady shamelessly) in his first “Imitation of Horace,” and they retorted in kind, dwelling ruthlessly on the obscurity of his birth and the defects of his body.

“Like the first bold Assassin’s be thy Lot,
Ne’er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
But as thou hate’st, be hated by Mankind,
And with the Emblem of thy crooked Mind,
Mark’d on thy Back, like *Cain*, by God’s own Hand,
Wander like him, accursed through the Land.”

These lines, with the still-quoted couplet,—

“*Satire* should, like a polish’d Razor keen,
Wound with a touch, that’s scarcely felt or seen,”—

are more like Lady Mary than “Lord Fanny,” clever as he was. For she was an exceedingly shrewd, able and strong-, if somewhat coarse-, minded woman, entirely honest, entirely candid, a wit, a linguist, a narrator of the first order, and an acute critic of manners and customs both at home and abroad, her experience of which had been “extensive and peculiar.” In literature she had an excellent taste, and her correspondence, like Walpole’s, will probably gain rather than lose by keeping. Lastly, in her “Town Eclogues” and elsewhere, she showed unusual ability as a verse writer. One may even go further, and say—as Ben Jonson said of one of his numerous Sons-in-the-Muses—that she “writes all like a Man.” Listen to this, from “The Lover,” which the late Mr. Locker quoted in his “*Lyra Elegantiarum*,” and which, though coming, and purporting to come, from a feminine pen, has assuredly a masculine accent:

“But when the long hours of the public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
May every fond pleasure the moment endear;
Be banish’d afar both discretion and fear!
Forgetting or scorning the aim of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
Till, lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.”

Lyttelton, Hervey, Wortley-Montagu,—these, it will be seen, are not only names in the peerage, but names in literary history. The claim to that distinction of the two writers to whom we now come is greater still. It was the fashion of the last-century magazines to amuse them-

selves with "Parallels in the Manner of Plutarch," and Lord Orford and Lord Chesterfield lend themselves easily to such an exercise. Both were born in the purple and remembered it; both were wits and fine gentlemen; both were letter-writers; both had an exceptional faculty for authorship, combined with a patrician contempt for the pen. Both dabbled in politics, although one was a statesman of eminence, the other an amateur; both, with the dignity of philosophers, endured the long-drawn ennui of an infirm and joyless old age. "I cannot go up or down stairs," says Walpole, "without being led by a servant. It is *tempus abire* for me: *lusi satis*." "I feel a gradual decay," says Chesterfield, "though a gentle one; and I think I shall not tumble, but slide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary." In their work there are differences, although, as respects their correspondence, it is probable that both wrote without any defined idea—certainly without any professed intention—of future publication. But with the exception of some excellent "Characters" of his contemporaries, and of the unhappy papers in the *World* which provoked the immortal retort of Johnson, Lord Chesterfield's occasional efforts are practically forgotten, and his reputation rests chiefly upon his letters to his son and his godson. These, as is well known, are less *nouvelles à-la-main* than lay sermons, inculcating a special scheme of conduct, which may be described shortly as the cultus of the imperturbable. As is also equally well known, they, and especially the earlier series, contain maxims which show extraordinary moral insensibility,—an insensibility which is the more objectionable when it is remembered to whom their injunctions were addressed. But these reservations made, they will be found to be packed with the shrewd teachings of a varied experience of life, and of a close, if cynical, study of mankind; and although their main doctrine is the converse of *esse quam videri*, those who think nothing ethical is to be learned from them but the manners of a dancing-master and the morals of a courtesan are gravely mistaken. The letters of Walpole, on the other hand, are of a different type. No one could call them didactic, or hortatory, or even learned. But if Chesterfield gives us the theory of eighteenth-century life as he conceived it, Walpole shows us that life in practice as he lived it. It would be hard to find a more vivacious, a more amusing, a more original chronicler; hard to find a more lively and brilliant chronicle. "Nothing," says Thackeray truly, "can be more cheery than Horace's letters. Fiddles sing all through them; wax lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine equipages, glitter and sparkle there; never was such a brilliant, jigging, smirking Vanity Fair as that through which he leads us." His anecdotal gossip keeps the reader continually on the alert; his bon-mots surprise and delight; his phraseology and unexpected

use of words add the finishing piquancy of touch. His descriptions of places and events are exceptionally fresh and vivid; his perception of character of the keenest, and even his prejudices and affectations (when they do not traverse our own) have a peculiarly stimulating savor. Open him when you will, you are sure of something that will annotate, if it does not constitute, the social history of the day.

Upon the whole, Horace Walpole, who himself wrote of noble authors, was, in his own time, the most illustrious of them all. In the letters, memoirs, and minor verse which are their special function, he was unrivalled; but he was also the writer of two books which, in any station of life, would have brought him a literary reputation,—“The Castle of Otranto” and “The Mysterious Mother.”



THE OLDEN SONGS

BY CLARENCE URMY

CLOSE your eyes and muse with me
On departed days,
Someone at an old piano
Softly sings and plays
“Lily Dale” and “Annie Laurie”
And “Ye Banks and Braes.”

Close your eyes and stroll with me
For a little while,
Down a lane almost forgotten,
By the willow stile—
“Oft in the Stilly Night” and listen,
“Mary of Argyle.”

Close your eyes and drift with me
O'er Time's golden streams;
Still the murmur of the singer
On the olden themes—
“Annie Lisle” and—O the glamour
Of the olden dreams!

Close your eyes and live with me
In the bygone years;
“Hazel Dell” and “Afton Water”
Mingle in our ears—
Come, and Memory shall row us
Down the tide of tears.

THE POLITY OF NATURE

By Robert Herrick

Author of "The Man Who Wins"



I.

THE guests had already flocked into the dining-room, leaving the new bride with a few old family friends, mostly tremulous and rather deaf old ladies, who were making their last observations. The stream of departing guests then began, and the twitter of congratulatory remarks mingled with laughter filled the drawing-room once more.

"I hope *yours* is the next, Spencer," a middle-aged man remarked good-naturedly to one of the ushers against whom he was jammed in an eddy between the rooms. "And an uncommonly pretty bride Miss Steevens will make!"

A smile of gratitude shot across the younger man's somewhat gloomy face, and quickly faded.

"I guess not, Farrar,—not this season, unless—I wish to thunder it could be!"

Farrar Locke glanced at the young man shrewdly, as if he were completing the broken phrases; but before he could speak a coil of people bore him away towards the flushed bride. After he had paid his farewells there, the currents of the crowded room swept him to the side of a young girl, who was trying to extricate her train from a cabinet against which she was crushed. She looked up in response to Locke's greeting with perturbed, childish blue eyes. They exchanged the nothings of the occasion for a time.

"As I said to Spencer just now," the middle-aged man remarked kindly, "I hope yours isn't far off, May. I want to see that above all."

The girl responded with a faint blush of gratitude for his gentle thought. But she said nothing. As Locke was about to move off, she summoned her courage and detained him.

"Spencer is so blue, and I can't help him. Things don't go right. Could—couldn't you take him off with you, Mr. Locke? He's waiting for me, but mamma, papa——"

She stammered, and the man nodded with quick sympathy, bowed, and slipped back into the press. Presently he found the young man, who was standing in the same place, listlessly stroking the fingers of his white glove.

"Come down the avenue with me?" the older man suggested casually.

"Why, yes, anything," the young fellow responded with relief. "I guess it's no use staying here."

Locke dismissed his cab, and the two men sauntered past the deserted blocks without talking. Young Lord had an air of embarrassed expectancy and from time to time turned to look at his companion. The lawyer by his side had confirmed habits,—and they did not include rambling about the streets with a man twenty years his junior. He could not remember that he had been alone with Farrar in his life. And the older man made no haste to explain himself, preserving the taciturnity of an experienced and poised middle-age.

"It was a pretty wedding," the young man observed finally.

"Uncommonly!" Locke assented.

"It made me blue, though, all the fuss," Lord continued more confidentially.

"Shouldn't—don't see why it should," the lawyer retorted robustly. "The same thing before you!"

"If *you* had to wait—it's devilish hard to see all the men you know go by you on the run!"

"Why don't you—run too?" Locke observed with the same placid robustness.

"That's the rub!" the young fellow complained.

And bit by bit the reserve that separates the generations broke down, and the young man explained his gloom, revealing his heart more and more fully as he felt sure of the older man's sympathy. It would never have occurred to him before to tell all these dreary facts to old Locke, but he was at the point where he would tell anybody. Everybody knew Farrar Locke—old Locke had been going the rounds of the block for a quarter of a century. No one seemed to know him any better than the next man, apparently. He had already begun to be a familiar incident of the Harvard Commencement, having outlived the Class-Day habit. And he was beginning to call the sons of his classmates by their first names, just as he had called the fathers by their nicknames. Young Lord knew that he was a lawyer or something comfortable, and that he was not rich, though his apartment up the avenue where there had been a pleasant dinner in honor of Miss Steevens was good enough for millions.

"Shan't we go in?" Locke suggested as they reached the steps of his club in the midst of Lord's outpour. "It is getting a bit chilly."

He led the young man to a sheltered nook off the large library and touched the bell.

"You will take something?"

The young man hesitated, and he muttered almost inaudibly, "I'm not drinking." But as Locke's hand fell from the bell he added hastily,—

"It is chilly—a duchesse, if you please."

The lawyer watched the young fellow closely, as if he were reading the dots and dashes of his spasmodic actions. Some engagement-promise of amendment and self-denial, he judged, and a smile wavered on his lips while he signed the card that the servant handed him. Lord's eyes were flashing with the things on his mind: he was eager to dash at his woes again. And old Locke obliged him by starting the talk once more.

"I see. You can't find quite the right thing to do. You've been hunting pretty hard for two years. And she would be willing to marry on—the uncertainty, hopes, eh?"

"But her father—Mr. Steevens wouldn't hear of it. I guess he's rather pushed himself with all that family, and he says May sha'n't rough it—the old story, you see. I don't believe he's exactly infatuated with the affair anyway—he's rather worldly, don't you think so?"

"May's father graduated just as I was going into college," Locke observed without any special relevance. "I remember when he was married—very pretty wedding for that time."

The young man gulped his cocktail impatiently and shoved back the glass on the table. Somehow Farrar was too old to understand; he failed to comprehend fully the unpleasantness and awkwardness of the situation.

"All the girls in May's set are marrying,—we're the left-overs! And it is all rot waiting around for just the right perch. We won't starve!"

"Of course not," his companion assented with a dry smile. "But that isn't enough for my old friend Steevens. He wants something of a margin of comfort for his daughter. She's rather a delicate girl,—you can't blame Steevens, can you?"

"No," the young fellow grumbled, lighting a cigarette and throwing himself back on the leather lounge. "But *she* doesn't feel that way! She would do anything for me!"

"And that is a great incentive," Locke remarked, not platonically, but as though to complete his companion's argument.

"Of course, if old Grange hadn't gone back on me—he got sour about something somebody told him about me and wouldn't give me a show in his mill. And Uncle Seth is cutting down the force and doesn't like to put an outsider in. So it goes all around. Everybody has got a pull somewhere, but I haven't found mine."

"Do you think everything goes by pull?" the older man asked with renewed curiosity.

"Pretty much," Lord answered glibly. "You'd think so, if you went out for a job, and your father had made a mess of things once."

Locke smoked and said little. Jimmy Lord's failure had been very bad—but it was so many years ago that time should have disinfected it; and then the family had kept running somehow, thanks to stable connections. Spencer had been brought up in the usual manner of an American young gentleman. Locke had always supposed that the fellow was "in" something, some mill or railroad or bank.

"You have some sort of a place?" he added hesitatingly.

"No. I've been doing a little in cotton since the Hoop Company went under. I have been pretty successful in cotton."

"Ah!" the older man exclaimed with a little start, and then puffed away on his cigar.

"I'd do anything to—to get out of this box, you know. The girl—she's too fine, and it's been two years nearly since our engagement was announced. You know how such a thing cuts a woman in her set!"

"Yes, she's rather fine," Locke said appreciatively. "I don't think she wants money—and that's rare! But—failure; now, that would hurt her, spoil her life—that would be bad!"

"Yes," the young man agreed soberly enough. "It would hurt her awfully. But there won't be,—a man's got to take his chances, of course——"

His voice rose in moral bluster, and Locke said nothing. He rang the bell again, and when the servant appeared sent for Lord's order. The unction of the second cocktail spread through the young man's nerves, and he stretched himself more confidently, looking about appreciatively at the dignified, silent room, with its rows of rich book-shelves broken by oil portraits. The club livery, he noticed, was sober and in the best of taste. Everything about the place seemed a little old without being worn. It was known as a slow club for slow, middle-aged people, but it had a good house committee.

Some men came in from the theatres and interrupted their talk. They greeted Locke almost boisterously, and the young man wondered if Farrar had real intimates, men who took him by the arm. It was good of Farrar to show the interest in him he seemed to: perhaps—the idea hadn't occurred to him before—but Farrar knew big people, and if he wanted to—he had helped Jeff Raymond and taken Curtis into his office. May thought a lot of old Locke, and, of course,—why had it never occurred to him before! if Farrar went to any one place more than another it was to the Steevens's. He had spoken so nicely of May, and so very warmly. By the time Locke turned to Lord, the young man's spirits had risen unrestrainedly. But the lawyer's first words were disconcerting:

"She is fine. But isn't that the very reason why a man can't let her take certain risks, can't accept sacrifices at her hand? Of course, she wouldn't think of herself in a smash, but a man would have to think for her, wouldn't he?"

This iteration of disagreeable possibilities ran counter to the young man's galloping thoughts, like a trivial truism in the face of a great enthusiasm. Of course, a failure would be bad all round.

"But a man isn't going to fail with a girl like that believing in him," he protested.

"No—but if it *were* to come, hadn't it best come first?"

"Of course," Lord assented generally.

"She might get over that."

"But failure isn't the thing to reckon with," Lord protested manfully. "Why do you keep at that?"

"Because it's among the chances," the older man replied bluntly.

"Yes, I suppose so, but if everyone went at everything in that weak-kneed fashion, where should we be? A man who is good for anything, you know, doesn't admit the possibility of failure."

"I am not so sure of that," the lawyer answered quietly. "I am not so sure that the do-or-die racket is worth so much unless you see quite clearly that you may die. And it isn't the most cowardly or contemptible thing in life to recognize that *we* may be the ones to fail."

"I don't see what's the good!" Lord exclaimed somewhat scornfully.

"Because, then, we can have the grace to save others from—ourselves."

There was a lengthy silence after this. Lord seemed to be going over the idea hastily; finally he rejected it and came back to his former desires.

"Well, I'm not going to think of that, to admit it even to myself for one instant as a possibility. I'll find the right thing one of these days and get my start. I guess May will take the chances!"

"I have no doubt," Locke observed dryly, knocking the ashes into the tray with great deliberation.

"Have you ever—done—anything that—well, went just as you would like to have it?" he asked haltingly.

The young fellow ruffled at once.

"Of course, lots of things. I'm no genius, but I guess I can swim with the crowd."

"I didn't mean that—I mean very little things that demanded just ordinary wits."

The new tack in the conversation irritated the young man. Old Farrar was getting preachy, and it reminded him of his one disagree-

able interview with Mr. Steevens. But he controlled his impatience, for he remembered that his aunt used to administer certain purgative criticisms before paying his college bills. In a few moments Farrar would doubtless get around to a point where he could once more start the topic of not having a chance. He lit another cigarette, reflecting that the man who takes the privilege of preaching on your weaknesses usually assumes certain responsibilities towards them.

"I haven't done much in my life that I should like to do," he admitted in a frank, large way, "but that's what makes me so keen now."

Locke nodded sympathetically, and the young man was encouraged to enlarge upon the topic. He spoke with a genuine ring of earnestness, albeit a little floridly, of the desire a woman you love created in you to "do or die," the inspiration, etc. At the close the older man nodded affirmatively, but his next remark was like a jet of ice-water.

"Just so; but wouldn't it be wise to strike first—before you involve the woman—before you commit her to the issue?"

"You don't believe in me," Lord retorted with an injured air. "She does," he added, and his companion turned his eyes away.

"To be quite straight with you," Locke answered quietly, "I don't—I don't see how anyone could, with the record—I mean what you say."

"Oh!" the young man rose with a scowl on his face. "I am sorry I've bored you,—been so free,—but I thought you were interested. It's men like you," he added resentfully, "who damn a man before he's had his chance; that help to keep him down. Good-evening——"

"Don't!" the older man protested with a smile. "Listen! I want to believe—it would be such happiness for May. And I should like to make it possible——"

Unfortunately, one of the men who had broken in before came up at this important moment and, laying his hand on Locke's shoulder, stood there, waiting to be let into the conversation.

"Do you know Mr. Broadwood?" Locke asked the young man. "Spencer Lord," he added.

Broadwood shook hands heartily. He was a large-framed, loosely dressed man with a soft, square-clipped beard. His brown eyes shot out piercingly at the younger man. The two talked, and Locke watched them, looking thoughtfully at Lord, who was animated and very much at his ease. His petulant resentment had been swept away in a trice. When Broadwood took himself off, after making an appointment for the morrow at the lawyer's office, Locke continued tranquilly:

"I am glad Broadwood happened in. I was just about to speak to you about something that concerns him too. We are interested in a development company in Tennessee—and he's just back from the place."

Lord's eyes lit once more, and he sat forward on his seat, listening eagerly. "We are looking around for young men to send there. You know there are lots of opportunities—one never knows how those things are going to turn. We have a little railroad now, and some pretty good mines and a cotton-mill started—and all that."

He paused and went off into slow meditation by himself.

"It sounds interesting," Lord remarked for the sake of something to say.

"We are looking for young men," Locke resumed, "who are the right sort,—who will work eighteen hours out of the day if they can push our schemes on,—who can be trusted, and—and——"

Lord held his breath.

"Would you like to go?"

"'Would I?' You know I'd give anything——"

"You'd have to live in a little hole two—three years, perhaps longer, and the company can't pay big salaries yet."

"You're an old——"

Lord jumped up, stretching his long, athletic frame.

"One moment," the older man said dully. "I should want you to do something that will be hard."

"Name it!"

"The most disagreeable thing you can think of."

"There's nothing——"

"To break off your engagement."

The young man stood still and stared slowly and waited, the bubbling words dying on his lips.

"I propose this, because I think it's the fair thing for *her*."

"She wouldn't hear of it!" Lord protested hotly.

"You must make her, then," Locke answered firmly. "I don't think it will alter her feeling; she will wait one—two—three years for the man she loves."

"What on earth, then, do you mean?"

"That you earn first what you want to get," the older man retorted sharply.

Lord walked back and forth, studying the carpet. When he looked up, his face was distorted and ugly.

"I know why," he growled; "you're in love with her yourself."

"I didn't ask you to do it for *my* sake," Locke answered, looking bored and disgusted.

"You're in love with her," the young man repeated fiercely. "I

see through your little plan. You'd like to get me safely away, and then——"

"Do you think *she* would be likely——"

"It's a nice, sneaky proposition!" Lord continued, his passion rising as his mind worked over the idea.

"You may tell her that too when you break the engagement," the lawyer remarked impassively. "And you can make any explanation, you know, and tell her what you mean to do. Two years would show what you're worth, perhaps a little less."

These conciliatory suggestions, however, hardly pacified the injured man. At the close he growled hotly,—

"You want to get rid of me—you're in love with her yourself!"

"You needn't take my offer," Locke replied coldly. "But I thought you had faith in May."

"Two years!"

The young man kept on his feet as if he were about to stalk off. The lawyer added quietly,—

"Perhaps it would be more honest to tell you that I do love her—very much indeed."

"Of course!" the young man sneered triumphantly.

"But," Locke continued, without taking offence, "she doesn't in the least care for me in that way."

"Another year or two, though——"

"Don't!" the older man protested.

And for another hour they discussed the matter, the young man alternately storming and sneering, the older man patiently holding to his eccentric reasoning. Finally Locke suggested:

"I would go away, not at once, but in a few months, and spend the year in Europe—if that would make you easier. You might take my word, though, that I shall make no efforts—and the girl's loyalty!"

Everyone had left the club by this hour. A servant came in and turned off the lights above the writing-tables. The young man rose to go and glanced around the room with a vague feeling of envy and self-commiseration. Farrar Locke had never exiled himself from these comfortable appurtenances of life, though he insisted so stubbornly upon sacrifice in the case of others.

As they stepped out in the avenue the young man said more mildly, "I'll think it over and let you know in a day or two."

"Very well," Locke responded wearily.

"And it is good of you to take so much trouble," he added grudgingly, "though I can't agree with you in thinking it necessary to let May go."

"We are doing it for May," the older man said warmly. "We mustn't think of ourselves."

II.

THE breaking of the Steevens-Lord engagement caused a ripple around the block for a few weeks only. It was the fitting season, and the people who were interested did not come together to gossip until the news was no longer pungent. Moreover, the engagement had been such a protracted affair that, like a ten-years'-old lawsuit, its sudden decision did not easily interest people. It had never been considered brilliant, and it was supposed that Mr. Steevens had finally prevailed. Miss Steevens's intimates reported that "she was looking dreadfully" when she left for the mountains. Spencer Lord's disappearance was scarcely noticed by anyone.

Locke called on the girl before she left town to let her know the first news of her lover since his arrival at Aspenhill, Tennessee.

"Broadwood is there," he remarked in his cheerful, impersonal manner, "and he writes that Spencer is taking hold at once. There will be a busy winter for him."

He explained at considerable length the affairs of the Aspenhill Improvement Company, and he painted them more brilliantly than he ever had to a prospective investor. When he rose to leave, the girl said with quivering lips:

"You've been so kind,—we shall never forget it."

He was sure, then, that Spencer had not told her all the ins and outs of their talk at the club, and he felt more kindly towards the young man. From other remarks that she made he gathered that Lord had adopted his point of view and pressed it upon the girl as an ideal he had marked out for himself.

"I shall be down there a little later," Locke confided to the girl. "We'll see how things are going, what can be done for our friend."

The warm pressure of her fingers set the irony to the situation.

That summer the lawyer spent in town arranging his affairs, and early in the autumn before leaving for Europe he went to Aspenhill, as he had promised Miss Steevens. He found Spencer brown and solid, rather hungry for the amusements of the outside world, and somewhat inclined to expect condolence for his enforced seclusion from them. But Broadwood gave a fair enough report of the young man, and the two officers of the company talked of pushing him on. Lord drove the lawyer to the railway station that evening, and the older man ventured to mention certain opportunities that might present themselves during the coming year. Lord was less interested in these than might be expected.

"You're going back to New York?" he asked.

"And then to England," the lawyer added.

After a prolonged silence the young man said,—

"I don't see why you should go—for that reason."

Locke smiled gratefully and laid his hand on his companion's shoulder.

"I have been meaning to go for a dozen years, and I think this is a good time."

He sailed the next week. Miss Steevens heard from him occasionally, his brief, dull notes recording chiefly bits of information about the Aspenhill Company and Spencer's undertakings. Then, as Broadwood's letters omitted any reference to the young man or spoke briefly and somewhat impatiently of his attitude and ability, Locke did not write Miss Steevens. Towards the spring Broadwood's voluminous letters never mentioned Lord, except for one brief sentence,—"Miss Steevens was lucky to be out of her engagement." That was disturbing! Finally news of a much more serious nature called Locke back to New York. Lord had disappeared with several thousand dollars, which he had been sent to draw from the neighboring bank. Broadwood wrote that he had put a detective on the case. Locke cabled from Liverpool to discontinue the search. As soon as he landed he went on to Tennessee to look into the matter and talk with Broadwood.

"He was punk, anyhow, Farrar," the hearty, bearded man said when Locke drew his check in favor of the company for the amount that had been lost. "And we're well rid of him here—he was always grumbling and thinking someone was imposing on him. But we've had a great year in other ways, as I wrote you."

"Do you think there is any chance he could have met with foul play and been robbed?" Locke asked, wandering back to Spencer Lord's affair. Broadwood wagged his head contemptuously.

"They saw him board the St. Louis train up at the junction. Besides, there were other things."

"A woman?"

Broadwood nodded affirmatively. "He is just punk, Farrar—just punk."

"I'm afraid so," the impassive lawyer admitted with a sigh.

III.

MISS STEEVENS returned to her little world that winter. Her transparent complexion was less rose than formerly and more like fine porcelain. And her eyes looked the least bit drawn. But she was as lovable as ever; she had the charm that having done her weeping in secret sometimes gives to a young woman. Nobody ever mentioned Lord, and few people ever thought of him. Sometimes it was said that old Farrar was pretty constantly seen at the Steevens's house, but wherever Locke had the habit of going he was pretty constantly seen.

The girl was immensely fond of him. He was the only one to whom she cared to mention the past. He had won her especially during the bitter weeks when Spencer had first disappeared. He had told her enough to let her infer that Spencer's work for the company had not been altogether satisfactory, and he let her assume that the young man had simply given in to fate and gone off. Privately he had satisfied himself that Lord had taken the money and had gone to Japan,—he had been seen there once or twice by acquaintances,—and Locke had also come across a trail of speculation that had gone wrong. The imperturbable lawyer quietly settled this account, as he had the stolen money, and wiped the young man from his memory.

These days, warm currents of a genial Indian summer rejuvenated old Farrar. He owned a little place in the country about an hour's run from the city, which he had taken a notion to put into condition. Early in the fall, before people settled themselves for the season, he had a quiet house party out there. Old Farrar on this occasion outdid his reputation as a host. Miss Steevens too was at her very best, and the other people said, "Well—at last! Such a trump as old Farrar—he knows what he wants," and more significant remarks.

A few weeks after this occasion, the day before Thanksgiving, Locke was on his way up the avenue to the Steevens's, a roll of plans for some alterations in the little place in the country tucked under his arm. It was rather early in the afternoon for him to leave his office, and he was sunning himself in the stolen hour. Agreeable thoughts floated about his ideal mind. They had nothing of the definitely sharp imagery of youth, but were merely a pleasant sense of possibilities such as even a cautious, middle-aged lawyer might permit himself to enjoy on a brilliant afternoon. A block or two from the Steevens's house a cab passed him, skirting the curb closely, and something in the attitude of the man who occupied it caught his observant eye. The fellow, whom he did not recognize, leaned forward as if to hail him and then drew back hastily on a second thought. The man's attitude, rather than his face, puzzled the lawyer with a sense of familiarity.

The little incident dispelled the lawyer's discreet dreams. He hastened his footsteps, and once within the Steevens's drawing-room he paced to and fro impatiently. When she entered the room—it seemed after a long, long time—he saw at a glance that disaster had come. Her hand trembled violently in his grasp, and she withdrew it abruptly. They sat down without speaking. He would not be the first to phrase the disagreeable news.

"I brought these plans," he began finally in his ordinary way.

"How could you have acted so?" she exclaimed in a scarcely audible voice. "I have done wrong! so wrong! I helped to—to undo him."

"Nonsense!" the lawyer retorted sharply.

"He told me, just now, that you made him break off our engagement—for—reasons. Oh! I can't think it! Why was I so heartless to him?"

Locke rolled up the plans and strapped them carefully before answering.

"Did he tell you *everything*?" he demanded searchingly.

"Yes," she answered with a new note of defiance. "Your talk, the conditions you imposed, his loneliness and despair. Poor, poor Spencer! If I had only insisted—but I always thought that I was promised,—I didn't care whether people called it an engagement or not. I hoped it was only for a few months, and then we should marry, and our trials would be over. I didn't know I was taking part in a conspiracy."

Her eyes flashed up at the man opposite her with this final harshness, and then in a moment fell again.

"May," the lawyer began with a dreary calm, "you are deceiving yourself—he has misled you."

"Don't abuse him—I won't have it! I can't stand it! He has suffered enough wrong at your hands and mine too!"

She began to cry.

"There was no conspiracy, no plot," he continued gently. "I tried to give him the best chance to win you, to be worthy of you. I hoped—yes, I *hoped*—that he would stand the test for your sake, to make you happy."

"Happy! You don't understand what makes a woman happy! See what you have done! You have helped to ruin him because—because he wasn't strong *in your way*. I could have saved him!"

"You would marry a man who had to be saved!" he retorted sharply.

It was the weakest thing that he could have said, and he perceived it in a moment as she looked at him distantly, scornfully, saying slowly,—

"Perhaps the more for that."

"I gave him the chance," the man resumed in a higher, more passionate tone. "I gave him the chance to win everything from me, and all I asked was that he should do it with a little ordinary patience, a little ordinary courage. And if he found that he *could* not be a little worthy, all I asked was that he should not ruin you. I went away and left you," he concluded pleadingly.

"You are very precise and honorable," she said with a wilful perversity not to grant him any tolerance. "I have no doubt you act always as you think is right. But no one in this world knows what is best for another."

"No," he admitted ironically, "that is evident."

She held her trembling hands to keep them quiet, and turned her face to the avenue. He knew that he should leave her, but for once the amiable, self-controlled lawyer persisted in ruining his case. He could not leave the field of battle where he had lost irrevocably.

"You will marry a fellow who hasn't the courage to save you from himself, a weakling, a default——"

"Stop!" she ordered, rising quickly. "You will not be so—unmanly."

"I must," he insisted, panting and stammering in his desire to clutch the right word. "I can't hold my tongue and see you throw yourself into that pit—anything but that, May! You're doing it from a false sense of duty, because you have this idea, this insane womanish idea, that you might have saved him. I tell you, May, nobody could save him—he was as weak as water—there are facts——"

"Stop!" she repeated more feebly, her anger fading into pain.

"I will not stop. You must know those facts. Shall I tell you them, or shall I tell them to your father? Facts—what he did there in Tennessee with—with——"

"Oh! Oh!" the girl murmured, closing her eyes.

Even in his passion he hesitated before dealing this wound.

"He hasn't told you one-half—one-quarter—what I, what Broadway knows," he began again.

"Hush!" she entreated, and her eyes looked over him to the hall. The lawyer turned about and saw the man in the cab whom he had passed an hour before. Lord advanced with the air of greeting an old acquaintance, and then faltered and stopped near the girl, who had crossed the room to meet him.

A fresh, sprucely pointed beard hid the lower part of Lord's face, and at first glance he seemed clean and self-sufficient, like any number of young Americans or young Englishmen who had rolled about the world in search of a stable resting-place. There was nothing in the athletic form, the brown-tinted face of the young man as he stood beside the girl to justify the lawyer's vehement protest. Miss Steevens's defiant glance from Spencer to Locke seemed to say that—to convict the older man of a mean rivalry.

"I'm back again, Farrar," Lord said with an embarrassed laugh.

"So I see," Locke answered dryly.

They remained standing. There was nothing before Locke but to relieve them of his superfluous presence. He could not bring himself to go.

"Have you told him?" Spencer asked the girl.

"He knows," she answered, looking bravely over at the defeated man.

"Have you told her all that she ought to know?" the lawyer demanded harshly.

The young man shrugged his shoulders and remarked coolly,—

"Why make a scene, Farrar, here?"

"He's told me all—that—I want to know," the girl added swiftly.

"Yes?" Locke retorted, his passion gripping him again. "About—about the girl——"

Lord looked at the stammering man, waiting to catch his advantage when his adversary had committed himself. But Locke, whose eyes rested on the girl's face, was silent before specifying his charge. He closed his lips and started to leave. The young man held out his hand, but the lawyer avoided him and took the girl's hand.

"Good-by, May, I see—I see,—I was wrong," he said heavily. "You'll never forgive me—but I wanted the best for you,—believe me, I wanted the best!"

The girl pressed his hand warmly.

"Yes, I do believe you, but no one knows for another. You were generous," she said in a whisper, "even to the end!"

Locke dropped her hand, and then, avoiding the man who stood in his way as he would avoid a chair or table, he marched out of the room.



MY NEW FOE

BY GUY W. GREEN

WHEN Crusoe trod the beach upon that day,
Sweet peace went with him, and the earth had grown
To seem a paradise; he walked alone
In calm content until, within the way,
The print of some strange foot before him lay.
'Twas then he felt that rest for aye had flown,
And knew that henceforth he must guard his own
Like one besieged who holds a foe at bay.

To-day, upon the tablet of my soul,
I found the trace of an abhorred sin
That I have feared and dreaded these long years;
And though my life may reach its chosen goal,
I must, like Crusoe his rude cell within,
Await my new-found foe in pray'r and tears.

IN ON THE GROUND-FLOOR

By Caroline Lockhart

(SUZETTE)



WHEN Solomon Spitz had his weekly salary raised to fifteen dollars, when he had proposed on the strength of this raise and had married the girl of his heart's desire, when Aunt Maria had unexpectedly shuffled off and had left him five thousand dollars, Solomon felt there was little else left in life to wish for. And yet the five thousand was in itself a source of worry, for it was constantly burning a hole in his pocket for want of investment.

May Belle Spitz, his bride, thought the legacy should be at once invested in a home, but Solomon, puffing out his cheeks and assuming the careworn air of a man of wealth, declared that money must be turned over in order to increase properly.

"I mean to put it where I can see it double every year or two," said Solomon. "None of this slow three or four per cent. for me. 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' says I."

Every night he came home from the store with a new plan for investment. But May Belle gently talked him out of these schemes, until he had kept the money in the bank up to the day he met I. Newton Wimbley, the inventor of the great automatic war-machine.

The inventor was a large man, with a deep, magnetic voice and a hypnotic eye. He had come out of the West with a wonderful exterminator on rubber tires which he was going to sell to the government at Washington, after which he was going "across" to sell a thousand or two machines to European governments who really needed them in their business. He explained casually to Solomon that there were millions in it for those who knew a good thing at a glance, and who were shrewd enough to get in on it while there was still an opening to the ground-floor. Solomon had gone with a party to the stable where the war-machine occasionally circled ponderously over the plank floor. He had listened eagerly to the inventor's confident eloquence, his cheeks flushed, his eyes blazing with eagerness; for Solomon could see perfectly how the machine worked.

It was run by gasoline, like many other automobiles, but there were fearful knives, revolving with a silent menace when charging on a terrified enemy, and there were guns to shoot at long-range foes. It

glided easily over the smooth planks, and the inventor assured them that it could beat the fastest express when once he let it out on the pike.

"The government will gobble up a thing like that quicker'n scat," said Solomon to himself. "There ought to be a hundred thousand in it for me easy." He nearly had heart failure every time any of the others approached the inventor, for fear they would buy all the stock before he could get his own money out of the bank. Finally, he got the inventor into a dark stall by himself.

"I've got a little five thousand dollars that I'm not using now," remarked Solomon. "I'd like to put it in your company if the stock ain't all sold."

Solomon was vaguely surprised at the sudden light which flashed in the eyes of the inventor, but he was too anxious to get the stock to think about that gleam.

"Well, of course, it's difficult," said Mr. Wimbley thoughtfully; "but I'll talk with my secretary and see if we can let you have a little block."

That night Solomon went home the proud owner of one hundred shares in Wimbley's Automatic Exterminator Company, Limited. Next morning the inventor sped to the bank to cash that check, as if he really needed the money.

When May Belle heard the glad tidings she buried her face in the sofa-pillows and wept. Solomon got a little out of patience with her for the first time in his life, declaring that there never was a woman who had the slightest understanding of finances.

"I don't care if I don't know anything about business," sobbed May Belle. "I do know that I want a home of my own, so I won't have to board all my life."

"But just as soon as the government sees our machine I'll buy you one of the best houses in the city," argued Solomon.

"I don't believe the old machine is good for anything, anyway," protested May Belle, her head still hidden. "Just because it runs on a barn floor is no sign that it will go on a dirt road."

So the relations between them remained strained that night, and in the morning Solomon went to the store with but one good-by kiss from May Belle.

His wife's scepticism had put uneasy thoughts into Solomon's head, so he went to see the inventor when lunch-hour came. Mr. Wimbley read in Solomon's anxious face the questions Solomon hesitated to ask, and he promptly took the load off Solomon's mind by saying that he would give an exhibition of the speed and effectiveness of the machine that night. He even added that, if Solomon had a cool head and steady nerves, so that he could handle himself all right while the

machine was tearing along at terrific speed, he might occupy one of the four seats, the inventor and his two experts having the other seats.

As all coolness between May Belle and himself had thawed when Solomon went home that night, she accompanied him down-town to see the splendid spectacle of Solomon and the exterminator tearing down the street to mow its way through an invisible regiment. The machine rolled smoothly out of the stable to the asphalt, looking like some monster of mythology. It was low and had six wheels, swathed in big rubber tires. The inventor, Solomon, and the two experts sat on bicycle seats on each side, while the machine gathered itself together and shook like a medium going into a trance.

"By the way, what's the theory of it?" asked Solomon, wondering why he had never thought to ask that question before.

"The electric sparks you see here," explained the inventor indulgently, "explode the gaseous vapors generated by the gasoline. That's the gasoline tank immediately behind you."

Solomon was a little startled to find that his back was directly against the tank, and he wondered just what would become of May Belle if too many sparks got into that tank at once.

"Let her go!" cried Mr. Wimbley.

"Hold on tight, Solomon," squeaked May Belle. She expected the machine to jump into the air.

The machine began to move ponderously, a crowd roared applause, and Solomon sat up so straight that he nearly fell over backward. He glowed as he thought of his business shrewdness in getting the stock before it was too late. Although it had been a proud moment in his life when he led May Belle to the altar, this present hour of triumph rivalled that moment.

He mildly suggested to the inventor that he turn on a little more speed, as they were moving at only a snail's pace. He feared that the spectators were not sufficiently impressed with the might of the exterminator. But Mr. Wimbley informed him that they had to keep the police in mind, as city ordinances forbade their going more than eight miles an hour.

"But when we get outside the city limits," the inventor warned him, "you'll see what you will see."

The broad avenue down which they were creeping was several miles long. They rolled along impressively, creating a furore that Solomon longed for May Belle to see. Just as they came in front of a saloon, the machine sputtered and stopped with more than human intelligence.

Solomon looked inquiringly at Mr. Wimbley, but the inventor seemed considerably surprised. A crowd collected quickly. The machine again began to tremble like a medium. A vile-smelling vapor arose behind Solomon's back. Sparks multiplied and seemed to come

from every part at once. A report like a cannon startled the spectators, and Solomon leaped into the air with a wild yell. He was not hurt, but he thought the tank had exploded.

"Say! What is it?" he cried, as he picked himself up and began brushing the dirt from his clothes.

"Shut up!" remarked Mr. Wimbley.

"Be that the Maine?" asked a voice from the crowd.

"It's needing a tonic," said another. "It's system is all run down."

"The water's low in yer b'iler," remarked a third voice.

Solomon's face grew red in the darkness as he listened to the jeers, but he took heart from Mr. Wimbley's brusque confidence. He felt that the crowd would soon be humbled as they stood there gawking and saw them fly away "like greased lightning," to quote the words of the inventor when selling stock.

"Hawkins, I think the points are dirty," commented Mr. Wimbley. And one of the experts, who agreed with all the inventor said, began wiping "the points" with cotton waste by the light of a lantern.

"All aboard!" cried Mr. Wimbley, and Solomon climbed to his seat to look back patronizingly at the gaping crowd as, after another chill, the exterminator moved away in the darkness. While still within speaking distance of the crowd the machine gave a great throb, bounded into the air, and stopped again.

"Bill," said the inventor in a low tone, "get under and see what's wrong." Bill took the lantern and lay on his back under the exterminator to make a diagnosis of the case.

"Her valves have slipped a foot. Gimme the monkey-wrench," announced Bill in a stifled voice. He tinkered with the machine, breathing hard the while and muttering to himself. As the moments flew, Solomon thought of May Belle, who had promised to wait until he sped back to her in triumph.

"What's dat ting, anyway?" demanded a tough young man of Solomon.

"That's a war-machine," announced Solomon stiffly.

"Don't youse throw any bluff like dat, young feller," yelled the tough young man in sudden rage. "Youse can't git fresh wid me if youse do live up town. I kin lick youse."

"I don't want to fight," said Solomon.

"Fight, anyhow!" shouted the other encouragingly. He began to pull off his coat, and Solomon retreated towards the huge frame of the inventor. He could not help thinking what a good story it would make to tell May Belle, with a little coloring, about his having hurled defiance at the burly tough.

"Ah, now we're ready," cried the inventor exultingly. Solomon climbed back to his saddle with a sigh of relief.

They reached the end of the asphalt and began to bump over a dirt road that bordered a deep marsh. They were beyond houses now, and no electric lights gleamed on them. Suddenly one corner of the machine slumped. Then it grumbled and stopped.

"Tighten the friction, Hawkins," muttered the inventor, "the circuit's short."

"The tire's punctured," said Hawkins after a brief inspection.

"Gawd!" exclaimed Bill, "anything else?"

"The tank leaked a pint on my head," commented Hawkins as he crawled out after tightening the friction.

"Oh, well, cut her loose. We'll soon be home," commanded Mr. Wimbley. But instead of going forward the exterminator travelled backward and sideways, like a fiddler crab. Mr. Wimbley was visibly disturbed.

"Blast me!" he cried, "she never did that before. Stop her, Hawkins."

"Can't!" yelled Hawkins, "the lever's jammed."

"Everybody get out and pull!" called the inventor frantically.

"If she gets going down the hill, she'll fall into the swamp!"

The machine was still backing stubbornly when they all jumped from their saddles, laid violent hands on the exterminator, and braced back.

"I've busted a lung!" panted Bill, who was hollow-chested at the best. Solomon was gritting his teeth and digging in his heels. The inventor and Hawkins were tugging with all their might, but without avail. The exterminator was shaking, as if with laughter, and was slowly backing towards a place where the embankment dropped abruptly into the marsh.

"It's no use!" wailed Bill. "I've pulled till my arms are seven inches longer than they really ought to be."

He sank in the road, exhausted, and all the rest let go but Mr. Wimbley, who clung till Wimbley's Automatic Exterminator had reached the very edge of the bank. Then he too fell back. The exterminator went over with a great splash and sank slowly in the marsh, its wheels churning the mud.

It was hours after midnight when Solomon, pale and dirty, his hands blistered, his heart breaking, crept up the stairs to the room where May Belle, trembling with anxiety, awaited him.

"It's no good! It's no good!" said Solomon, and his voice broke in spite of himself.

And the woman who knew nothing of finances kissed him tenderly and whispered to him that she would just as soon live in a boarding-house as not.

BULBS:

HOW TO GROW THEM IN THE GARDEN AND HOUSE

By Eben E. Rexford

Author of "Practical Floriculture," "Flowers: How to Grow Them," etc.



I.

THE GARDEN.

NO garden is complete that does not include a collection of hardy bulbs. They give us flowers from a month to six weeks earlier in the season than we can expect them from most herbaceous plants and ordinary shrubs, thus bridging over the long interval between the going of the snow and the coming of the peonies and the aquilegias. We have no plants of easier culture, and few plants that cost us less in labor. They can be grown in almost any soil, and the beds in which they are grown can be given up to annuals, after their flowering period is over, without disturbing them or injuring them in the least.

In view of these facts, the lover of flowers who has not a collection of bulbs is urged to make one, and it is the purpose of this article to give such information as the amateur needs in doing so.

All bulbs like a rich, well-drained, mellow soil. They will not do well in heavy soils, and a great deal of moisture about their roots is fatal to them. Therefore in selecting a place for them choose one naturally well drained, if possible. If you are not sure of good, natural drainage, set about providing a means of escape for surplus water by excavating the soil to the depth of at least a foot—eighteen inches would be better—and filling in at the bottom of the excavation with from four to six inches of broken pottery, brick, old cans,—anything, in fact, which will not decay readily and allow the soil above it to settle back into its former hardness, and thus become as retentive of moisture as it was before anything was done with it. Too little attention is given to this part of the work, and the result of the neglect is soon seen in the failure of the bulbs to bloom, and their entire disappearance in a year or two. If you cannot provide good drainage, do not undertake to grow them. Failure is a foregone conclusion if your bulbs have to stand with their roots in mud at the time when active, healthy growth ought to be taking place.

In making a bulb-bed, throw up the soil and let it remain exposed

to air and sunshine until it is in a condition to crumble readily under the application of the hoe. Then work it over and over, until it is as fine and mellow as it can possibly be. Do not be satisfied with it as long as a lump as large as a robin's egg can be found in it. The use of the hoe and the iron-toothed rake will soon reduce it to the proper degree of mellowness. After you have pulverized it pretty thoroughly, add a liberal amount of manure to it. This is of great importance, as bulbs require a nutritious soil, and cannot do themselves justice unless it is given them. Old, black, well-rotted manure from the cow-yard is the ideal fertilizer for them. Use it in the proportion of one part manure to three parts soil, and be very sure to see that it is thoroughly incorporated with the earth thrown out of the bed before it is returned to it and it is pronounced ready for the reception of your bulbs. Do not slight any of this work, as success depends upon the thoroughness with which it is done.

Many persons delay bulb-planting until late in the season, thinking that all it is really necessary to do is to get them into the ground before cold weather comes. This is a mistake. Bulbs should be planted in October, while the ground is still warm. Before a bulb can produce blossoms, it must make roots for the support of the new growth of the season. This it will do in fall, if planted early, and in spring it will be ready for the work demanded of it. Late-planted bulbs do not have time to form these roots before the ground freezes, consequently they have double duty to perform when spring comes, and quite naturally they fail to do good work, because too much is required of them at that time. Therefore see to it that your bulbs are planted as early in the fall as possible. Begin to get ready for them as soon as your order goes to the florist, and put them into the ground as soon as they are received.

Bulbs of ordinary size, like the tulip and the hyacinth, should be planted from four to five inches deep. The smaller ones, like the crocus and snowdrop, need not go down so far, but lilies require very deep planting. Eight inches below the soil is not too much for them. If nearer the surface, the action of frost in the soil is quite sure to heave them from their places to a greater or less extent, thus breaking the roots that were formed after they were planted, and anything that brings about such a disturbance is sure seriously and permanently to injure them. Covering them with litter in November will do much to prevent injury of this kind, but it does not justify shallow planting. It is a good plan to give *all* bulbs a covering of coarse manure, hay, or corn-stalks before cold weather sets in. It will not keep out the frost,—that we cannot expect to do by any system of protection,—but it will prevent the alternation of freezing and thawing which generally takes place. And this change of conditions, often abrupt

and violent, is what does to our plants the injury we must aim to avoid. Eight or ten inches of litter from the barn-yard will be found very effective in keeping the sun from thawing out the soil after it is frozen. No harm is done by intense cold as long as it continues without interruption.

◆

It is not within the province of this article to outline any plan of planting, for the amateur gardener will prefer to make or select her own designs. This is one of the pleasures of flower-growing which the veriest tyro should not forego. Think out and originate new arrangements after familiarizing yourself with the habits and colors of the bulbs you plant. I would simply suggest, in this connection, that by keeping each *kind* of bulb by itself you will be more likely to secure satisfactory results than you will by planting several kinds in the same bed. As a general thing, the various kinds do not harmonize well enough to warrant us in planting them indiscriminately.

What kinds would I advise you to use? I would answer that question by advising you to procure the catalogue of some reliable dealer and study it well, and, having done this, to select such kinds as you think you would like best. Nearly all the bulbs you will find described there are hardy enough to stand a northern winter, especially if given such a covering as has been spoken of, and you can depend on them to produce fine flowers if your part of the work is well done. Therefore you will be safe in allowing your preference for color and kind to govern your selection.

II.

THE HOUSE.

Of late years bulbs have played a prominent part in the winter window-garden. The amateur florist has found out that they can be depended on to give greater satisfaction than any other class of flowers adapted to window-culture, if properly treated.

The term, "proper treatment," means a great deal more than one might think at first reading. It means that there is a right way and a wrong way to grow bulbs for winter flowering, and that success depends upon adopting the right way. Failure, either partial or complete, is pretty sure to result if we do not follow the treatment which experience has proved to be the safe and scientific one.

It is very important that the bulb which we intend to force into bloom in winter should be treated in such a manner as to imitate, as closely as possible, the conditions under which it would grow naturally,—that is, if left to take care of itself.

All bulbs have two distinct periods, or stages, of growth. One in fall, preparatory to spring's work, and the other in spring. The

fall work consists in the development of roots by which the plant is to be supported and nourished later. The work of spring consists in the development of foliage and flowers. To imitate successfully the conditions which bring about these results, we must give the bulb we propose to bring into bloom in the house an opportunity to develop roots fully before the growth of foliage or flowers begins. If we pot it and place it in the window at once, heat and light, combined with the effect of moisture in the soil, will excite it to such an extent that it makes an effort to develop both roots and top at the same time. In other words, top-growth will begin before there are roots to support it properly, and the result will be anything but satisfactory.

But if we pot the bulb and put it away in some cool, dark, quiet place for a time, it will form roots, while that part of it from which leaves and flowers are to be produced later remains dormant. In this way we imitate the processes of nature, and prepare the plant for the work demanded of it at a later period; we ask it to do but one thing at a time. By following out this plan we may have just as fine flowers from the bulbs we grow in the house in winter as we have from those in the garden in spring.

The soil for bulbs grown in pots should be a rich, mellow one, made up of garden loam, sand, and old cow-manure in equal parts. Work it over until you have a mass of fine material. Prepare it before the time comes to pot your bulbs, so that there need be no delay in planting them on their arrival. It is quite important that all bulbs should go into the ground as soon as possible after they are received, as the moisture which they contain evaporates rapidly, and with it goes much of their vitality. Leave them exposed to air and light for two or three weeks, and they will be so weakened that the flowers they produce will be few and inferior.

◆

It is not necessary to give most bulbs intended for winter flowering the deep planting advised for those in the garden, as they will not be subject to the disturbing conditions which the latter must contend with. Simply press them down their depth in the soil; that will be sufficient. Do this when the soil is light and dry, then water them well to settle the earth about them, and they are ready to put away in the place where they are to be left until they have formed roots. If you have a cellar, put them there, darkening the windows in such a manner as to keep out all the light possible. The exclusion of light is important, because it excites the plant to make an effort towards the production of leaves and flowers before it is in a condition to do this satisfactorily. Heat also does this, therefore a cool place is quite necessary for plants which are expected to develop roots before other

growth takes place. If you have no cellar, an old shed or a closet will answer quite well, provided the conditions spoken of can be secured.

◆

Some persons advise sinking the pots containing bulbs in trenches in the garden. I do not favor this plan, because it involves a good deal of labor by which I cannot see that anything is gained. I used to suppose it was really necessary to follow this plan, because nearly all writers on this subject advised it, but after trying the easier one outlined above and finding that it brought about results quite as satisfactory as the old method, I abandoned the feature of out-door storage, and I advise others to do so. There is only one argument in favor of the latter, and that is that plants stored out-of-doors can be kept dormant for a longer time than those placed where the cold is less intense. This argument, however, is not a weighty one, since experience has proved that by leaving house- or cellar-stored bulbs in the dark until we see fit to bring them to the light, we can, to a great extent, regulate the period of flowering to suit our wishes.

If bulbs are watered well at the time of potting, it will not be necessary, as a general thing, to apply water for a month or more. None should be given unless absolutely needed. Examine the pots occasionally to ascertain the condition of the soil. If it is found to be dry, give just enough water to impart an even moisture to all the soil in the pot. As evaporation takes place slowly in a cool, dark place, a small amount of water will be found sufficient to supply all the requirements of the bulbs for some time.

In potting bulbs the best results are secured by putting several in the same pot. Four hyacinths or tulips or daffodils in a seven-inch pot will give a much finer effect than the same number of bulbs potted singly.

◆

Roman hyacinths are most effective when grown in shallow pans. Three or four dozen bulbs can be planted in a pan eighteen inches across,—indeed, the bulbs can touch each other,—and their flowers will be quite as fine as those from bulbs given more room. A well-grown pan of these charming flowers will be a mass of foliage and flowers that will afford vastly more pleasure than a row of plants in small pots ranged along the window-sill.

I find the single varieties of the Holland hyacinth much more satisfactory than the double ones. They seldom disappoint us, and this cannot be said of the double sorts. Single tulips, also, are preferable to double ones for winter flowering.

Every collection of bulbs should include the daffodil. I would choose it in preference to the Bermuda, or *Harrissii*, lily if I could have but one. Nothing can be richer than the great golden flowers of the large-flowering varieties, and nothing can be more charming than the bright, cheerful blossoms of the smaller varieties in their various shades of yellow, cream, and ivory.

Everybody admires the lily, and no collection of winter-flowering bulbs is what it ought to be without it. There is but one variety adapted to culture by the amateur, and that is the kind imported from Bermuda, catalogued as Bermuda, or *Harrissii*, lily, but more generally known as the Easter lily, because it is forced so extensively for use at the Easter season. One might suppose, on first seeing it in its stately and immaculate beauty, that such a superb flower would be difficult to grow, but such is not the case. If one can procure good bulbs, the percentage of failure is less with this bulb than with any other except the Roman hyacinth. Of late years imported bulbs have been somewhat diseased, and many plants have either produced inferior flowers or refused to bloom, but the florists have taken great precautions to prevent the spread of this disease, and it is now possible to get bulbs which are sound and healthy. In procuring them, always buy of some dealer who has established a reputation for handling only the best stock. Get the large bulbs in preference to the small ones, for they will give from four to eight flowers generally, while the small ones will seldom have more than two. The flowers of the small bulbs, however, will be quite as perfect and often as large as those of the large bulbs. If you select them personally, take those which feel solid and are heavy in the hand. Loose, flabby bulbs are the ones to expect failure from.

In potting this lily one must follow a method quite unlike that advised for other bulbs. These lilies produce two sets of roots. One set springs from the base of the bulb, and it furnishes nutriment for the healthy development of the plant. The other set is thrown off from the stalk which is sent up from the bulb, and its principal office seems to be that of providing a support for this stalk. In order to give the stalk-roots a chance at the soil, it is necessary to set the bulb low in the pot. I would advise the use of from eight- to ten-inch pots, three bulbs to a pot. Fill the pot nearly half full of soil, and press the bulbs down into it. As soon as the stalk appears and lengthens, fill in about it from time to time with soil, and keep on doing this until the pot is full. If this is done, the roots sent out from the stalk will generally furnish all the support the plant needs. Stakes are unsightly, and should be dispensed with if possible. In putting this bulb in cold storage, give it a place free from frost, as it is injured by freezing.

There is no definite rule to be laid down as to the length of time in which bulbs should be left in cold storage. As a general thing, top-growth will not begin until root-growth is completed. This nearly always takes from six weeks to two months. It is therefore generally safe to begin bringing October-planted bulbs to the living-room in December. Those desired for later flowering can be left in cold storage, where they will remain dormant as to top-growth. By bringing bulbs to light and warmth at intervals of a week or ten days we secure a succession of bloom which makes it possible for us to brighten our windows with their beautiful flowers during the greater part of winter.

The flowers of bulbs last much longer in a comparatively cool room than in a very warm one. Keep the thermometer below the seventy mark if possible, and keep the plants out of the sun, but give them good light.

In conclusion, let me add this advice: Do not attempt too much, to begin with. Try a few of the standard kinds this year, and next year you can safely enlarge the list if you are successful in your first venture. There is no good reason why you should not be successful if you carefully follow the directions given in this paper, for they are the result of personal experience which has made a success of bulb-growing in the window-garden.



COMPENSATION

BY FELIX N. GERSON

WHERE have they vanished, the mysterious lands,
Which oft, far-off beholden, bathed in gold,
With genii and wonders manifold,
And great palms towering from burning sands,
We fashioned with imagination's hands
From unforgotten legends, strangely old?
Where have they vanished?—Science, swift and bold,
Has torn the fairy fabric into strands.

Yet we have stolen from the coming years
The undiscovered realms that once were ours,
Not in revolt; but conscious that the hours
Hold rich requital for old hopes and fears;—
And in these changes unperturbed we see
The patient purpose of Divinity.

THE FRIENDSHIP

By Louis Zangwill

Author of "The Siren from Bath," etc.



I.

THE friendship between Andrew Deakin and Lewis Appleby began when the century was young.

Though at school they swore eternal comradeship, their affection did not languish when school-days were over. Deakin took possession of a stool in the counting-house of a great wool firm in the City of London; Appleby entered as a student at St. Bartholomew's, joyously installing the usual skeleton in the cupboard of his Bloomsbury lodging. Deakin was a sturdy worker, with financial and civic ambitions, already severe of mien with his knitted brows and square-set jaw; Appleby, slim, rosy-cheeked, and sprightly, was of a less strenuous nature, jogging along light-heartedly from day to day, playing the flute, banging the tambourine, shuffling and clattering through wonderful dances, whistling all the ditties of the day, and scraping through examinations. Deakin, who was musically as deaf as a post, used to marvel at the ease with which his friend could catch up melodies at operas and oratorios and afterwards soar out into complicated bits and roulades. His attachment to Appleby was as of an elder to a younger brother, and, conscious of his own solid individuality, he was often impelled by a sense of duty to lecture him on his frivolities.

That same sense of duty marked out Andrew Deakin for early advancement. His shrewd abilities and his eager interest in wool commended him to his employers. In his own small affairs he was not less vigilant. From the day he left school he kept an exact account of his minutest expenses. Like the industrious ant, he never borrowed and he never lent. He had struck deep roots of prosperity before he was out of his teens.

One day poor Appleby came to Deakin with bad news. Owing to the sudden bankruptcy and suicide of his father, he was called upon to earn his living at once without any idea how to set about it. Deakin at once offered to place all his savings at his friend's disposal, to enable him to continue his studies. Appleby, however, had the spirit to refuse, gripping Deakin's hand in silent appreciation.

Appleby's difficulties, however, were soon at an end, for, chance and influence combining, he applied for and obtained a curiously out-of-

the-way appointment in the far East. The idea was, of course, exciting at first; it meant being whisked thousands of miles away from all his happy haunts about town to settle down to a humdrum life at a mission school,—established under high auspices,—where for a small salary he was to give elementary instruction to aborigines.

So it came to pass that Appleby sold his skeleton and packed his baggage, and Andrew Deakin saw him off, lingering till the last moment on board the great East Indiaman. Thus at the age of twenty the friends were parted, and knew not when they should see each other again.

II.

THEN began a correspondence between the two friends, the regularity of which was only broken by occasional accidents beyond their control. Appleby's life went on without change or promise, yet without cares or troubles; Deakin's was marked by steady progress.

Appleby had soon adapted himself to the alien atmosphere, for he was confined within a comparatively small radius and he had quickly made himself popular both with Europeans and natives. His duties were not heavy, and his buoyant, happy temperament radiated all its ancient amiability. Yet there was in him a sufficient groundwork of seriousness to satisfy the solemn London Committee with their Ducal President that voted the annual supplies for the school, and his periodic reports to them, beginning always "My Lord Duke, My Lords, and Gentlemen," were deferential, lucid, and correctly phrased. He had not, indeed, fallen into the proper style without one or two misadventures, which had brought down on his head votes of censure, elaborately proposed, seconded, and passed, and ordered to be placed on the minutes and likewise to be communicated to him by the Clerk to the Council. But experience and Deakin's shrewd advice soon taught him to curb his youthful presumptuousness in making suggestions or criticisms, and by dint of habit the composition of these official communications became a not unpleasurable process. Such constraint as was thus imposed on his self-expression was amply atoned by the free play in which he could indulge in his letters to Deakin. These, indeed, were a great factor in his life, and he would sit down to them as to a sacred task. Long after almost every other tie with home had faded away and letters from relations were of the rarest, he would look forward to his friend's with eager emotion and reply with religious punctuality.

During the first years of his emigration Deakin had often tried to stimulate him to some fresh activity. But Appleby did not seek out fortune, and fortune made no manifestation of seeking him out. He became more and more the creature of his calling. He developed, in fact, into a solid success in the capacity in which he had been appointed,

and the London Committee congratulated themselves on their acquisition.

As the years advanced he became firmly established as a vital part of the mission. He could not have imagined himself otherwise, nor could the Committee have disassociated their functions from a name that was so much on their tongues at every meeting.

One morning Appleby awoke and realized he was middle-aged. He was still a bachelor, and still in receipt of a most modest salary, despite tiny increments voted him at long intervals and acknowledged by him in terms that, when read out by the Clerk, drew the nodded approbation of the full Council. Yet he remained as cheerful as of yore, improvising on his flute, and gayly breaking into old roudades as after school he good-naturedly ministered to the natives' sprained thumbs or disembarassed them of aching teeth.

III.

DEAKIN continued his prudent, prosperous career in the wool warehouse. His life of toil was a happy one. He was quite conscious of his own worthiness and a trifle vain about it. But maybe that was only self-respect. And, on his side, the correspondence with Appleby was his greatest pleasure. It is true, the record of his personal life had but little variety, but Deakin was of a speculative turn and had serious thoughts about the world, the flesh, and the devil, about foresight, nature, civilization, Divine Providence, and many such other subjects. The hours spent in putting these thoughts into portable shape for conveyance across continents and oceans were of the pleasantest. The only thing that disquieted him was his deep concern for Appleby's future. But all his exhortations seemed useless. "Don't worry about me, old man," Appleby would reply; "you know I like to take things easily, and as I haven't your terrific energies, it's just as well I don't bother my head too much. When eating-time comes there's always plenty to eat, and when sleeping-time comes there's always a good bed ready, so I'm quite happy and contented." And his friend could only think with satisfaction of his own growing nest-egg.

At the age of thirty-seven Deakin, promoted to the headship of the counting-house, paid successful court to an amiable lady with a snug fortune. She had first begun to vibrate to him when she heard from his own lips how attached he was to his friend so many thousands of miles away, and then her sympathy for him deepened rapidly. When he actually asked her to share his life, she replied she could ask for nothing better than to be received into such a friendship.

The couple established themselves on the outskirts of London in a commodious brick house with a double frontage, bow windows, and an abundance of hot-water taps. Hence Deakin proceeded by train

each morning to the counting-house, wearing a high silk hat and carrying a leather hand-bag. His richly carved furniture was reflected by great mirrors in gilded frames that blossomed luxuriantly with buds, leaves, flowers, and birds amid intricate sprays and convolutions, which gave Deakin, whose imagination had been quickened by his romance, a sense of inhabiting an enchanted palace. The road was the most select in the neighborhood, the streets of which were strictly differentiated as to social status. Deakin, who with his wife owned property all around them, was of the aristocracy of the district, but, in his heart, felt humble before the residence of the senior partner, two or three miles farther out, a veritable country mansion with a great hall and acres of pleasure-grounds and a score of servants. Privileged to visit there with his wife,—for the senior partner by no means despised his pronouncements on the subject of leases and repairs and roofs and drains,—he felt grander than his neighbors, who had no ideas above their own suburb.

IV.

MRS. DEAKIN had fallen in love with the friendship as well as with her husband, and, having married both, she cherished the one as tenderly as the other. The letters to Appleby were now composed by husband and wife jointly. Nor did her enthusiasm wane even when the joys of motherhood came to her. The friendship was too ideally beautiful for that, an ever-present source of emotion. Appleby came in for many nice birth-day gifts, including beautiful things made by her own hand. Her taste in music was almost priggishly classical, the tone-deaf Andrew reverencing her severity of taste, but she stooped so far as to keep touch with the lighter music of the day in order to keep Appleby supplied for his private recreation.

As the young family progressed, the nature of the letters from England naturally underwent some change. The doings, sayings, and education of Deakin's children came to occupy a great deal of space, and Appleby, who received their photographs at all stages of their growth, had a vivid sense of their individual identities and felt them shooting up almost as under his own eye.

At intervals in the correspondence the idea arose that Appleby might pay a flying visit to England. They would play with it delightedly on both sides, but invariably it became illusory and phantasmal, and at last disappeared. A thousand things always necessitated the postponement of the visit, "but only for a few months, I hope," as the sanguine Appleby would put it. Eventually, as new obstacles arose, the hope would be abandoned to resurge with equal futility some half dozen years later.

And now decade after decade flew swiftly. The face of the world changed not less swiftly. Steamers sped across the seas, and the old,

stately sailing-vessels were broken up. Then came the flash of messages to the ends of the earth. Dynasties and governments had their vicissitudes and the boundaries of the great nations were altered.

And Andrew Deakin continued unswervingly in his acquisition of leases and freeholds.

Through all the changes and fevers of the world his career ploughed serenely forward. His every ambition was realized. At length senior partner in the wool warehouse, he inhabited the very mansion of his late principal, having purchased it at a bargain with its grounds and the whole surrounding estate on the decease of that venerable gentleman. He ate turtle-soup at many City banquets, and his success culminated on the day on which he was elected an alderman of the City of London with the certainty in his turn of occupying the civic chair.

Yet all was not as he would have wished, for in his heart, and as he had, indeed, confessed to Appleby, the future Lord Mayor was disappointed in his children. His sons had gone to Oxford and developed into superior persons, who, whilst they had the greatest contempt for the wool warehouse, had yet no objection to spending its revenues lounging about Europe on the pretence of being immersed in art. At home they were bored by his friends and were amused at their mother's musical pretensions. Moreover, they had introduced into the house a penniless composer whom his daughter had insisted on marrying. This, however, had one advantage, for the girl had been wont to experiment on the house with startling schemes of decoration, such as covering walls with luscious greens set against stretches of bright copper, and he had begun to feel anxious as to where she would stop. When, full of pride, he announced to his children his election as Alderman, they laughed at the whole business, nick-named him old Dick Whittington, and gravely presented him with a cat.

Meanwhile Appleby, who too was growing gray despite his perennial boyhood, still maintained his bachelorhood, further tiny increments voted by the solemn Council notwithstanding.

V.

At the age of sixty Appleby retired from the work of the mission after forty years of honorable service, which were acknowledged by a pension of eighty pounds a year, a vote of thanks from the Council (embodied in an illuminated parchment that was signed by the late Ducal President's Ducal successor and countersigned by the Secretary and six members of a special Committee), besides a handsome chronometer as a token of esteem from the Councillors personally.

And now at last he was bound for London, for the scenes of his boyhood's pleasures! He was strangely stirred. With all the joy of

the return was mingled a certain misgiving, a wonder whether, after all, it would not have been better to end his days at the spot he had so long made his home. With the one exception of the Deakins, all ties with England had long been dissipated. Immediate relatives were dead and distant ones had passed far out of his horizon. How lonely London would have been without the Deakins!

On his part the Alderman was no less stirred. At the warehouse he was absent-minded and found himself making various ludicrous little mistakes. He and his wife watched the Shipping Intelligence eagerly and were pleased to find the boat making every port of call in excellent time. A special telegram informed them of its near arrival at the Albert Docks, and they drove down and were among the expectant groups on the quay when the boat came in. Presently Deakin discerned Appleby pressing amid the crowd towards the gangway and waved his hand in great excitement. To his delight Appleby returned the sign of recognition, whereupon Mrs. Deakin introduced herself by smiling and bowing repeatedly.

Some minutes later Appleby stepped off the gangway and the two men gripped hands. Appleby slim and lithe with gentle features set off by white hair and short white beard, and with soft hands and long artistic fingers; Deakin of stout, sturdy build, all iron-gray, with masterful features and hands all knotted and gnarled. They surveyed each other closely and affectionately. Deakin was the first to speak.

"Why, except for the beard, you haven't changed the least bit, old fellow," he exclaimed wonderingly.

"Nor you either," returned Appleby. "Just as I left you, so you are to-day. Seems, indeed, as if we only said 'good-by' yesterday. Time has flown so quickly that all between is a dream," he went on to observe, turning to Mrs. Deakin and taking her hand.

"With me, my dear friend," said Deakin, "the years have been so full that I feel the dream has been rather a long one."

"And I have dreamed with both of you," put in Mrs. Deakin, smiling tearfully.

"Ah, well," said Deakin, "my dear wife and I have much to be thankful for." Then reverting to the practical, "As soon as you can get your luggage through, we'll take you right home."

The Deakin establishment came as a great and somewhat disconcerting surprise to Appleby, for his friend had always spoken of his "modest place," and he had conceived it all on a much smaller scale.

During the following days the household was aglow with happiness, and certainly many hundreds of souls outside it radiated sympathetically. The fame of this friendship had spread long ago, and Deakin's present entertainment of Appleby seemed to be a finishing touch, as logical as beautiful, to the splendid lyric. The intimate acquaintances

of the family were invited to meet the guest and to view the grotesque ivories brought as a present for his hosts.

But every festival must fade into the common routine of ordinary days. The Deakins' excitement subsided, and after Appleby had made a decently long sojourn with them, he proceeded to search for suitable lodgings within the adjoining suburb.

Now Deakin had been brooding deeply about the modest way in which his friend would be forced to live—a way, moreover, scarcely suitable to an intimate of one in his own position. He suggested delicately that Appleby should reside with him for the rest of his days, but the latter, though appreciative, preferred to settle himself in his own way. There was nothing, he felt, like having a little resting-place of one's own. He ended, therefore, by taking a bedroom and sitting-room in a street of one-story houses. The rent was trifling and his pension sufficed for his needs.

It gave the future Lord Mayor a twinge to see his friend fixing himself thus humbly, to say nothing of his disappointment at Appleby's refusing even to use him as a banker and draw upon him. He felt that Appleby was not quite considerate, as, although he might be perfectly contented himself, he ought to have made some concession to *his* feelings.

VI.

THOUGH the friendship was still felt romantically on all sides, its glamour came from its past rather than its present.

But to the chief personages themselves the present stage of the friendship did not yield the same fine emotions and the same sense of the ideal as its past stages. A large side of their lives was somehow disorganized, and they were conscious of some jarring discord. The eagerly awaited mail; the rush for the packet superscribed in the well-known hand; the breathless, delighted perusal of twenty rustling pages of the vivid life and never-ending humors of the far-off Oriental town; the noting of events and the jotting down of deep thoughts as they came, to make material for as many rustling pages of a reply to which their whole existence converged—all was no more and life was left largely colorless. The Alderman was often peevish and irritable, and his wife, whose superior children were rarely at the house, began to suffer from fits of despondency.

The gap in Appleby's existence would have been still wider were it not for his native buoyancy. Deakin at least had his affairs to look after, whereas Appleby had not even an official report to prepare, and the days were often long and desolate. But, on the other hand, he had soon got on excellent terms with many of his neighbors, among whom he was in request of an evening to smoke a pipe or sing a song. Perhaps he enjoyed this better than the long, heavy, solemn dinners

at the great house with their lackeys and silver plate, their ceremonial progress, to an accompaniment of strange courses, from sherry via hock to champagne and port and liqueur—for the Deakins were most particular to do things in a manner worthy of their proximity to the civic chair.

But the Alderman could not at all approve of Appleby's new acquaintances. He himself could not possibly meet such people on terms of equality, yet the worst aspect of the whole business was that whenever he contemplated calling on Appleby he could never be sure there would not be other visitors sprawling at their ease and smoking in his friend's sitting-room. On various such occasions he had sat frigid, with angry brow, now and then out of politeness indulging in an uneasy compliant half-laugh, and he had departed with every nerve discharged like an electric battery.

No wonder Deakin began to ponder seriously on the whole position. He had a reaction of pitying tenderness towards his friend who had not the means to live in a befitting style and who—the splendid fellow!—was too proud to accept any subsidy. Why could not his resources be enlarged by some honorable employment? A splendid idea, yet one demanding much tact in the execution!

For it became clear after slight reflection that the employer must be no other than Deakin himself, as he alone could offer an unusual salary, such as might tempt his friend out of his financial apathy, and such as he desired to see him possessed of. And this, moreover, could only be done if the work were quite special, something for which Appleby was peculiarly fitted, and by the acceptance of which he, on his part, might appear to be doing Deakin a service.

The only solution that occurred to the Alderman involved separation again between him and his friend, and for a long time he shrank from the thought with pain. Nevertheless, on arguing the matter over with himself he became convinced it would be such a good thing for Appleby that it would be more worthy of their friendship not to sacrifice the latter's welfare to sentimental considerations. Besides, had not Appleby himself complained that his idle days were most miserable? He placed his views before his wife in such a light that she could not but agree with him, and it now only remained to approach Appleby.

Deakin introduced the subject casually in the course of conversation. The firm was in somewhat of a fix just then, he explained. Three months before they had lost a most trusted servant at their Hong Kong dépôt. His perfect knowledge of the language had been simply invaluable.

"We are dreadfully inconvenienced," continued Deakin. "Lawson, our chief man out there, has tried one or two others, but they have turned out duffers. Seven hundred pounds a year goes with the post."

Deakin had himself fixed the amount, which in his youth had denoted to him solid respectability, and, in spite of his present enormous wealth, he retained his old feeling about it.

"That's pretty good pay," observed Appleby, obviously interested.

There was a long pause.

"I say, Appleby," said Deakin abruptly. "It occurs to me that *you* might come forward to our assistance."

"I!" stammered Appleby. "The idea is rather sudden."

"I fail to see why a sudden idea should be worse than any other kind of idea," observed Deakin. "Don't you think we both ought to seize such an opportunity of identifying our interests?"

VII.

So Appleby once more packed his baggage, and Deakin and his wife saw him off at the Albert Docks. The Alderman, though agitated and not free from misgiving, comforted himself with the thought that Appleby need only stay out there a few years to put by enough for the remainder of his life—for the salary could by and by be raised; and, after all, it *was* better that a man of Appleby's parts should be earning a good income than that he should be living idly in poverty and absolutely wasting his faculties.

The Deakins were indeed disturbed for a long time after he had sailed, but when cheerful letters began to arrive they plucked up heart again, feeling what had been done was indeed for the best. The outside world was by no means uninterested by the unexpected new chapter and freely expressed its approval.

Soon the correspondence had reestablished itself as of old, and Deakin and his wife both brightened up under the renewed régime. Mrs. Deakin, who had been ailing for some time, speedily recovered and eagerly gave her energies to the composition of periodic epistles, while Deakin himself beamed on his staff, overwhelming all with kindnesses. Appleby, he was delighted to find, was performing his duties with complete success, and had started a London banking account. And as it dawned on the Alderman how fruitful his idea had proved, his last doubts disappeared. To be able to associate his friend with seven hundred pounds a year and an increasing nest-egg instead of with the street of one-story houses and petty clerks and carpenters gave him an abiding satisfaction. As regards fortune, the gap between them was, of course, still measureless; nevertheless, the friendship now seemed more logical, more in the right order of things; whereas before it had been one of the wild, illogical facts of the universe. The near prospect too of occupying the civic chair contributed not a little to his general exhilaration, and he looked forward to recording for Appleby's sympathetic admiration and enjoyment the memorable

events of a glorious year of office. How much less purple would all the coming splendors have seemed were there no Appleby to receive their radiation!

Appleby, on his part, found the sensation of being so well-off not at all disagreeable. And, besides, as the Ducal President, hearing of his fresh departure, had suggested he should keep a friendly eye of inspection on a newer institution of theirs at Hong Kong, he once more enjoyed the sensuous pleasure of inditing reports that began with "My Lord Duke, my Lords, and Gentlemen."

But no doubt this happy order of things drew the envy of the gods. We may not flaunt our joys unless with a redeeming sense of possible calamity, and a pious trust it may be averted, as mortals were more mindful thousands of years ago than they are to-day.

Appleby had left England in spring sunshine, and the never-failing sparkle of his letters had preserved a continuity of gay freshness even through the winter fogs. So that when for once his sedulous punctuality was broken and an over-due letter, arriving quite three weeks beyond its time, explained its lateness by the indisposition of the writer, they did not feel any real anxiety, so bright and jesting was its tone throughout, so firm the penmanship. He had had a sort of low fever, he said, but he minimized its importance and did not dwell on the subject for more than a few lines out of the usual score of pages. Never having had the habit of anxiety about Appleby's health, for he had had scarcely a day's illness in his life, it did not occur to them to distrust his optimistic account of himself. It was only after they had posted their own reply that the thought of his illness, lingering in their minds, began to torment them. Perhaps, after all, there might be ground for alarm!

The fear grew on them, and at last Deakin determined to send a cablegram of inquiry. Impulsively he dashed off a long message.

Five hours later the answer was flashed back.

"Appleby suddenly stricken down again. Buried yesterday. Was about to notify.
LAWSON."

"My God!" moaned the Alderman, as his wife fell sobbing on his shoulder. "And it was I who made him go out there again!"



TO A CAPTIOUS CRITIC

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

DEAR critic, who my lightness so deploras,
Would I might study to be prince of bores,
Right wisely would I rule that dull estate—
But, sir, I may not, till you abdicate.

PETTICOAT POLITICS

By *Anne Hollingsworth Wharton*

*Author of "Through Colonial Doorways," "Heirlooms in Miniatures,"
"Salons Colonial and Republican," etc.*



ONE of the most curious phases of the political and social life of the Federal City during the first half of the century is presented by what has been designated as the Eaton episode.

That Peggy O'Neill, alias the Widow Timberlake, and later Mrs. John H. Eaton, the beautiful, audacious, and entirely unconventional daughter of an Irish tavern-keeper, should have become during the early years of President Jackson's administration an important factor in political preferment seems almost incredible. Yet so violent was the social storm raised by the marriage of the Secretary of War to the pretty Irish widow and by the President's championship of the Secretary's bride, that Mr. Webster, with rare political acumen, wrote, "It is odd, but the consequences of this desperate turmoil in the social and fashionable world may determine who shall succeed the present Chief Magistrate."

The prophecy of the Senator from Massachusetts was literally fulfilled. Mrs. Calhoun, wife of the Vice-President, absolutely refused to visit Mrs. Eaton, which naturally increased the strained relations already existing between the President and Mr. Calhoun. Mr. Van Buren, being a widower and unhampered by feminine convenances, was in a position to offer courtesies to the bride, which he promptly did. He also succeeded in inducing two legation bachelors, Mr. Vaughan, the British, and Baron Krudener, the Russian Minister, to pay attention to the fair "Bellona," as Mrs. Eaton had been dubbed in one of the journals of the day. Mr. Van Buren's effort to establish Mrs. Eaton in the social circles of the capital, even if not entirely successful, naturally placed him in high favor with the President. This was of great importance, as Jackson's personal influence in his party was almost unlimited, and the anti-Calhoun faction wished to secure his endorsement of Mr. Van Buren for the place of Vice-President on the Democratic ticket of 1832. Mr. Van Buren, in accordance with a well-arranged plan, resigned the Portfolio of State in 1831 and was promptly appointed Minister to the Court of St. James, from which he returned later to serve as Vice-President and finally as President of the United States.

Balls were given by Mr. Vaughan and the Russian Minister, assisted by Mr. Van Buren, at which it was arranged that Mrs. Eaton should be accorded the place of honor at supper and in the dance. These amiable gentlemen, however extensive may have been their knowledge of national diplomacy, were quite unversed in feminine finesse, and great was their consternation when they beheld substantial Cabinet dames float away and vanish into thin air upon the approach of the radiant and faultlessly attired "Bellona." Cotillon after cotillon dissolved into its original elements when she was accorded the place of honor at its head. At a very elegant ball given by the Russian Minister, the coup-de-grace was given when Mrs. Huygens, wife of the Dutch Minister, upon being conducted to a seat at the supper-table beside Mrs. Eaton, took her husband's arm and with great dignity left the room. It was after this ball that the President threatened to send the Dutch Minister home.

It should be explained, in justification of the efforts of the Cabinet ladies to ostracise Mrs. Eaton, that their objection to her was not simply that she was the daughter of an Irish tavern-keeper, but in consequence of much scandal associated with her name before and after the death of Mr. Timberlake, especially in connection with Mr. Eaton.

How fully the President understood Mrs. Eaton's character it is impossible to say. He certainly had had ample opportunities of knowing her during earlier visits to Washington, when he stopped at O'Neill's tavern, and with whatever mantle of charity he may have been pleased to cover the indiscretions of this brilliantly beautiful woman, in consequence of her unprotected and much exposed girlhood, his attempt to command a place for her among the decorous and well-bred women of the official circles in Washington was certainly arbitrary and ill-judged.

That the anti-Calhoun party made the most of the Eaton affair for their own purposes there seems to be no doubt, but that it meant much more than the "tempest in a teapot" which it appeared to be upon the surface is equally certain. Mrs. Calhoun held out in her refusal to recognize Mrs. Eaton, who with all her beauty and vivacity seems to have possessed no attraction for refined and cultivated women, and the other Cabinet and diplomatic ladies upheld Mrs. Calhoun. The President expostulated with the members of his Cabinet, who, retreating behind the very convenient aphorism, "place aux dames," in social matters, declared themselves quite powerless to alter the decree of their rebellious partners, in which dilemma their chief might have been expected to sympathize, as his wife's niece, Mrs. Donelson, the presiding lady of the White House, maintained the same uncompromising attitude towards the wife of the Secretary of War.

To have been the cause of Mrs. Donelson's leaving the White House, remaining the while in high favor, championed by the President, the

Secretary of State, and two foreign Ministers, was no small triumph for this most audacious Peggy. With her Irish love of adventure and broil, she was like a war-horse scenting the fray from near and from afar. Rejoicing in the clash of tongues that she had stirred up, with a keen zest of the humor of the situation, and all unhampered by any feeling of delicacy at the publicity of her position, Peggy entertained herself and her zealous champions by enacting for them graphic and highly colored scenes from this "Bataille aux Dames" of which she herself was the "casus belli."

A curiously undignified picture was presented by the President of the United States during the Eaton imbroglio. At one moment he exhausted eloquence and invective in trying to persuade or command his Cabinet officers to use their influence upon their refractory consorts, and when both arguments and threats failed, he was heard uttering the strong oath to which he was addicted, "By the Eternal, the spiteful cats who plagued the life out of my patient Rachel shall not scratch this brave little Peggy!" An undignified picture was this, and yet one most characteristic of this man of the people, domineering, hot-headed, often wrong-headed, obstinate, impulsive, and at the same time generous, unselfish, and always tender and chivalrous in his devotion to womankind.

Mr. Jackson's attitude in the Eaton affair may be better understood by referring to an earlier episode of his interesting and picturesque career, namely, to his first acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Robards. In these youthful days, long before there was any thought of a sentimental attachment to the woman whom he afterwards married, the chivalrous and emotional side of Jackson's nature was evidently dominant to the exclusion of prudence and common-sense.

Judge Overton and others who were then intimately acquainted with Jackson have entirely exonerated him from anything reprehensible in this affair. His sympathy was excited by the misfortunes of a charming young woman, and he was too frank and unguarded in his expressions of interest in view of the jealous nature of her husband. It is quite possible that Jackson did not realize that his affections were engaged by Mrs. Robards until he had started, at Colonel Sark's request, as one of the little party which he had gathered together to protect Mrs. Robards upon her journey from Nashville to Natchez. Colonel Sark, a valued friend of the Donelsons, asked Jackson to accompany the party because he felt that he needed a stronger force in view of some disturbances among the Indians in that part of the country. Mrs. Robards was making this journey to some friends in Natchez, with her mother's knowledge and consent, in order to escape a command of Mr. Robards to return to him. Jackson heard soon after that Robards had applied to the Legislature of Virginia for a divorce,

and without assuring themselves that the divorce had been granted Jackson and Mrs. Robards were married.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the propriety or impropriety of Jackson's marriage with a divorcée. His carelessness in not thoroughly investigating the legal bearings of the case is absolutely unpardonable. There was really no law of divorce in Virginia at this time. The Legislature of Virginia passed an act authorizing the Supreme Court of Kentucky to try the case with a jury. Robards took no action for two years. Two or three years after their marriage, upon hearing of the final action of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Mercer County, Kentucky, in granting a divorce, Jackson and Mrs. Robards were married again. "The circumstances of the marriage were such," says Mr. Sumner, "as to provoke scandal at the time, and the scandal, which in the case of a more obscure man would have died out during thirty years of honorable wedlock, came up over and over again during Jackson's career. It is plain that Jackson himself was to blame for contracting a marriage under ambiguous circumstances, and for not protecting his wife's honor by precautions, such as finding out the exact terms of the act of the Legislature of Virginia. . . . Having put her in a false position, against which, as a man and a lawyer, he should have protected her, he was afterwards led by his education and the current ways of thinking in the society about him to try to heal the defects of his marriage certificate by shooting any man who dared to state the truth, that said certificate was irregular."

The campaign of 1828 was full of bitter personalities. Against Jackson were brought up the question of his marriage and every salient feature that could be discovered or invented of his strenuous frontier life and more or less despotic military governorship. Mr. Adams was likewise charged with having made a corrupt promise to Mr. Webster, with being a monarchist and an aristocrat, with having married an Englishwoman, with being rich, with being in debt, with receiving large sums of public money, quarrelling with his father, corrupting the public service, with having a billiard-table put in the White House at the public expense, and with many other offences, equally absurd or equally false. These few among the many charges made against President Adams are cited to show that General Jackson was not the only sufferer from malicious tongues and journals in this campaign, but, being as fervently hated by one party as he was enthusiastically admired by the other, he naturally suffered more at the hands of his enemies than the rival candidate.

When the news that her husband had been nominated was communicated to Mrs. Jackson, she remarked, with evident sincerity and a keen appreciation of the sacrifice of domestic happiness that this step involved, "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake, I am glad; for my own

part, I never wished it." One tale that has been related of Mrs. Jackson is, that during a shopping expedition to Nashville after her husband's election, she picked up a paper while resting at an inn and read some of the scurrilous charges made against him and herself. As the story runs, the poor lady, from whom the papers had been carefully secreted, was so shocked and distressed that she never recovered from the blow, and died soon after. The account given by a member of Mrs. Jackson's family is somewhat different, and is probably the correct version of a very sad experience. After the election, when preparations were being made for leaving the Hermitage, the General's home, for Washington, Mrs. Jackson was obliged to go to Nashville to have some dresses fitted. The occasion of "Missis" going to town was always quite an affair among the colored people. They gathered around her as she left, each one asking her not to forget that this one was to have a ribbon, another a kerchief, bandana, or some little gift. Mrs. Jackson left her home in good spirits, accompanied by her husband, who always rode beside his wife's carriage as far as Stone River. After she reached Nashville and had attended to her dressmaking and shopping, Mrs. Jackson, being very much fatigued, took a room at one of the principal inns and threw herself on the bed to rest before her drive home. While resting, she was suddenly awakened by hearing voices in a room which was separated from her own by a thin partition:

"Just think what she'll look like in white satin and diamonds and laces! She's nothing but a meal-bag tied in the middle, anyhow. He'll soon feel what a hinderance she is to him when he gets to Washington among the fine ladies there."

Then followed some talk about a questionable marriage, which made Mrs. Jackson realize that the remarks of the ill-natured gossips were aimed at her. Before she fully realized this, the poor lady had heard enough to make her very unhappy. When asked afterwards why she did not make her presence known, she answered with characteristic amiability, "I supposed they did not know I heard them and would be hurt if they found out I had." All through the long drive home the cruel words kept ringing in Mrs. Jackson's ears. When Jackson met her at Stone River he noticed that she looked tired and spiritless, but could draw nothing from her. Mrs. Jackson afterwards told what had happened to one of her nieces, who begged her not to think again of the words of the ill-natured gossips, to which she answered sadly: "I cannot help thinking of it, because it is true. I will be no advantage to my husband at the White House, and I wish never to go there and disgrace him. You will go and take care of his house for him, and I will stay here and take care of everything until he comes back, as I have often done before in Mr. Jackson's absences."

Soon after this, on the day that the ball was to be given at Nashville in honor of General Jackson, the date chosen being the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, Mrs. Jackson told her husband to go and rest before dressing for the ball. He did so, charging the family to send for him if she wanted him. A few minutes after he had left her room, Mrs. Jackson called her niece and said that she felt badly and had difficulty in getting her breath. The General was summoned, and in a few moments she died in his arms.

Her husband, and those who were with her constantly, said that Mrs. Jackson had never been the same since her visit to Nashville, and one of the old servants who met her when she returned said that "Missis looked like she had been shot in the heart." It seemed, indeed, as if the tender heart of this gentle, affectionate creature had been wounded past healing. To an intimate friend she said, in view of the unpleasant gossip about her marriage, "To think of my bringing trouble to the good man who released me from wretchedness and has made my life so happy."

Mrs. Jackson was unquestionably ailing for some months before her death. Grief and depression of spirits may have hastened the end, as her husband in the bitterness of his anguish seems to have believed. With this fresh grief in his heart, it is not strange that the tender-hearted and chivalrous Jackson, to whom the conventionalities of social life were as nothing in comparison with the happiness of one fellow-creature, was ready to champion the first woman in distress whom he should meet. The fact that the woman in question, the dashing Widow Timberlake, was as different from his gentle, innocent-minded Rachel as night from day, made no difference to him. Peggy was persecuted by ill-natured gossips, his friend Eaton had married her, and right or wrong she should have her place in the society of the capital. If this woman's conduct and conversation had not been above reproach, there was reason the stronger for defending her and starting her again in the right direction. So argued with rare clemency this man who, at certain periods of his military and political career, had shown himself implacable towards his foes, tyrannical in the use of power, and at times overbearing and cruel.

◆

The details of the Eaton episode seem worth recalling, because they reveal a side of the soldier-President's character that has been little understood, because the political sequence proved the affair to be more than a nine-days' wonder, and for the curious phase thus presented of the changing, kaleidoscopic, sometimes gay, sometimes sombre, but always interesting life of the Republican Capital in the first half of the century.

THE WHITE COUNTERPANE

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Author of "The Uncalled," "Folks from Dixie," etc.



THIRD IN THE SERIES OF OHIO PASTORALS

IT was the late afternoon. The sun was low in the west, and the coolness of approaching evening had succeeded the scorching heat of the summer's day. The haymakers in the great Judkins field were wiping their perspiring brows and preparing to go home. The huge wain went lumbering up the field-road and through the big gateway, the horses sniffing food and rest in the evening air.

A woman stood in the middle of the field apart from the rest, and, leaning upon her rake, looked dreamily away to the horizon. A man came by and touched her arm. She started, and then, falling into his step, walked on with him.

"Howdy, John," she said. "You like to skeered me."

"What was you thinkin' about?" he asked.

"Oh, nothin', I was jest a-studyin'; I was too tired even to think."

"It is tiresome work fur a woman. I wisht——"

"It ain't easy," she replied, unheeding his embarrassed halt, "but a body's got to do something."

"Yes, something," he said lamely. "But"—he gathered boldness—"there's other things fur women to do besides workin' out in the hay-field along with the men."

"None o' my folks ain't never gone into house service, an' I guess my mother 'u'd turn over in her grave ef I was to go into anybody else's kitchen."

There was a weary note in Maria Holden's voice. John Stearns detected it, and his voice trembled as he rejoined, "Every woman ought to have a kitchen of her own to be in."

"Of course she ought, but ef she hasn't, or can only be in her own after serving somebody else, what then?"

Her eyes fell on the man's face with the starved expression which comes to the countenance of woman when her hungry soul is feeding on itself. John Stearns answered it with a look as hopeless and a deprecating gesture.

"Ef I had my way," he said, "you should have a kitchen of yore own, and you should never serve anybody but yoreself. But——"

"I know, John, I know," she broke in. "I understand it all; but

it don't do any good to talk about these things: it only makes us dissatisfied and rebellious." The woman laid her rake across her shoulder and quickened her pace, as if to outrun her thoughts. John hastened to catch up with her.

"I know it don't do no good to talk about it, an' I don't never say no more than I can help, but there is times when the words jest naturally spill out of my heart, and it's a sort of satisfaction to let them spill. I've been raised peculiar, Maria."

"I know that too, John, an' you can't help yore raisin'—mind, I ain't a-blamin' yore folks, now; but I can't lay the blame on you."

"Seems 's ef somebody ought to be blamed, don't it?"

"Yes, it does."

"Here we been a-waitin' year in an' year out. You're thirty-five, M'ri." It sounded like an accusation. "We been goin' along steady an' sober a-mindin' our own business an' hopin'—that is, hopin' fur the best," he added, coloring. "We've seen lots o' people younger than us grow up an' marry, but it don't seem to be intended fur us."

"No, it don't, John, it don't seem to be intended fur us, ever."

"I know what folks say," he went on bitterly. "I know that everybody thinks that ef I was any kind of a man I would go ahead an' take the intentions into my own hands and make 'em what I wanted 'em to be. But I can't! I can't! I tell you I've been raised peculiar, and what's growed into a man's bones from childhood up it's hard to git out o' him. It allus seems to me like ef I'd go ag'in' my mother's wishes, it 'u'd jest be like puttin' her aside when she was helpless. It used to be when I was a child that she could spank me and make me mind; but jest as soon as I git beyond the spankin' age I take the first chance I can git o' showin' off an' shamin' her. Don't you see, M'ri', how it 'u'd look?"

"I do see, an' I wouldn't want you to do any other way than what you're a-doin'. I've been raised peculiar too, John. Most of us in these parts has. And there's somethin' I feel that you don't seem to see at all. It does look to me like I was jest a-kinder standin' around waitin' fur yore mother to die. Now I don't want to be a-hankerin' fur no dead woman's place, so don't you think that we'd both better give up an' stop thinkin' about it?"

"Give up! oh, I couldn't do that! It's the only thing that's held me up fur the last ten years. No, M'ri', let's jest go on hopin' that mother'll come round at last. You don't know my mother: she's got a mighty good heart."

"I ain't sayin' ner thinkin' a thing ag'in' yore mother, John. I'm only talkin' ag'in' things. It ain't yore mother no more than anybody else. It's—it's—things—I can't explain it, but it's the way things turn out."

The hopeless note in her voice grated on his ear, but it did more than that: it sent a shaft of pain to his heart that stung him almost into action. He was filled with a sudden shame at himself, and a pitying love for the hardworked, restrained woman who had waited for him so long.

"M'ri'," he said, "couldn't we,—couldn't we—sort o' fix things?"

"How?"

"Couldn't we slip away an' git married on the quiet like?" He trembled at his own boldness as he spoke. She turned and looked at him half in anger. All the primitive pride in her being flamed up in her eyes.

"I ain't waited so long fur you, John Stearns, to slip away like a thief to marry you at last. No, ef ever we two air j'ined, it'll be open and above-board, in church and before the people that's seen and laughed at my waitin'. An' what's more,"—she drew herself up with a sudden motion,—“it's been you all the time that's held back; now it'll be fur me to say, an' I won't never marry you until you've got yore mother's consent full and free.”

"Don't say that, M'ri'. You don't know what it means."

"Yes, I do; but I mean it."

His head drooped abjectly. "I didn't go to hurt yore feelin's," he faltered.

"You ain't hurt my feelin's, John," she said. "I've jest commenced to feel that I got feelin's. I been a-goin' along like an animal a-takin' hurts and only knowin' in a dull sort of a way that they was hurts. But I feel keener now, and mebbe on that account things'll pass me by. They say the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; mebbe He tempers His blows to a thin skin." She laughed without mirth.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I'm sorry."

"La!" exclaimed one of two women as John and Maria passed them, "ef I don't believe them two's been spattin'. Who ever heard tell o' sich a thing fur them."

"Well, it 'u'd be a good thing ef M'ri' did wake up and give him a right good tongue-lashin'. Mebbe he'd learn some sense—enough, anyhow, to let that mother o' his'n know that he'd come of age."

"Don't say a word, Tillie. I reely pity John more'n I blame him. I know jest how he feels. When they've been mother's boys all their lives, it's mighty hard to cut loose all of a sudden."

"Mebbe it is, but what I think is that it's all right fur them to be mother's boys as long as they are in short pants, but when they grow I want to see them grow into men. It ain't nothin' but conceit nohow that makes them mother's boys. They hear people a-praisin' them an' sayin' how good they air fur doin' jest what they'd ought to do, lookin'

after their mothers, an' it spoils 'em. They're allus doin' somethin' fur folks to see, a-tryin' to live up to their reputation even ef it goes to the len'th o' keepin' a faithful woman waitin' year in an' year out an' breakin' her heart at last. Look at M'ri' Holden, how old she looks. Why, I remember when she was the purtiest girl in this town. It ain't hard work so much that makes a woman old, fur she kin work an' toil an' grub fur them she loves an' still come up smilin' an' rosy, but it's waitin' an' hopin' an' starvin' that ages 'em."

"I don't know but what I should kinder hate to see my boy marry an' furgit me. Mothers' hearts air purty tender on them points, you know."

"I'm a mother too, Esther Meriweather, an' I guess I'm about as lovin' a one as most, but I tell my Willie that when he gits notions in his head, I want him to go along an' do the right thing an' not keep no woman pinin' after him. It's because I am a mother that I kin feel fur some other mother's daughter."

"There's a good deal of truth in what you've said, Tillie, but——"

"But what?"

"I'd feel a good deal better in this case ef I hadn't seen ol' Mis' Stearns's blind move jest now. It ain't a-goin' to make her any yield-ener to see John an' M'ri' together."

"Mebbe it ain't, but it'll make her useter to it. For my part, I hope she will see 'em—there, that's jest like M'ri' Holden to turn off at the corner instid o' passin' the gate with him. Ef that 'u'd 'a' been me, I'd 'a' walked 'spang' past the house."

But Maria Holden did not need to walk "spang past the house" to be seen by the ever-watchful eyes of Mrs. Stearns. The moving blind had hidden her form and shut out from scrutinizing eyes the look of hurt anxiety that came into her face when she saw the couple part at the corner.

Outside with Maria, John had felt injured and a bit heroic, but once in the presence of his mother, his feelings underwent a total change. A glance at her face—for in the long and close intimacy between mother and son they had learned to read each other well—told him that she had seen him with his companion. The sigh that forced itself between her tight-shut lips indicated with equal plainness that the sight had not been an agreeable one.

"Supper ready, mother?" he asked.

Another sigh came forth to follow its brother. "Oh, yes," she replied very gently, "supper's ready. As soon as you're ready to set down, I'll come an' help yore plate."

"Ain't you goin' to eat nothin' yoreself?"

"No, I don't believe I keer about anything myself. I ain't hungry. I jest want to see you satisfied."

The very tone in which Mrs. Stearns spoke was an accusation against her son. "Behold," it said, "what a mother am I. How gentle. How solicitous of my son's well-being. Did the world ever see such another one? Can anyone imagine a son's supplanting such a mother by a wife? Surely never."

John went through the house to the yard behind, where with much splashing he washed and cooled his flushed face. When he sat down to the table his mother paused only long enough beside her chair to say grace, and then bustled away to serve him. Each knew what was lying uppermost in the other's mind, but neither spoke. It was unpleasant, John thought, this being treated as a culprit without being given the chance of a defence. He wished that his mother would say something, so that he might answer and reason with her. But the longer the silence continued, the more abject he grew. If it went on much longer, he knew that when the inevitable argument should come he would not have a leg to stand on, and would meekly give up, as it had been his wont to do.

Finally, to save himself, he spoke: "It was a awful hot day in the field to-day."

"I 'lowed it must 'a' been."

"I noticed M'ri' Holden give down and have to rest several times."

"Um!"

"I was talkin' to her. It must be pretty hard on her, workin' out in the field sich weather as this. Me and her walked down the road together."

"I noticed."

This reticence disconcerted John, but he struggled bravely on, spurred to effort by the determination to have it over and done with once for all.

"I was a-tellin' her that field work wasn't fit fur no woman to do."

"I ca'cilate she agreed with you."

"Why, yes, o' course, leastways she couldn't very well help it. It was me a-makin' the statement and she couldn't contradict me out and out." Then, as if the point of his affirmation had been assailed and was the only thing that needed defence, he repeated, "And field work ain't no fittin' thing fur a woman to be a-doin'."

"I did it," said his mother firmly.

"Yes, but—but in them days——" He paused, confused and at a loss to go on.

"In them days," she took him up, "women was content to live by what their hands could earn, an' didn't have to try an' gobble up the first man that looked like he could take keer o' them."

The color mounted to the son's brow and made a little line of red where his hat-brim had warded off the tan.

"Ef you mean that fur M'ri' Holden," he said, "she ain't gobbled up ner been willin' to gobble up the first man that'll take care o' her. She'd had plenty of offers when I said my say to her, and I couldn't promise her as much as some o' the others, neither, but she chose to wait fur me even when I was oncertain. Well, she's had a waitin' time of it and she's showed herself a true woman ef ever one has. I wish to the Lord I was as much a man!"

"Be a man, John Stearns, be a man! Far be it from me to lay a straw in yore way. I ain't never told you what to do neither one way ner the other. I've allus tried my level best to make you comfortable an' happy, an' you sha'n't say now that I sp'iled yore pleasure in life."

"I think I owe somethin', mother, to the woman that's been a-spoilin' her life a-waitin' fur me all these years."

"O' course you do, o' course; an' you don't owe nothin' to yore mother that's toiled an' slaved all her life fur you: when a man gits marryin' in his head he furgits all that." Usually John capitulated here and the argument ended, but to-night, contrary to his common usage, he went on: "I ain't a-furgittin' you, mother. I wouldn't do that. No more would M'ri': she'd be more like a help and comfort to you."

"Don't say no more to me, John. I ain't told you not to marry M'ri' Holden, an' I ain't a-goin' to tell you so now."

"We been waitin' so long," he said plaintively. "Jes look," and he threw back the hair that lay over his brow, showing the streaks of gray that sprinkled it. The movement was eloquent with the pathos of his hard, unsatisfied life. "Sich things mean more to a woman than they do to a man," he continued.

"I ain't got nothin' more to say, only I do say that I think ef M'ri' wanted my house an' my things, she might 'a' waited till my head was cold before she went to reachin' fur 'em."

John rose from the table and, taking his hat, went out without a word. His slow, unemotional nature had been aroused, and a storm was raging within him. As his mother had said, she had never told him not to marry Maria Holden, but it was such scenes as this through which he had just passed that had checked and crushed him and dominated his patient will.

His father had died when he was yet very young, and, an only child, ever under the care and command of his mother, he had grown to manhood believing devoutly in her strength and wisdom. Now, it needed something more than an ordinary wrench to make him stand forth in opposition to her wishes. But to-night he felt equal to any manner or degree of revolt. In this mood he wandered down to the little river that wound its peaceful way through the village, and sat down upon the bank to think the matter out.

John had not been gone long, and his mother was still sitting in a brown study across from the uncleared table, when a visitor knocked and entered. She was a little old lady with a face as mild and innocent as a child's.

Mrs. Stearns visibly brightened as she said, "Why, howdy do, Mother Judkins; take a chair."

"Howdy, Jerushy, child," said the visitor, sinking into a rush-bottomed seat. "How air you an' John a-stan'in' the hot weather?"

"Oh, middlin'. John, he was complainin' some this evenin'."

"I see him goin' down the street jes' now, and says I to myself, there goes as stiddy a boy as ever was. He'll make some woman a good husband."

Mrs. Stearns pursed her lips, but Mother Judkins, whose mild, kindly eyes never saw anything, went blindly on: "It does seem to me so funny that every harum-scarum young scamp that you can't put no dependence on ups an' gits married, while the stiddy, solid men go along single."

"Humph!"

"It did jest seem like a special providence that Nathan Foster woke up at last and took Lizzie Young; but, mercy sakes, what a long time he was a-comin' to it!"

The old lady had seated herself for a chat, and she heeded no storm signals. Had her husband, Abe Judkins, been there, he would have stopped her, for he said, "Mother allus needed someone along to keep her from speakin' out in meetin'." So she wandered on, and when she rose to go she was all unconscious that her simple words had helped increase a brewing storm. Mrs. Stearns followed her to the door, and then hastily shut it and hurried back into the room. She was wrought to a high pitch by jealousy and anger. Her love and care for her son had grown into selfishness, but she did not know it. She only saw in herself all of the maternal virtues. Her son, despite the gray hair, was but a boy to her still, and a boy to be watched over, guarded, commanded, and repressed. She continued to hold herself responsible for anything he might do, and she looked with equal horror on any effort of his to be free either from her care or control. The revolt of the night had meant to her the shifting of the very foundation of things. In all their former contests upon this same subject he had never been so strenuous and outspoken in his opposition to her will. She saw in this new departure the strong hold which another love had taken upon him. And, oh, a mother's heart is a jealous one, whether it beats under the homespun of a peasant or the velvet of a grand dame. Mrs. Stearns flamed with sudden anger.

"M'ri' Holden's been a-pisenin' my son's mind ag'in me." The hot tears rushed to her eyes and hid from sight the old blue china that

sparkled and gleamed on the presses about her, and the familiar look of the dear old furniture which had been the gathering of her struggling life. She rose up with a sudden resolution and forced back the bold drops. "Ef she does take him," she exclaimed, "not one bit of all I've labored fur shall she have. She kin work fur her own, an' mebbe when she's raised a child and toiled fur comforts to have around him, she'll learn, like I have, what it is to have another woman step in and take all the pleasure an' joy out o' life. No, she sha'n't have a thing o' mine. Pore John! pore child!" and the tears started afresh. "I know he'll suffer not havin' the things he's been used to all his life, an' ef it wasn't fur her, I'd—but I'll do it! I'll do it!"

There was determination in her step as she passed out of the kitchen and up the stairs to the garret. "Little did I think," she said as she delved into the drawers of a time-honored press,—“little did I think when I put my will away up here that I'd be lookin' fur it ag'in to cut off my own son. But ef we make our beds, we must lay in them.”

The old press was filled with a motley assortment of yellow papers with seals and stamps of every variety of antiquity,—the house's documentary accumulations for three or four generations. There were old, long-forgotten wills, deeds, conveyances, and letters written by hands that had been dust for half a century, all tossed aimlessly together, a musty, pathetic, yellow heap. Among these the old woman's eyes glanced and her hands fumbled. A bundle of old letters met her gaze and she picked it up. She knew the handwriting even after all those years. Could she forget it, that hard, cramped scrawl, the best effort of a hand more used to the plough than the pen? She drew one from its faded and worn envelope and went to the window to read it by the failing light. As she perused it a glow came into her tanned and wrinkled cheeks, and moisture kept hiding the yellowed page from her. The memories of the past, of her own girlhood and its love, came over her with a rush of tender feeling.

The swain had laboriously spelled out:

“DERE ANNIE: Father's put the 'dition to the house an' bort the field jinin' ours. Mother's give me her white counterpin fur you, an' I've got fifty dollars saved up an' our waitin' is over. I'm happy, ain't you? Set the day, now, an' make it soon. Yores,
JIM.

“P.S. Uncle Syphax has give me a colt.”

Her eyes were swimming. How well she remembered it all, and what joy that letter had brought her! What great items in her existence the counterpane and colt had been. The counterpane had long ago been worn out and its place supplied by a finer one, and Barney the colt had died in a green old age,—and Maria and John were waiting now as she and his father had done then. All the bitterness of

the years rolled away from her. The callousness that a life of toil had laid heavily upon her heart was there no more, and she was a young widow again with her baby boy at her breast, mourning for the husband stricken down in the bloom of his youth. With a cry she pressed the letter to her bosom, and so she sat for a space with her mind roaming the green pastures of the past. After awhile, the will forgotten, she rose and went softly downstairs, the letter tightly clasped in her hand.

By the bank of the river John had sat and thought it all out. He was wrong. After all, she was his mother, and if set in her ways and peculiar, it was for him to bear in patient silence. This was his conclusion, but it left him with a sore and hopeless heart as he turned away from the little stream and bent his steps homeward.

There was no light in the kitchen when he got there, but his mother was sitting by the window. The last ember of his wrath died out as he looked at her through the gloom and thought that she was mourning over his words to her.

"We won't say nothin' more about M'ri', mother," he said.

"Never mind, John," she broke in upon him, "you hush; we jest air goin' to say some more about M'ri'." She got up and put her arm about his neck, an unwonted show of affection in this undemonstrative woman. "I were wrong," she went on with trembling voice. "I were wrong, John, but I've—I've repented."

"Don't you say that, mother," he cried in alarm, "there ain't nothin' to repent of. I ain't a-goin'——"

"You're a-goin' to bring me a darter into this house, that's what you're a-goin' to do, an', the good Lord helpin' me, I kin take two children into my heart. Don't say nothin' now; I—I've laid out my white counterpane."

His hand was trembling as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"I didn't mean to hurt yore feelin's, mother," he pleaded.

"You ain't hurt my feelin's: you've opened my eyes; an'—an'—I found a old letter of yore father's, John. I been blind, but—there, there's my white counterpane fur M'ri'!"



UNHAPPINESS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

HIGH on the hills the miser, Autumn, sits,
 Hoarding his wondrous wealth of treasured gold;
 Yet in the night I hear his grieving voice
 In every wind that sweeps across the wold.

PETER AND NUMBER SIX

By Francis Churchill Williams

Author of "J. Devlin, Boss"



"PETER BROWN—Cleve'lund." That was all that Johnson, the foreman of the gang unloading cars at the Sampson Steel Works, could elicit from the thin-legged, dirty, ragged boy with sharp blue eyes whom he hauled from a corner of one of the cars. But if Johnson had hard hands and a loud voice, he also had a soft heart. So, as they needed a furnace-boy, he took Peter Brown home with him, and the next day set him to work at Number Six.

Number Six was one of a row of furnaces in the shop where steel was made by the "open-hearth" process. The building was a skeleton of beams with a skin of corrugated iron. Up and down its length ran the travelling-crane, which lifted eighty tons as easily as a man lifts as many ounces. The place resounded, day and night, with the clang of beaten metal, the roar of the fires. Its floor was littered with scrap steel, broken moulds, and sand-piles. Six furnaces—square piles of brick, clamped with iron—were ranged along one side. Back of each was a deep pit into which the crane lowered a huge ladle at the end of chains when the melted metal was to be transferred to a mould. Many arc-lights hung from the roof; at times the intense blue-white radiance from a gush of metal carved out figures in silhouette.

Each furnace had an opening in front over which moved a plate. At Number Six Peter pulled down a long lever which raised this plate and held it there as long as was needed. Sometimes he did this that Johnson could squint through a square of blue glass into the furnace; the light and heat were more than the naked eye could bear. Sometimes it was to allow the furnace-hands to "charge up"—to shoot shovelfuls of ferro-manganese and other chemicals into the yawning mouth.

Peter raised the door of Number Six with trembling hands. The furnaces were fed with interchanging volumes of gas which passed in lapping tongues of fire over the metal that bubbled like soup, a pale blue vapor curling from it. The scoffs and taunts of men and boys could not cure Peter of his dread of this. He half expected an arm of flame to stretch out, seize him, and drag him into that glowing vault. By and by, however, he came to watch the furnaces with fearful joy.

But this was after he had been "broken in" by the boys. "Pete's easy," was the word. And "Pete" was "easy"—for a time. They tricked him into picking up tiny test-castings while they were hot; they touched a match to the blow-hole of the gas-pipe when his back was convenient, and the humming spurt of flame made him shriek; they let bars of iron crash on the floor of metal behind him. Peter was in constant dread. The best of it, from their point of view, was that he did not retaliate; he would not fight. "Pete's got no nerve," was their verdict—a verdict in which the men shared. They could not understand a boy who didn't stick up for himself with his fists.

Johnson alone measured Peter fairly. The foreman, watching him one evening,—for they were on the night-shift now,—remarked to McNally, his assistant, "Th' boy's all right. I wish he'd lick one a them other boys. But if he won't, it don't show he can't. Some a these days Peter'll surprise 'em."

But Peter gave no sign then that he would fulfil this prophecy. He was a silent boy. His face, most of the time, wore an old, dreamy look. The plenty he got to eat gave a better color to his skin, but it did not fill in his cheeks. The unpatched clothes which Johnson gave him—"t' start him off right"—hung on him; his "jumper" could almost have been wrapped about him twice. "Scraggy" was what McNally called him. The younger generation christened him "Skinny."

Peter's one manifest pleasure was to watch a furnace being "tapped." When the chance came, he perched on a mould or sand-pile out of the way but close enough to see everything.

It was his unspoken ambition to be one of the men who, armed with the long "tapping-irons," picked at the seal of fused sand which stopped the "tapping-hole" in each furnace. He soon was able to foretell from the change in color in the seal as it was chipped away the moment when the first thin stream of liquid metal would spurt out into the great ladle in the pit with a thousand iridescent tints. Then Peter's eyes danced, and he twined and untwined his fingers in excitement.

"What're y' doin' there, Peter?" asked Johnson one evening, over-seeing this pantomime.

Peter's face fell; he dropped his hands loosely in his lap. "Nuthin'," he said slowly. "Jus'—watchin'."

It was only a few nights later that a "heat" was nearing completion in Number Six when Mr. Baxter came strolling by. Suddenly he halted back of the furnace. Mr. Baxter was the head of the department. So, when he called sharply, "McNally, come here!" McNally responded on the run. Johnson was off duty, and McNally was in charge.

Peter could see Mr. Baxter, and heard what was said, or part of it.

Mr. Baxter pointed to a spot mid-high on the back wall of Number Six. "Looks nasty," he said. "Looks as if it were coming through. Was afraid she wouldn't stand another heat—lining's worn out."

McNally nodded, and together they watched a curious spot of dull red on the brick wall. It spread slowly, but visibly brightened.

"Metal's eatin' through. Sand-lining's given way. Sixty thousand pounds of melted metal! Where'll it go?"

Mr. Baxter did not say that the escape of the "heat" meant a loss in time and money for the Works; but Peter knew that.

"What can we do?" asked McNally in a louder voice. He scratched his head. "Once she gits t' runnin'——" He stretched out an eloquent arm.

Mr. Baxter turned abruptly. "Get the fire-hose—quick!" he commanded. "We may be able to cool down the wall and hold it in."

McNally ran off with a call to his men. In two minutes the great hose was writhing across the floor. McNally and another man held the nozzle. A score of idle hands made a circle about Number Six. Peter ran to his old place of vantage on a mould.

Mr. Baxter gave a signal with his arm, and the hose filled and squirmed with the flow of water. A two-inch stream shot out. McNally and his mate took up a position close to the edge of the "pit," and turned the stream on the spot on the furnace wall, now glowing cherry red.

There was a loud hissing, a vast cloud of steam puffed up. The bricks of the wall could be heard crackling under the drenching shower of cool water.

Then there was a sharp explosion, a pause, then a series of explosions. The cloud of steam was riven, bits of brick were thrown out. Next came an explosion louder than any, and a piece of metal band struck Mr. Baxter on the knee. He gave a sharp cry and fell. A volley of smaller pieces was blown about the heads of McNally and his companion. The rumblings from the furnace were ominous.

With a cry of alarm the pipe-men dropped the nozzle and ran. The circle of onlookers scattered. They all knew that sixty thousand pounds of liquid fire was in the furnace, and that its touch was almost certain death.

For a moment Mr. Baxter was stunned. The stream from the hose squirted idly into the "pit." The cloud of steam lifted and showed the spot on the wall, glowing angrily, framed in irregular cracks. Then Mr. Baxter found his voice. "Come back!" he roared. "Turn the hose on her! We'll save her yet!"

But no one stirred. Something stronger than the bidding of their master held them where they were. "You cowards! You cowards!" yelled Mr. Baxter. He tried to crawl to where the hose-pipe lay.

Then into the circle of light cast by the arc-lamp overhead ran a small figure and grabbed the pipe. "Peter!" gasped McNally. And Peter it was—Peter, his eyes shining, his mouth working in an odd, spasmodic way, though none of them saw that.

The hose twisted as he picked it up; the nozzle jumped and knocked him down. He scrambled to his feet and seized it again. He wrestled with it; and again it threw him down. Then he dropped to his knees, and gripped it between his legs and held it. The stream of water crept up the wall and centred on the glowing spot.

Again came a tremendous hissing and a burst of steam. In a moment an explosion and another and another. Bits of brick and splinters of metal were thrown out as from a gun. They whizzed over the kneeling figure and over Mr. Baxter. A few flew among the circle of men who fell back.

But in the glare of the electric light they saw a dwarf silhouette of thin shoulders and bullet head standing out against the rosy curtain of steam which shrouded the wall of Number Six. And the stream of water held true to its mark.

A half minute went by; it seemed an hour to the men. The explosions ceased, the cloud of steam paled. Only the hissing on the hot bricks told that the fight went on between fire and water, and that water was proving itself the master.

And then shame mustered McNally's courage, and he ran to where Peter kneeled. But the wall was saved, the metal checked. Peter gave up the pipe.

He danced up and down. "It's done! It's done!" he cried, twisting his fingers. "Th' water did it, Mr. Baxter!" And with that he ran back to his old place on the mould to see what else would happen.

And that was all he did and all he said. Peter always was a silent fellow.



THE ENDLESS RACE

BY FRANCES DU BIGNON

THE waves come rollicking up the beach
 Each day for the same wild race
 That the first grand sunrise touched with gold
 When earth swung into space.

The strong wind strives with the thundering surf,
 A victor careless and free,
 For he sweeps on while the surging main
 Is balked by the tide's decree.

CONCERNING SOME RECENT BOOKS

TO tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,—a laudable aim in a biographer no less than a witness under oath,—is the purpose of the "True" series of biographies, which we inaugurated some little time ago with "George Washington," and have since followed up with "Benjamin Franklin" and "William Penn;" Paul Leicester Ford wrote the first, and Sidney George Fisher the later two. The success of the initial volume, and the subsequent—and consequent—welcome of its companions, indicate that the "true" system of biography is appreciated by the public, which no longer accepts with complaisance the opinions of any would-be biographer, or his "estimate" of his subject, but demands to be furnished with evidence as to what the subject did and thought and felt, and—if possible—what he himself thought of his life.

These things must be sought industriously in a multitude of places, and through a bewildering diversity of "material" of all sorts. The social environment of the subject, his personality as expressed in his correspondence and in other indications, the average intellectual life of the times and of his locality—all these must be searched for fragments of truth. It is not every one who can make such a search, for industry without discrimination avails nothing; nor is it everyone who can piece such materials together into a more or less homogeneous whole, while to produce the whole undistorted by personal bias is indeed a task beyond the powers of most of even the ablest of us.

Particularly is this true in the case of such a myriad-minded man as Thomas Jefferson. In the words of the present volume:

"Virginia was blessed with great men in those days,—Washington, Marshall, Henry, Madison,—and other patriots of the Revolution from the colonies had talent and learning as well as patriotism, but Jefferson was probably the most accomplished man in public life as well as the most versatile. A fine mathematician, an astronomer who could reckon latitude and longitude as well as a sailor, and who calculated the eclipse of 1778 with accuracy, he was also able to read and write in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian." Add to this his attainments as a lawyer, politician, diplomat, and statesman; his knowledge

of farming; his grasp of the science of his time; his services in the promotion of education, and particularly in aid of the University of Virginia; his knowledge of architecture, which enabled him to design buildings for the University of Virginia, the State Capitol at Richmond, etc.; his character as an ardent lover, good friend, and bitter enemy; his fondness for music, good living, and gossip concerning friends and acquaintances, and we have a character unsurpassed in its complexity.

Nor is there any lack of original material from which to draw authentic data. Tradition and recorded history gives us much. The Declaration of Independence stands an immortal monument to his memory, as does also the University of Virginia. His note-books and account-books are extant, recording the most minute details of his personal and household expenses, facts about his farming, his scientific pursuits, and his countless other interests. "There is scarcely a subject in the entire range of human inquiry upon which Jefferson did not express his views in writing with fearlessness, with absolute faith in his own convictions and judgments. He discusses art, architecture, the treatment of infants, meteorology, music, astronomy, the practice of medicine, the breeding of sheep, the science of government, the apparel of women, the origin of meteoric storms, and the temperature of the moon as freely as politics or religion. In all the sciences he advanced propositions and solved problems with equal audacity. The only subjects on which he confessed himself deficient were geology and poetry." The diplomatic papers from the Department of State during his incumbency were all from his hand, and the extent of his correspondence may be judged from the fact that, although he kept only such letters as he deemed of importance, at his death were found over twenty-six thousand letters, neatly folded and briefed, and carefully filed away to be bound, with copies of his answers to more than sixteen thousand of them.

The task of sifting such copious material and extracting therefrom the data characteristic of Jefferson and essential to a just comprehension of his life as evidenced in his deeds and opinions, could be entrusted to none but a master-hand, one not only familiar with every detail of Jefferson's life, but able to put his knowledge into acceptable form upon paper. Upon the hearty recommendation of Henry Watterson, the veteran journalist and staunch Democrat after the doctrines of Jefferson, than whom no one is better fitted to speak authoritatively on all that concerns Jefferson, Mr. William Eleroy Curtis was invited to write the book; his acceptance has resulted in the volume before us. Mr. Curtis, no less than Mr. Watterson himself, is a careful and enthusiastic student of Jeffersoniana, and his work is the result of years of research among original documents of all sorts. Having been intimately connected for years with the official life of the Federal City, having even served in various official capacities, his acquaintance with men and things at the fountain-head of legislation has given him unequalled opportunities to pursue whatever investigations his inclina-

tions dictated. His literary ability has been proved time and again in works upon travel and economic subjects, in voluminous contributions to the magazines, and in his notable Washington correspondence for a prominent Chicago paper, correspondence which in minuteness and accuracy of information, as well as in the acceptable style with which that information is furnished forth, places him at the head of his brother-knights of the quill.

Mr. Curtis's treatment of his subject is topical rather than chronological, and he has also supplied a "Jefferson Calendar," which serves as a backbone to link the various phases into a whole.

His chapters discuss Jefferson's Family, Jefferson as a Lawyer, Jefferson as a Farmer, Author of the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson in Office, The Expansionist of 1803, "Jeffersonian Simplicity," Jefferson's Friends and His Enemies, Founder of the University of Virginia, Jefferson as a Politician, Jefferson's Morals and Religious Views, Jefferson's Services to Science; and in conclusion he writes: "Thomas Jefferson is perhaps the most picturesque character in American history. He was longer in public life; he exercised a more potent and permanent influence upon his own and succeeding generations than any other man, not excepting Washington; but his character and motives have been and always will be subjects of controversy. . . . Jefferson often made mistakes, but, as he said of Washington, he 'erred with integrity.' If he changed his mind, it was because he had a new light or a clearer understanding; if he altered his course, it was because he believed he could accomplish greater good; but he had one purpose that never wavered. He was often inconsistent, but was never insincere in his anxiety and never faltered in his determination to establish a democracy in the United States,—a government, as Lincoln said, of the people, for the people, by the people,—and whatever he did was done with the intention and the hope of promoting that end."

Of the mechanical execution, it is unnecessary to say more than that it is uniform with previous volumes of the series. The illustrations include three portraits of Jefferson, two of which are by Gilbert Stuart and one by Thomas Sully; his Seal and Coat-of-Arms; views of Monticello, the home with which he is most fully identified, and of "The Pines," where he was married; of buildings of the University of Virginia, William and Mary College, and others with which he was identified in one capacity or another; and fac-similes of pages of his Account-Book, etc.

THOUGH a successful novelist not infrequently essays criticism,—that the experiment is too often a failure is but a detail,—it is but seldom that, after having made his name in criticism, a writer finds himself impelled to join the ranks of fictionists. Mr. J. O. G. Duffy, author of "Glass and Gold," after years of literary and dramatic criticism for a prominent Philadelphia daily, presents in this volume his first novel. The

somewhat singular title is really the keynote to the tale; it is derived from the stanza in Browning's "The Worst of It:"

"Far better commit a fault and have done—
As you, Dear!—forever; and choose the pure,
And look where the healing waters run,
And strive and strain to be good again,
And a place in the other world ensure,
All glass and gold, with God for its sun."

A young girl, innocent and trusting, having been led into grievous fault through misplaced confidence, made public confession to the congregation of her church, in accordance with the strictest tenets of the Pauline Christians, of which sect she is a member. Her social position in the vine-clad Los Angeles valley became all but untenable after her confession, when the fortuitous death of her father left her free, young and wealthy as she was, to make a new start in life under a change of name. It is of this new life that Mr. Duffy tells, and with it the tale of her mental and spiritual development. Her path to final happiness in the love of a good man and true gentleman was rough and thorny, for her change of name did not save her from recognition and humiliating disclosure. Aside from the earlier chapters, which are laid in California, the bulk of the tale is placed in New York and Great Britain. Mr. Duffy has his stories to tell about the "smart set" in both,—his portrayal of the essential venality of high society, the social favors bought and sold, the scandal-mongering Italian teacher, the rapidity of men and manners, is convincing and true to life. Additional interest accrues to the Irish setting he has given parts of his tale, from the fact that that island was his native land and his residence during his youth.



WHEN about a year ago Mr. John Finnemore was introduced to the American public by "The Red Men of the Dusk," he was early recognized as a worthy recruit to the ranks of those who dress up history in the garb of fiction. We have now the pleasure of issuing another volume from his pen, "The Lover Fugitives," the scene of which is laid primarily in the west of England, just subsequent to the Monmouth rebellion, at the time when the infamous Jeffreys wreaked the vengeance of James II. and glutted his own savagery by hanging over three hundred rebels or their sympathizers, transporting over eight hundred, and whipping or transporting thirty-three others, at the "Bloody Assize." Mr. Finnemore's tale deals with two lovers of gentle blood, natives of the harried west of England. Having assisted and harbored rebels, they are forced to flee. Their final escape, and the vicissitudes through which they went, their danger from the law and from private malice,

The
Lover Fugitives

are presented by the author in an attention-compelling romance. Mr. Finnemore has dealt lightly with the horrors of the time; his readers are not compelled to dredge up the story through a mire of bloody deeds; the fighting comes about naturally, and without straining the credulity of the reader.

"I HAVE endeavored, through showing the true nature of music and the conditions that are essential to its growth in breadth and significance, to incite amateurs to a more respectful consideration of its claims," writes Mr. O. B. Boise, the author of "Music and its Masters." Mr. Boise, a musician of distinction in Berlin, has put his best knowledge into this little volume, which may be described in brief as "a crystallization of years of teaching." Dividing music roughly into two classes, natural and artificial, he dismisses the latter with but cursory consideration: "The latter class is, as the name assigned to it implies, a mechanical combination of musical means, the result of purely intellectual processes, incited by will force, and not by inspiration. . . . It is to natural music, which springs from our imaginations, is formulated for purpose by intellect, appeals to the sympathies, and sways the emotions, that I shall devote my attention." From this point he considers the evolution of music, justly recognizing that "Natural music is composed of two species, that which is earnest and edifying, and that which is entertaining only. . . . Some of Johann Strauss's waltzes are quite as genuine music as are Beethoven's symphonies." Of the Masters of music he says: "I have chosen Palestrina as the first high-priest because he, like his successors, Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Wagner, was a creator, and because his works, like theirs, exhale the incense of the holiest of holies; an incense which, unlike all others, gains power with the passage of time." And in considering the question, "Who is to be our seventh high-priest?" he says, "There are no [other] known candidates who are worthy of comparison with these two giants, Brahms and Tschaiowsky, one mechanically and the other emotionally musical." The book is illustrated with portraits of the six masters, and is made up in uniformity with Philip H. Goepp's "Symphonies and their Meaning," which is now in its third edition, and is still in steady demand.

"FOR my own part," says Miss Blanchard, "the inclination towards historical romance dates back to my early childhood, when my imagination was fired by the tales of my grandmother."

**Because
of Conscience**

Miss Blanchard is of Huguenot descent, she goes on to say, and had always been intensely interested in the history of those persecuted people; so it was that, when she turned over in her mind the plan for a new novel, she decided upon the Huguenot colony of New Rochelle, on Long Island

Sound, as the locale for her tale. So "Because of Conscience" is essentially a tale of the New World, although the first few pages are placed not far from Rouen, where the initial action occurs. Fleeing from France upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, *Alaine Hervieu*, with her trusty foster-mother, found refuge at New Rochelle; their life there, and the troubles brought on by the persecutions of an unworthy lover, furnish the basis of the plot, in the working out of which the scene shifts into Canada, the Canadian woods, the Dutch settlements of New York, and finally back to New Rochelle, where we leave *Alaine* with her lover and her father, the latter happily snatched from his fate as an engagé in Dominica. Miss Blanchard proves again—or, rather, adds to the weight of proof educed by her former books—that a novel of life as it is, taking the rough with the smooth, need not necessarily either be morbid in tone or end unhappily; "and so they were married and lived happily ever afterwards" is not an uncommon event in the real life around us.

THE sale and purchase of a wife is not an unknown transaction among yokels, even in this age of grace, it appears, to say nothing of the spirit of quid pro quo which underlies so many "arranged" marriages both at home and abroad.

The Price of a Wife But "John Strange Winter" deals with no such unpleasantness in her new novel, despite the indications of its title. Far from it. She tells, simply and graphically, as is her wont, about the secret marriage of Laurence Murgatroyd to a penniless nurse, and his consequent refusal to marry the heiress his father has selected for him; of the unjust will: "To my son Laurence I leave everything of which I die possessed, on one condition—that within two years of my death he is married to a lady with not less than twenty thousand pounds to her fortune; . . . at the end of two years, if he is not married in accordance with my wish, let everything be divided between the county hospital at Burghley and the Asylum for Idiots;" and of the loophole by which the injustice was prevented and Murgatroyd Park came to its rightful owner. Mrs. Stannard's work is always bright and interesting, the latest no less so than the earliest. There are those who affect to sneer at her productions, but John Ruskin's approval is on record,—and what would you more than that?

It has been over thirty years now—for her first work was published in 1868—since Miss Carey inaugurated the series of tales with which her name is identified. A notable series it is, of interesting tales well told, tales for young as well as old; love-stories for the most part, and all as clean and free from stain as the virgin paper on which they are printed. "Herb of Grace" is her newest production. It would be a distinction

invidious to its predecessors to call it her best; but it is at least as good as the best. Miss Carey is one of the few who can show the ordinary self-sacrifices of our life in their true heroic proportions, without tedious moralizing or maudlin exclamations over the supernatural goodness of the characters she has created.

THE three great medical centres of the United States—Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago—have contributed to the production of “Diseases of the Ear, Nose, and Throat,” by Charles H. Burnett, B. Fletcher Ingalls, and James E. Newcomb, leading specialists and teachers. The result is a most comprehensive text-book, in which both medical and surgical methods of treatment have been clearly and concisely set forth, with particular regard for the needs of the general practitioner. The work is fully illustrated.

Combining in himself the knowledge and skill of both the physician and the dentist, Dr. John Sayre Marshall is particularly fitted to write “The Principles and Practice of Operative Dentistry,” being thus enabled to give especial attention to the pathology of the teeth, their associated parts, and their treatment from the broad stand-point of the physician and dentist. Operative dentistry in all its branches is his theme,—the anatomy, origin, and development of the teeth, histology of the dental tissues, and bacteriology of the mouth, the preparation of cavities, the filling of special classes of cavities, methods of anchorage, and finished fillings. Besides text-illustrations, the work has one hundred and thirty-one full-page plates; the illustrations are made from original drawings, photographs, and photo-micrographs.

WE have pleasure in announcing new editions of Captain King’s “The Deserter” and “From the Ranks,” which are now for the first time published in separate volumes. They are bound in cloth, and each has a frontispiece. Captain King has never written better tales than these, and their appearance in new dress is but their due.

The series of *Popular Books for Boys* has lately been enriched by the addition of Frank R. Stockton’s “The Young Master of Hyson Hall,” dealing with the commercial and social life of about fifty years ago, and with episodes in the life of two boys at that time; and G. A. Henty’s “The Brahmin’s Treasure” has been added to the same series. The latter tale is placed a little further back than is Mr. Stockton’s—about a century, in fact; a diamond bracelet stolen from a Hindoo idol causes the initial excitement upon which the tale hangs. Both books

are of genuine interest to real boys, and neither has a touch of the "yellow cover."

The second edition of "Solar Energy," by Dr. J. W. Heysinger, is now off press. Dr. Heysinger considers the source, distribution, and conservation of solar energy, and its effects upon the constitution and movements of our universe. Stating the various hypotheses that have been advanced to account for the energy of the sun, he discusses them and their weak points, and elaborates his own hypothesis in the light of his accumulated data. That his conclusions do not always accord with the accepted theories does not detract from their interest.



WALNUTS and WINE

Even
with the
Parson

THE Rev. Adoniram Meek had preached his first sermon as pastor of a little church out in Arizona, and was sitting in his study on Monday morning wondering what sort of an impression he had made on an audience in which there had been a good many cowboys. The Rev. Adoniram Meek was an inoffensive-looking little man with an effeminate voice and a pink-and-white complexion, and he had come from an Eastern theological seminary in a spirit of holy zeal.

Suddenly there was a peremptory rap at the door, followed by the tread of heavy feet in what sounded like boots of iron in the hall. A brawny fist banged the door of the study, and when the surprised Mr. Meek opened the door there stood Twelve-fingered Bill, the "Arizona Terror," one of the most appalling specimens of the cowboy type. He had on his war-paint, and there was blood in his eye.

"Seen me before, ain't ye?" he asked in a voice suggestive of the villain in the play.

"Yes, I think that I saw you at the church service yesterday, did I not?" replied the parson gently.

"That's what you did, my friend. I was right there, an' that's why I am right here now. I seen you an', what's more, I heerd you. I'd been here ycs.e.-day, but my inborn respek for the Sabbath day kep' me from makin' a fuss at that time. My friend, you got to git!"

"Why, I—I——"

"Come, come, now; no use comin' the baby act! You got to git, I say! 'Cause why? 'Cause I didn't like the sass you shot off yisterday. That's why, an' that's enough! I heerd what you said 'bout our s'loons bein' dens of iniquity, an' I——"

"Well, I——"

"Jess you keep still till I git through, or you'll wisht you had. I heerd what you said 'bout the demoralizin' inflewence of the cowboy element, an' I had to fa'rly clutch at my seat an' grit my teeth to keep from sailin' up to the pulpit an' grabbin' you by the scruff o' the neck an' pitchin' you out o' the winder. I heerd all your sass from beginnin' to end, an' you know what I'm goin' to do?"

"Why, no; I——"

"Well, you'll mighty soon find out. There's 'bout a dozen o' my pardners out in front o' the house, an' I'm goin' to yank you out there by the ear an' give you a good spankin' an' then make you eat ev'ry word you said ag'in' us boys? Then I'll give ye jest three hours to git out o' this town. So much fer bein' too brash yisterday. Hey! I'd better not lay hands on ye?"

"No; you'd better not."

"Hadn't, eh? Why, you little sass-box! I could scrunch the life out o' ye jest between my thumb an' finger same as if you was a gnat! I might do it if

you got too sassy! Better look out, son! Now you come right on with me or I'll—ouch! Why, you—O-o-o-o-h! I—let go my throat! I'm chokin' to death! If I don't—murder! My eye is knocked out! Help! Say, boys! boys! I'm bein' murdered! O-o-o-o-h! H-e-e-e-lp! Don't hit a feller when he's down! Nuff! nuff! nuff!!"

A moment later he was tumbled head over heels out of the front door, and he doubled himself in a bloody, swollen heap on the sidewalk, groaning that he was killed. Three of his yellow front teeth were gone and his face was changing color under the eyes. He groaned while his "pardners" were carrying him away, and the little parson, who was standing at the window brushing his slightly disordered garments with a whisk broom, said calmly,—

"I must write to Professor Mussell and tell him how much I owe him for the excellent instruction he gave me in the right use of my muscular power when I was at college." Then he turned to his servant and said,—

"If any more gentlemen of that sort call, Katie, you may send them right up."

Max Merryman.

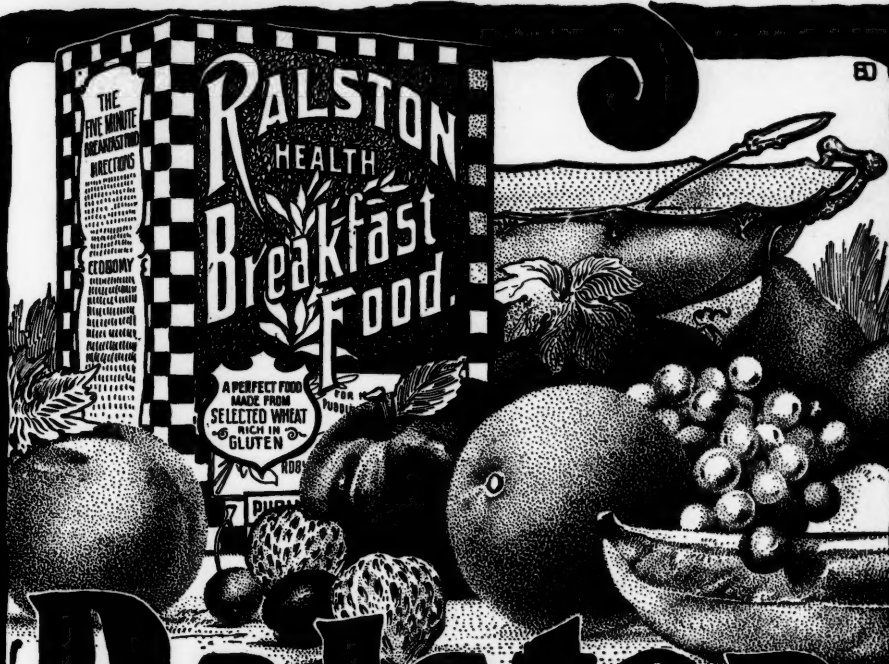
RETROSPECTIVE

By Elliott Flower

OH, those were jolly days,
When you and I were boys,
And sought in devious ways
A lad's mischievous joys;
When down the rain-pipe sheer
With many ribs we slid—
But hold! No lad should hear
What Dad in boyhood did.

And yet, I can't forget
The tricks that we once played,
The pranks we should forget,
The times we disobeyed;
How to the swimming-pool
In secret we would fly—
But hush! No boy in school
Should think his Daddy sly.

I can't remember half
The things we used to do,
But I recall the calf
We painted red and blue,
The gun we stole in fear
And ruined with our fun—
But stay! The boy may hear
The things that Dad has done.



Ralston

BREAKFAST FOOD

is a palate-pleasing health food.

That means it has a flavor as fine as fruit.

When tired of flaked, mushy cereals, try

Ralston Breakfast Food

--the kind you enjoy eating and feel the beneficial effects from eating.

A free sample for your grocer's name.

Purina Pankake Flour, (Ready for the Griddle) makes pancakes which aid rather than retard digestion. Your grocer deprives you of a rare treat if he can't supply you. Write us and we'll tell you of one who can.

PURINA MILLS

"Where Purity is Paramount"

806 Gratiot Street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

PURINA MILLS PRESS

Walnuts and Wine

For memory I give thanks,
 And can most frankly say
 That those were merry pranks
 To laugh about to-day;
 It really rather cheers
 To talk of sport we've had—
 So long as Tommy hears
 No facts about his Dad.

Indian
Names

THE tenderfoot on an Indian reservation frequently finds himself on the verge of hysterics when called upon to go through a formal introduction to a lady bearing so extraordinary a name as Abbie Skunk-Cap, or when he shakes the hand of a copper-colored gentleman mentioned by a mutual friend as "Many-Tail-Feathers-Coming-O'er-the-Hill."

The Indians themselves see nothing ludicrous in the names they bear. They are usually given because of some incident which has happened in the life of the individual. Joe Skunk-Cap at one period of his career wore a cap made of the hide of the pole-cat. When his children began to go to the mission the sisters named them accordingly. Thus the little ones became Abbie, Willie, and Rudy Skunk-Cap. As Skunk-Caps intermarry with the whites and go into the world, it is probable they will wish their ancestor had been more fastidious in the selection of his furs.

The following names were taken from a "brand-book" belonging to Mr. Joseph Kipp, who lives on the Blackfoot Reservation in Northern Montana:

Arrow-Top-Knot, After-Buffalo, Peter After-Buffalo, Almost-Killed, Aims Back, Big Head, Bear Child, Black Coyote, Bear Chief, Bead Woman, Bob-Tail Horse, Bear Medicine, Butter-Fly, Black Striped Woman, Charlie Big Nose, Bobtail Man, Black Weasel, Mike Berry Child, Bird Rattle, Buffalo Hide, Bull Child, Bear Leggins, Beaver Eyes, Bad Married, Bad Old Man, Big Mouth Spring, Buffalo Growing, Elmer Butterfly, Bad Woman, Calf Woman, Chief Coward, Crow Eyes, Chief-in-Front, John Calf Ribs, Crow-Gut, Cut Finger, Chicken Shoe, Cleared Up, Catches-Edge-Water, Frank Carrion, Calling-One-Another, Cold-Feet, Chewing Black Bones, Comes-in-Night, Charged-on-Both-Sides, Calf-Boss-Ribs, Chief-All Over, Catches-on-Top, Dives-Long-Ways, Dead Tree, Dog-Taking-Gem, Go-in-Double, Drags-his-Robe, Don't-Go-Out, Mike Day-Rider, Everybody-Looks-At, Everybody-Talks-About, George Four Horns, Fine Killer, Flat Tail, Found-a-Gem, Going-to-Move, Goes-in-All-Lodges, Good Stabbing, His-Back-to-Him, Herman Dusty Bull, Hungry, Hits-On-Top, Kills-Across-the-Way, Kills-in-the-Brush, Kills-Close, John Kicking Woman, Kills-in-Night, Likes-Marrow-Bones, Lazy Boy, Long-Time-Sleeping, Lazy-Young-Man, Looking-for-Smoke, Looks Black, Last Coyote, Sam Little Dog, Mittens, Makes-Cold-Weather, Mud Head, Jim No-Chief, Charles No-Coat, Old-Short-Woman, Petrified, George Prairie-Chicken, Rushing-in-Water, Rides Behind, Runs Away, Stabbing Down, Shooting-at-One-Another, Stretched Out, Self-Cut-Woman, Stingy, Split-Ears, Scabby-Robe, Stabbing-by-Mistake, Sitting-in-Road, Sam Stink, Weasel Fat, Wipes-his-Eyes, Wades-in-Water, Wakes-up-Last, Went-in-Herself, Yellow-Kidney.

Caroline Lockhart.



A NEW THING IN CHOCOLATE!

For Making Chocolate-Dipped Bon-Bons at Home.

A new product, nothing like it! The most delicious eating Chocolate—just as it comes from the package—and the only preparation of Chocolate suitable for **coating home-made candies.**

A cake ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) and a 16-page book, containing receipts for making Chocolate-dipped Bon-Bons at home, sent for 35 cents. Receipt Book alone sent for 4 cents in stamps.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., Dept. P., Boston, Mass.

Joe Gosner's
Goose

JOE GOSNER is now as long and lean as a flail-stick, but the analogy belongs so far in the past that few will recognize how thin that is; in more modern comparison, as thin as a rail—everybody knows how thin a rail is. Once Joe Gosner was fat. When I knew him—many years ago—I remember thinking that if I ever was hungry enough to eat a piece of a man I would like to have a slice of Joe Gosner. He was so clean and fresh and round that a bite of him would not have hurt anybody. His wife, Sally, was a little bit shorter, a little bit thicker, slightly purer in skin, much rosier, and developed in seductive ways that Joe was not; of the two, Mrs. Joe was the most eatable, but not much. Why Mrs. Joe Gosner remained stumpy and Joe developed lengthwise—or was drawn out, as it were—is now to be told.

Joe had a nice little house, a lot, garden, pigsty, and cow-stable; a pair of horses, chickens, pigs, ducks, one gander, and three geese. Under the steps going up to the porch of Joe's house there was a small hole, left by some inattention of the country architect. Whenever Joe's hens "cackled" or ducks "squawked" or geese "honked" Mrs. Joe used to say, "Joe, I b'lieve they're layin' under the porch."

Joe's response for months after matrimony was, "No, they hain't;" and eggs or no eggs, Joe retained his rotundity.

One day Mrs. Joe exercised more than usual determination; Joe had never seen the like in her before. She said: "Joe, put down your pipe an' crawl under that porch an' see what that old goose is doin' thar. I'm sartin' she's layin'. Now go." There was something in the tone that told Joe it was wisest for him to do as he was told. He laid down his pipe, went down the steps, put his head in the hole, got as far as he could, and *stuck*.

"I don't see nothin', Sally," he said.

"Go on, Joe," said his plump commander from the steps.

"I can't," came in a smothered voice; "I'm as far as I can git."

Just then the old gander came waddling up, and seeing his way barred to his mate by a protuberance of—to him—an inexplicable kind, he took hold of it with vise-like bill, and assisted his pull with constant slapping of a pair of most muscular wings.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Joe. "Take it off, Sally! Catch it! hold it! Oh, Sally, I'm fast! Take it off! I'm nipped. Take it off! Hit can't pound me through. Pull me back! Chase it away! Pour hot water on it. Sally, do you hear?"

All this time the gander was biting, pulling, and thumping, and Sally was sitting on the steps laughing until hooks-and-eyes and belt-band yielded all restraint. "Go in," she managed to get out between her laughing convulsions, "go in, Joe, or back out. The gander's at you. I can't help you. I'm afraid of him." But Joe was stuck. What of him was outside of the hole was in streamers; that which was inside no one knew anything about. A sudden effort of Joe's backed him against his opponent: he was out of the hole, and was hauled still further back by a hold on his hair. Then he was most ignominiously tramped upon.

Something got into Joe's mouth. As a last resort he bit on it; there was an unearthly squawk; and when Joe got on his feet he stood there with the

STATEMENT
of The
Travelers
Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers
 Liability Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

PAID-UP CAPITAL

\$1,000,000

JANUARY 1, 1901.

Total Assets, (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents NOT INCLUDED.) \$30,861,030.06

Total Liabilities (Including Reserves) . . . 26,317,903.25

Excess Security to Policy-holders, . . . 4,543,126.81

Surplus, . . . 3,543,126.81

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864, . . . 42,643,384.92

Paid to Policy-holders in 1900, . . . 2,908,464.03

Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life) . . . 1,586,652.20

Life Insurance in Force, . . . 109,019,851.00

GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900.

In Assets, . . . \$3,167,819.96

In Insurance in Force (Life Department Only), . . . 8,685,297.06

Increase in Reserves (Both Departments), (3½% basis) . . . 2,484,392.52

Premiums Collected, . . . 6,890,888.55

Sylvester C. Dunham, Vice-President

John E. Morris, Secretary

J. B. Lewis, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster

Edward V. Preston, Superintendent of Agencies

Hiram J. Messenger, Actuary

web foot of the old gander in his mouth. In his rage he had bitten the foot off, and the gander was stumping away in the distance. Joe looked after it, then at the porch for his wife. She was rolling about like a barrel in a cart. He stood by himself, a paddled, sore, half-chewed man. He shook his fist at his retreating foe, shook his fist at his wife, at the hole under the steps, all around at things in general, and swore that he would get thin enough to get in that hole, burglarize that goose nest, and get even with that gander. From that day Joe began to lengthen. He drew himself out between fence-rails, hung himself over poles, rolled down steep places, bandaged himself with saddle-girths, swung by the hour from anything he could jump up to and catch, and crawled through narrow places for practice. Now, in the spring-time of the year, Joe may be seen squirming out from the hole under his porch with an air of triumph on his face and a goose egg in his hand, while the old gander stumps about on his one leg without a single gosling to call him father. And Mrs. Joe keeps fat laughing about it.

Charles McIlvaine.

**Ibsen's
Whiskers**

ONE enthusiastic Ibsenite, while still rabid, will content himself in future with admiring the "Master" through his works. Officially called upon to reside in Norway for a season, he, after meeting the playwright on several occasions, invited him to pay him a visit. He found Ibsen a most difficult guest. He was extremely sensitive and sentimental, and his feelings were constantly being hurt. The morning after his arrival the guest did not appear at breakfast. Instead, a message arrived that he wished to see the eldest son of the house. As the eldest son was not present, the puzzled host went to see what the difficulty might be. It seemed that Ibsen desired the eldest son to act as barber, that being the custom of the country. His host explained that, in the first place, the eldest son was absent, and in the second, that had he been present the operation would have been fraught with peril, for the eldest son was conspicuously unskilled. Ibsen was advised, therefore, to seek professional assistance. As there was nothing else to do, Ibsen, weeping, departed and had his upper lip attended to professionally.

Henry Dick.

TEASIN'

By Truman Roberts Andrews

THAR's a cradle up in th' attic room,
 A wee little thing what rocks,
 An' they're allus tryin' ter make me b'lieve
 I slept onct in that box!
 But I tell 'em, w'en they're yarnin' how
 'T I wuz such a little brat:
 "Oh, no, I guess yer don't fool me—
 I wasn't no kid like that."

50 YEARS REPUTATION

IS BEHIND

1850

EVERY BOTTLE OF

BURNETT'S VANILLA



FEEDING TO FIT is the problem with infants. The growing child has ever changing needs, but a perfect milk can never go amiss. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the acme of substitute feeding. Send ten cents for "Baby's Diary," 71 Hudson Street, New York.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.—Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of ninety per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, New York.

Walnuts and Wine

An' then they got some clo'es—Gee whiz!
 Long skirts an' caps an' bibs,
 An' shoes what look like leather bags;
 An' they say they ain't no fibs
 W'en they tell me I wore those things onct;
 But I jes' say: "Oh, scat!
 I dunno, o' course, but I'm purty shore
 I wasn't no kid like that."

But th' worstest is th' photygraphs:
 Two months, three months, an' five;
 Th' awfulest lookin' they could find,
 Th' humbliest kid alive.
 An' w'en ma shows th' boys they laugh
 Till they don't know whar they're at;
 But I tell 'em ma's jes' teasin' me—
 I wasn't no kid like that.

MRS. MILDLY.—"Matches have gone up to two cents a box. I wonder why that is?"

MR. MILDLY.—"I suppose it is because there are so many strikes."

Charles McIlwaine.

**The
 Consul's
 Dilemma**

"I CAN tell you a better story than that."

"Go ahead."

"A cousin of mine—forty-second degree, as they count it South—was rather deaf. This man—I'll call him Allitson—was our Consul-General in Yokohama. One hot morning two big Danes, American citizens, appeared at the consulate. A Japanese woman, clattering unmusically along on her clogs, walked between them.

"Do you take the job to marry a man?" asked one of the big fellows.

"Well, hardly," said the Marshal, who met him, 'but I'll speak to the Consul.'

"What d'y' say?" asked Bill Allitson, drawing his brows together and turning his good ear towards the Marshal. 'Oh, exactly; they want to get married, do they? Well, get their names and show 'em into the office. Now, boys, just stop your grinning.'

"Jim Bates and I pulled as solemn faces as we could and stood up behind the Consul.

"The wedding-party, very shamefaced, came rolling in. Evidently they were seafaring gentlemen. The woman had a wholesome, honest look, but was no beauty in my eyes.

"You are citizens of the United States?" questioned the Consul.

"Ja, just so," nodded the men.

"They lined up in front of Allitson, the woman still in the middle.

"The Consul took up a dog-eared Prayer-Book, kept for the purpose, and

Registered by
U. S. Patent
Office.



BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

**IN URIC ACID DIATHESIS,
Gout, Rheumatism, Renal Calculus, and Stone in the Bladder.
The Best Table Water.**

Dr. Roberts Bartholow, former Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, Author of *Bartholow's Materia Medica and Therapeutics*, says:

"Buffalo Lithia Springs of Virginia contain well-defined traces of Lithia and are alkaline. This is used with great advantage in **Gouty, Rheumatic, and Renal Affections. IT IS THE BEST TABLE WATER KNOWN TO ME, AND I HAVE SOME EXPERIENCE OF THEM ALL.**"

James K. Crook, A. M., M. D., Adjunct Professor of Clinical Medicine and Physical Diagnosis at the New York Post-graduate Medical School (see "Mineral Waters of the United States," by him): **"BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** has gained a wide reputation, especially in the treatment of **Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Renal Calculus, Stone in the Bladder, and Gastro-intestinal Disorders.**"

Spring No. 1 is both a nervine and a blood tonic, and in pale, feeble, and anæmic subjects is to be preferred. In the absence of these symptoms, No. 2 is to be preferred.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Testimonials which defy all imputation or questions sent to any address.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn, and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Company, Newark, New Jersey.

THE BUSINESS WOMAN AWHEEL.—A business woman who worked from eight to twelve hours every day gives in the interview below some strong reasons why she rides a wheel. Her residence is some three miles distant from her place of business, and, weather permitting, she rides to and from all the year round. She finds though she might leave the store tired and fagged, before she reached home she was thoroughly recuperated. Her own words are as follows:

"Two years ago my physician said I was breaking down. I knew it before he told me. I acted with promptness. I purchased a house in the suburbs, three miles from the store, and bought a bicycle. I took an outing of two weeks and learned to ride it, and unless the weather forbids I ride to and from my place of business. It was an experiment, but it has proved a great success. My health rapidly improved. It gave me what I needed, exercise in the open air. In the morning I enter the store refreshed and invigorated. In the evening I arrive home rested and buoyant in feeling. My children have become bicyclists also, and come down a couple of miles each night to meet me and escort me home. We make quite a family party, and often wheel off a few miles into the country before turning homeward.

"This is my reason for riding the bicycle and why I use it, love it, and thank God for it."

turned to the marriage service. The Marshal handed him a slip of paper with the names of all three written on it.

"Allitson glanced at it, cleared his throat, and read the first part of the service.

" 'Bates,' said I, in an undertone, 'that's the best man who is holding the woman's hand. The other fellow is the bridegroom.'

" 'S'pose he'll hand her over when the time comes.'

"But he did nothing of the sort.

"I began to get fidgety as I heard the monotonous voice of Allitson droning out the service.

" 'John Johnson,' said the Consul, 'wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife—'

" 'Bill,' I whispered at Allitson's back, 'Bill, you've got the wrong fellow.'

"But Allitson did not hear me.

" 'To live together after God's ordinance,' he continued.

"Johnson nodded every time the Consul paused, as he understood little English and nothing of the marriage service, and supposed he was properly performing the duties of best man.

" 'Kato Yoshi, wilt thou have this man—'

" 'Bill,' cried I, digging Allitson in the back, 'you've married the wrong man to that woman.'

" 'Eh?' said Bill, turning astonished, disapproving eyes upon me. 'What under heaven makes you act so, Charlie? This is a serious business.'

"Bill's low, soft tones—peculiar to most deaf people—were filled with a plaintive remonstrance.

" 'Bill,' I said rapidly in his ear, 'I should say it *was* serious! You're hitching up the wrong pair. The other man is the bridegroom, the one with the hang-dog air.'

" 'Ah!' muttered Allitson, 'it's well you spoke when you did, or the matter would have been past mending. Now, then, are you John Johnson?'

" 'Ja.'

" 'And you are Erich Erichsen?'

" 'Ja.'

" 'If *you* are the man to marry this woman, take her hand and don't let go of it, so there'll be no mistake.'

"Bates and I were stifling with laughter. Bill threw us one indignant glance, and solemnly went over the ceremony with the right parties, who were none the wiser.

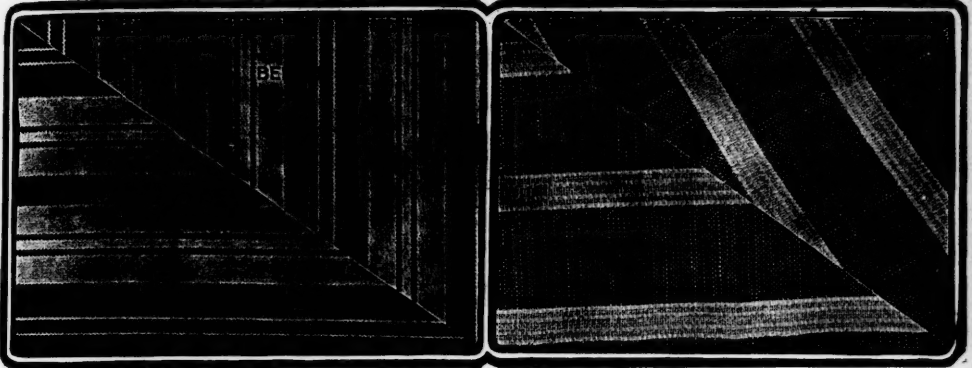
"After they had registered and each received a marriage certificate with a huge United States seal on it, they departed, shuffling down the wide walk.

"Allitson was one of the leading lawyers of his State.

"As well as we were able for roaring with laughter, we put these questions to him:

" 'Your Honor,' said I, 'we claim that this is a case of bigamy, as two men have been married to this woman, and no divorce—'

" 'Your Honor,' said Bates, 'acting for the defendant, we would claim that my client has not been guilty of bigamy. We admit that my client has had two men married to her this day, but she has been married to only one man.'



Pearline's Crucial Test

RISK 1440 TIMES as great as that of an ordinary PEARLINE wash.

Pieces marked "after" were cut from the same goods (celebrated Whytlaw's Colored Wash Fabrics) as those marked "before," and were then soaked for 40 hours in a solution of PEARLINE and water, almost hot to begin with and 12 times as strong in PEARLINE as the suds prescribed in PEARLINE directions.

RESULT Both pieces of each pattern were photographed side by side. It would take an expert to detect any loss or deterioration of color or fabric. The ever truthful camera would reveal any loss or injury; however, if any doubt remains, try some scraps of goods for yourself.

PEARLINE brightens some faded colors

VISITORS to the Pan-American Exposition this summer should not fail to examine the exhibit of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, which occupies a readily accessible part of the Liberal Arts Section of the Manufacturers Building. The exhibit was prepared by the Statistician of the Company, Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, and occupies about three hundred and twenty-five feet of wall space.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America has always devoted much labor and money to the scientific study and development of life insurance in this country, but never before have the results of the Company's investigations been placed on public view on so large a scale. There are forty charts and diagrams, most of which pertain to the general Industrial experience of the Company, which is sufficiently large to warrant reasonably accurate conclusions as to the relation of age, sex, race, nativity, and occupation to human longevity. To the millions of Prudential policy-holders this exhibit will undoubtedly prove one of considerable interest.

An exhibit was made by The Prudential at Paris last year, and met with such favor from the Jury of Awards that a gold medal was granted to The Prudential, the only gold medal awarded to an American life-insurance company.

Many facts are brought out in the Company's exhibit of interest to policy-holders, as indicating a strong tendency towards a constantly increasing degree of liberality in dealing with the policy-holders' interests.

The vast extent of the Company's office and field operations is brought out by the fact that The Prudential has eighteen officers, one thousand and thirty-four managers of departments and clerks at the Home Office in Newark, New Jersey, and an agency and field medical staff of over fourteen thousand men. It is also interesting to note that The Prudential has over four million policies in force, a number equivalent to about twelve times the population of Buffalo. The amount of insurance in force exceeds \$600,000,000.

"Allitson stopped grinning, put on his most judicial look, and said in his inimitable, ex-cathedra manner:

"The Court decides that the American Consul-General at Yokohama has been guilty of suborning—of—bigamy in causing an innocent woman to be wholly married to one man and half married to another, and he is hereby fined—boy, bring the champagne!"

Harold Ballagh.

YE FATHER

By Edwin L. Sabin

It's funny how a woman raves
About a youngster! Now, sir,
The silly way my wife behaves
Will prove it, I allow, sir.
'Tis always "baby" this and that—
Like he was some new genus!
(And I agree, to keep a spat
From taking place between us.)


She praises up those fingers small—
You'd bet he had eleven!
She thinks God gave him pick of all
The eyes and ears in heaven!
Of course he'll do, as babies go,
I'll surely not deny it.
(And, then, his mother says it's so;
To please *her* I stand by it.)

She vows he has the smartest tricks—
I often laugh to hear her.
(You ought to see him, how he kicks
His feet out when he's near her.)
And, yes, his voice! From things *she* tells
You'd reckon her demented.
(He's got the greatest college yells
That ever were invented!)

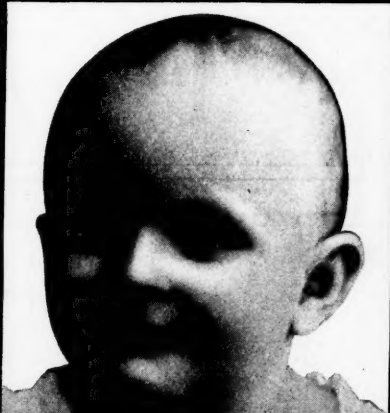
He's but a baby. I, for one,
Don't claim he's special clever.
(Tho' all the same he's not outdone
In looks or acting,—never!
And when *some* people that I meet
Trot forth *their* kids, by thunder!
And call *them* "cute," and "smart," and "sweet,"
I just look on and wonder.)



LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
 The Original and Genuine Worcestershire.
 Ladies, at luncheon parties and at all home-meals, will find a delicacy of flavor in all dishes savored with this sauce—for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.
 SIGNATURE on every bottle *Lea & Perrins* John Duneans Sons Agents—New York.
 BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



"You are sure that is
ED. PINAUD'S
EAU DE
QUININE"
 PRESERVES THE HAIR.
 CLEANSSES THE SCALP
 AND KEEPS IT FREE FROM DANDRUFF.
 HIGHEST AWARD
 AT PARIS EXPOSITION
 1900.
 FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
ED. PINAUD
 46 E. 14TH ST., NEW YORK.



FRANZ WERNER RENNERT
 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
 Raised on
Mellin's Food
 We will send you a booklet filled with
 Mellin's Food baby pictures on request
MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,
 FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

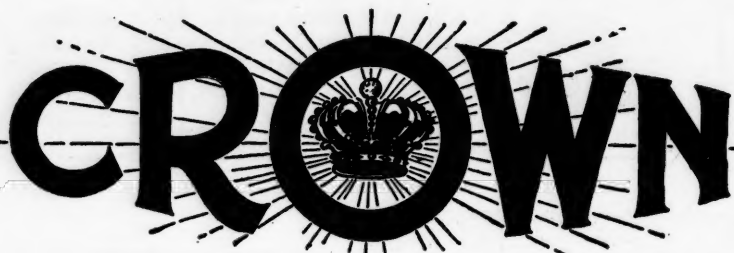
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

THE MANY-TONE



PIANO

"CROWN" PIANOS embody in the most practical way the highest and best attainments in piano development.

"CROWN" PIANOS have attained Their Great Success because of thorough construction, perfect tone qualities, enlarged capabilities, great durability.

"CROWN" PIANOS are distinctive, attractive, reliable, and always give satisfaction.

"CROWN" PIANOS invite the most thorough investigation, the most exacting tests, and the most critical comparisons.

EASY TERMS. OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN AS PART PAYMENT
CATALOGUE FREE, ALSO A SET OF DOLLS FOR THE LITTLE ONES

GEO. P. BENT

MANUFACTURER

Bent Block, Washington ; Bond and Sangamon Sts., Chicago, U.S.A.

The Real Estate Trust Company

OF PHILADELPHIA,

S. E. CORNER CHESTNUT AND BROAD STREETS.

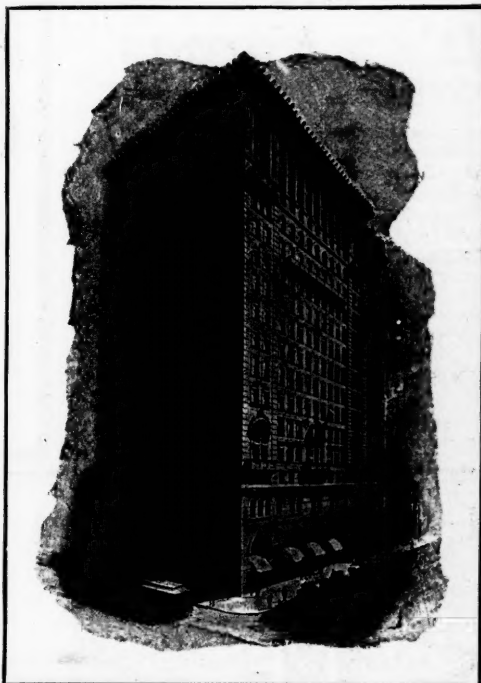
| | |
|---|-------------|
| Authorized Capital | \$1,500,000 |
| Full-Paid Capital | 1,000,000 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits | 1,000,000 |

RECEIVES Deposits of Money payable by check, and allows Interest thereon.
Collects Interest, Dividends, and Income of all kinds whatsoever.

Receives for safe keeping Securities and other valuables, and rents Safe Deposit Boxes in Burglar-Proof Vaults. Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Philadelphia and its vicinity. Assumes general charge and management of Real and Personal Estates.

Executes Trusts of every description under the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and Individuals. Acts as Registrar or Transfer Agent for Corporations, and as Trustee under Corporation Mortgages. Receives Wills for safe keeping without charge.

Frank K. Hipple, President.
George Philler, Vice-President.
William F. North, Treasurer.
William R. Philler, Secretary.
Thomas B. Prosser, Real Estate Officer.
Robert D. Ghiskey, Cashier.
M. S. Collingwood, Asst. Treasurer.
Roland L. Taylor, Asst. Secretary.



DIRECTORS.

FRANK K. HIPPLE,
CHARLES W. HENRY,
JOHN F. BETZ,

EDWARD P. BORDEN,
GEORGE PHILLER,
JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN,
GEORGE JUNKIN, Solicitor.

WILLIAM W. PORTER,
JOHN H. CONVERSE,
R. DALE BENSON,

WILLIAM A. PATTON,
S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,
SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,

A PANORAMA OF THE LINKS



justice to the vari-colored costumes and the healthy, vigorous postures of the players, stretched as they are, over so wide an expanse. Yet the "Al-Vista" does it without fuss and without elaborate preparation.

How? Our catalogue and booklet will tell you. Would you like them? They are free.

MULTISCOPE AND FILM CO., 1204 Jefferson Street, Burlington, Wis.

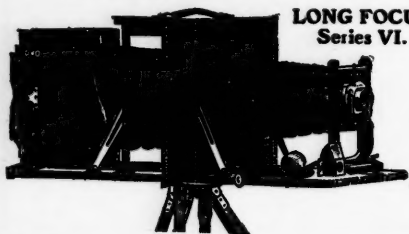
during actual play is easily possible if one uses an

"Al-Vista Camera"

NO gayer scene afield can be imagined. No other camera can do full

"It's All in the Lens"

**LONG FOCUS
Series VI.**



"It's a Korona"
NO OTHER "JUST AS GOOD"

The best mechanical design, and materials showing the finest finish and workmanship.

LENS—Clear, clean, accurate definition.

BOX—Light to carry. Tight to keep out light. Compact for convenience and rigid when ready for the shot.

FINDERS—So brilliant that the image is as clear as the human eye.

Any one who loves pictures can easily acquire the skill to make beautiful, clear photographs.

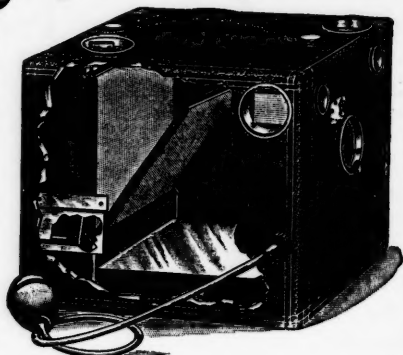
Our 1901 Catalogue, had for the asking.

**GUNDLACH OPTICAL CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

CHICAGO OFFICE:
23 JACKSON BOULEVARD.

Mention
this magazine.

Imperial Cameras



A remarkable line of cameras, giving results heretofore unknown in Amateur Photography.

Magazine Imperials

take twelve perfect pictures quick as a wink. The hand that holds the bulb adjusts the plate.

"Imperial Booklet" is interesting and instructive. Just published. Sent Free. Tells all about folding and long focus styles. If your dealer will not supply you, write us, and we will.

Imperial Camera & Mfg. Company, La Crosse, Wis., U. S. A.
Eastern Sales Agents: Howe & Hall, 64 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and 63 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Western Branch: Hart Bros. and Wells Mercantile Co., Denver, Colorado, and San Francisco, California.

4-IMPORTANT GATEWAYS-4



L. S. THORNE, Third V.-P. and Gen'l Mgr.,

DALLAS, TEXAS.

**FINEST
PASSENGER
SERVICE
IN TEXAS.**

E. P. TURNER, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.



Pan-American Souvenir Coffee Spoon.

Quality Strictly First Grade.

This is a very fine quality souvenir spoon, made especially to order for the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, by the Oneida Community, at their factory, Niagara Falls, N. Y. It is fully guaranteed by that concern as an EXTRA QUALITY SPOON, and we fully recommend it.

The ornamentation on face and back is very fine. This very beautiful, appropriate and lasting souvenir sent postpaid to any address for twenty (20) cents in coin.

Detach coupon below, fill in your name and address plainly and mail direct to factory. If you do not wish to mutilate magazine, spoon will be sent upon receipt of price, without coupon.

Lake Shore Pan-American Souvenir Coupon.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Enclosed find twenty cents in coin for which send me one L. S. & M. S. Ry. Souvenir Coffee Spoon. Address

Name

No. Street

City State

The facilities afforded by the Lake Shore for travel between the west and the Pan American Exposition are unsurpassed, no other line presenting so remarkable a train service or so interesting a route. Its through train service between Chicago and Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston, excels all others.

"Book of Pan-American" and "Book of Trains" sent free on request.

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

"The Sphinx of the Twentieth Century.

ASIA AND

THE CHINESE EMPIRE

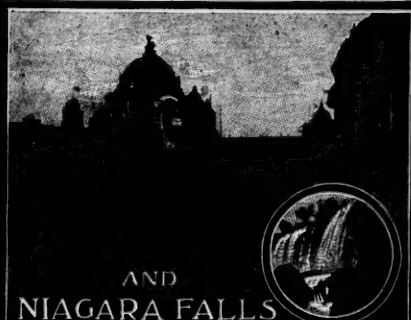
Comparatively few people are familiar with the Chinese Empire as it exists to-day. In view of the constantly growing Oriental commerce of the United States, everyone should become familiar with the Chinese Empire. The

NEW YORK CENTRAL'S

"Four-Track Series" No. 28 gives valuable statistics and information regarding the Flowery Kingdom, and contains a new and accurate map in colors.

A copy of No. 28, "A New Map of Asia and the Chinese Empire," sent free, post-paid, on receipt of five cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



AND
NIAGARA FALLS



The WABASH

has its own tracks and
is the shortest line to

Buffalo and the Falls

Stop-overs given at both
points on all tickets.

For Descriptive Matter, Rates,
etc., call on nearest Ticket
Agent, or address: C. A. C. Baker,
G. P. and T. A., St. Louis.

UNCLE REMUS IN LUCK.



UNCLE REMUS.—“Gawgy, run an’ ask yo’ mammy kin yo’ go gunnen’ wif yo’ Uncle Remus. I want yo’ to pole de boat fo’ me.”

23 YEARS

the Standard of
Excellence

gaeger
Woolens

**Only True
Sanitary Underwear**

ALL WEIGHTS FOR ALL WANTS

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

| | |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| NEW YORK: | { 16 West 28d Street |
| BROOKLYN: | { 155-157 Broadway |
| BOSTON: | { 504 Fulton Street |
| PHILADELPHIA: | { 230-232 Boylston Street |
| CHICAGO: | { 924 Chestnut Street |
| | { 82 State Street |

Agents in all Principal Cities

THE ONLY CLASP

THAT STANDS THE STRAIN
OF MODERN USE

NEVER SLIPS,
TEARS NOR
UNFASTENS

The

**Velvet
Grip**

Sample pair,
by mail, 25c.
Catalogue
free.

CUSHION
BUTTON

**HOSE
SUPPORTER**

No Stitching in the Elastic

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED



George Frost Co., Makers, Boston.
Look for the name on
every loop, and for the
Moulded Rubber Button.

ANY woman who is enterprising enough to spend
ten minutes in learning to understand the

SNAP HOOK AND EYE

will secure a life time of comfort. First see that it
is properly sewed on and then experiment till you
find just the touch and the twist that is easiest for
you. It cannot break, bend, or rust. All leading
stores keep them.

UNCLE REMUS IN LUCK.—Continued.



MAMMY.—“Now, Gawgy, ef yo’ git cutten’ up any monkey-shines and fall out ob’ de boat an’ git drowned, I want yo’ Uncle Remus to spank yo’ good. Do yo’ heah me talkin’?”

GAWGY.—“Yes, ’m.”

THE GOERZ TRIÉDER & BINOCULAR.

NAKED
EYE



INCREASED
POWER,
INCREASED

OLD
GLASS



FIELD
OF VIEW,
REDUCED
BULK &
WEIGHT



THE GOERZ TRIÉDER BINOCULAR.

will annihilate distance at the

International Yacht Races

and enable you to see every maneuver as clearly as though you were alongside. Take one with you and keep away from the police patrol:

| MADE IN FOUR SIZES, MAGNIFYING | | | |
|--------------------------------|------|------|------|
| 3X | 6X | 9X | 12X |
| \$38 | \$46 | \$54 | \$62 |

Has 8 to 10 times the power of the old-style field and opera glass.

Catalogue free from your optician, or

C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS, 52 E. Union Sq., N.Y.

Main Office and Factory: BERLIN, GERMANY.

BRANCH OFFICES: 4, 5 Holborn Circus, London, England.
22 Rue de l'Entrepot, Paris, France.

THE EQUITABLE

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"



ABSOLUTE SECURITY

is the first consideration in any financial contract, and should be more rigorously insisted upon in a contract of life assurance than in any other; for upon its permanent security may depend the whole future of your family.

THE EQUITABLE'S POLICIES ARE THE GOVERNMENT BONDS OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES

120 Broadway, New York.

J. W. ALEXANDER, Pres. J. H. HYDE, Vice Pres.

UNCLE REMUS IN LUCK.—Continued.



UNCLE REMUS.—“Now, hol’ de boat steady, Gawgy, heah comes a duck.”

ALLIGATOR.—“Ho! ho! after ducks, are they? Well, they’ll get a duck all right. I’ll grab that pole and have some fun.”

THE Welsbach



LAMP

The faultless light for home use. Soft, brilliant and steady. Adds the finishing touch to a well-furnished home. Burns any kind of gas, artificial or natural, and costs but a trifle to operate

We have prepared an illustrated booklet describing many styles and patterns of Welsbach Lamps costing from 5 to 50 dollars. We will mail you a copy if you will send us your address.

**WELSBACH
COMPANY,**

Factories:

Gloucester, N. J.
Chicago, Ill.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

THE GREAT TRUNK LINE TO THE
PRINCIPAL CITIES AND RESORTS

South

**DIRECT ROUTE TO TEXAS, MEXICO,
CALIFORNIA AND FLORIDA, CUBA,
WEST INDIES, AND CENTRAL AMER-
ICAN PORTS**

AMONG American railways the "Southern Railway" ranks foremost in point of equipment and superior service. Its road-bed and motive power are equal to any in the world, its trains are up-to-date in equipment, its dining-car service ideal, its schedules both fast and reliable—in a word, when you travel via the Southern you are assured that the best that can be offered a wheel is yours.

OPERATING THE PEERLESS SOUTHERN FLYERS:

NEW YORK OFFICES:

271 and 1185 Broadway.

ALEX. S. THWEATT, East. Pass'r Agent.

J. M. CULP,

Traffic Manager.

W. A. TURK,

Asst. P. T. A.

S. H. HARDWICK, Gen'l Pass'r Agent,

WASHINGTON, D. C.


**Washington and Southwestern Limited,
New York and Atlanta Express,
Washington and Chattanooga Limited,
New York and Florida Express,
U. S. Fast Mail for the South,
The "Southern Palm Limited."**

(During Tourist Season, New York and St. Augustine.)

UNCLE REMUS IN LUCK.—Continued.




UNCLE REMUS.—“Well, fo’ de lan’s sake! I knowed dat boy’d be cutten’ up some debblishment.”



*Hard Workers
should wear*
**PRESIDENT
SUSPENDERS**

Made on a comfort-giving, scientific principle. Look for "President" on the buckles. Trimmings can not rust. At dealers or by mail, 50c.
C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 269 Shirley, Mass.


MENNEN'S



**BORATED
TALCUM**

TOILET POWDER

Delightful After Bathing, A Luxury After Shaving
A positive relief for **PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING** and **SUNBURN**, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get **MENNEN'S** (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.
Sold every where, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

MAKE UPS  **TRICKS**

\$1 worth of Tricks & Make-ups sent postpaid for 25 cents stamps or silver. A nice Moustache or Full Beard, Irish or Side Whiskers, any color, bottle Spirit Gum to stick them on. Box of Burnt Cork to blacken up, 1 in. Rubber Mouth, big teeth, secret & apparatus for performing the great vanishing half-dollar trick. This big offer is to get your address to send my large Ill. cat's of plays, wigs, tricks & agts. latest novelties. Mention paper you saw this in and I will also put in a Heavy GOLD plate Ring Ring FREE, send also. Address Chas. Marshall, Mgr., Lockport, N. Y.

SORE EYES **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

ECZEMA

FACIAL BLEMISHES, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Itching Piles, Sore Eyelids, and all Skin diseases promptly cured by Spencer's Ointment.
Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. **A. O. PILSON, Pharmacist, 1327 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.**

GOOD MORNING! BRING ON YOUR



COOK'S
FLAKED RICE
For **BREAKFAST**
MADE ONLY BY
AMERICAN RICE FOOD & MFG. CO.
MATAWAN, N. J., U.S.A.

COOK'S
FLAKED RICE
TO PREPARE
NO COOKING, NO STEAM

COOK'S FLAKED RICE

ABSOLUTELY NO COOKING

UNCLE REMUS IN LUCK.—Continued.



UNCLE REMUS.—“Fo’ de lan’s sake! It weren’t de boy, aftah all.” Bang!!

TYPE
322 Br
Don't
exha
electr
don.

D
Me
66

the
sm
tiet
app
Cle
Ha
St.

-TO-

Typewriter Buyers

The makers of the "Standard Remington" Typewriter, placing great value and dependence on the name "Remington" have just obtained (subject to appeal) a decision of the United States Circuit Court in Vermont, looking to the suppression of the names "Remington-Sholes" and "Rem-Sho" upon, and in the sale of, the

"Rem-Sho" Typewriter

Depending not upon the name and advertisement, but upon actual trial to sell our machine, we defend this litigation in vindication of our rights. The excellent names of our founders, Messrs. Remington and Sholes, could not sell their machine in 1895, when it was young and crude. Now that it is perhaps the most perfect made the possible loss of these names cannot stop its sale.

We therefore unhesitatingly call public attention to this litigation as the greatest endorsement of our machine and best proof of our good faith in selling. We shall promptly obey the ultimate order of the Court, and, if we must, shall try to find better names. It would be hard to find a better machine.

If you are interested in Speed-writing, Billing, Index Card writing, etc., send for our McTurran booklets.

REMINGTON-SHOLES COMPANY

Dept. H. 127 Reese Street, Chicago.



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard machines SOLD or RENTED ANYWHERE at HALF MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. Shipped with privilege of examination. Send for Catalogue. TYPEWRITER ENFORUM, 204 La Salle St., CHICAGO.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

332 Broadway, New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before sending for samples of writing, prices, exchange, and unprejudiced advice. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first-class condition. Dealers supplied.

OIL—SMELTER—MINES Douglas, Lacey & Co.

Bankers, Brokers, Fiscal Agents,

Members N. Y. Consolidated Stock Exchange, and Los Angeles, Cal., Stock Exchange.

66 BROADWAY AND 17 NEW ST., NEW YORK.

DIVIDEND-PAYING MINING, OIL, AND SMELTER STOCKS, LISTED, AND UNLISTED, OUR SPECIALTY

Booklets giving our successful plan of realizing the large profits of legitimate mining, oil, and smelter investments, subscription blanks, full particulars, etc., sent free to any interested, upon application.

BRANCHES—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Hartford and New Haven, Conn.; Prescott, Ariz.; Los Angeles, Cal.; St. John, N. B.; Montreal; Toronto; & London, Eng.

Corporations

Railroads and

Manufacturers

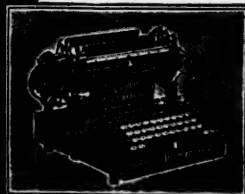
Use SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITERS

Because they possess those sterling features that make them the most economical to own. Good work all the time.

The Smith Premier
Typewriter Co.,
Syracuse, N. Y.,
U. S. A.

**Grand Prize,
Paris 1900...**

Highest Award
Possible....



UNCLE REMUS IN LUCK.—Concluded.



UNCLE REMUS.—“Well, dis heah sporten' life do beat de debbil. I didn't git de duck, but de alligator. He's hide'll be wuf de difference.”

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE

BY

ISABELLE D. CAMERON



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
1901

**COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.